N. 27,
940

Liberty 5¢

VICTOR TCHETCHET

HITLER and STALIN

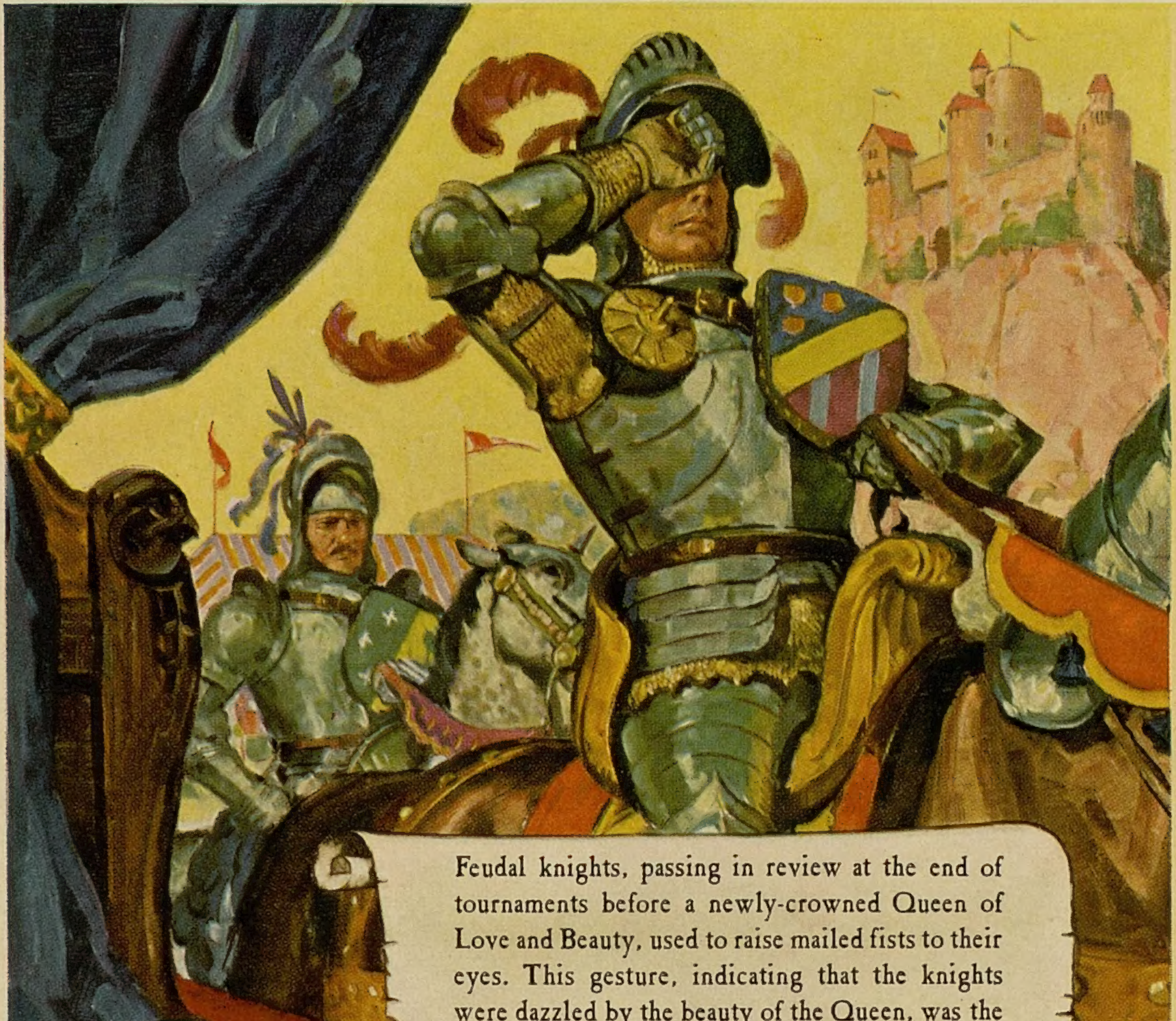
What is really going on in Russia

BY LEON TROTSKY

CLARK GABLE'S SECRET WISH

BY JOHN ERSKINE

Do you know WHY A SOLDIER SALUTES?



Feudal knights, passing in review at the end of tournaments before a newly-crowned Queen of Love and Beauty, used to raise mailed fists to their eyes. This gesture, indicating that the knights were dazzled by the beauty of the Queen, was the forerunner of what we know today as a salute!

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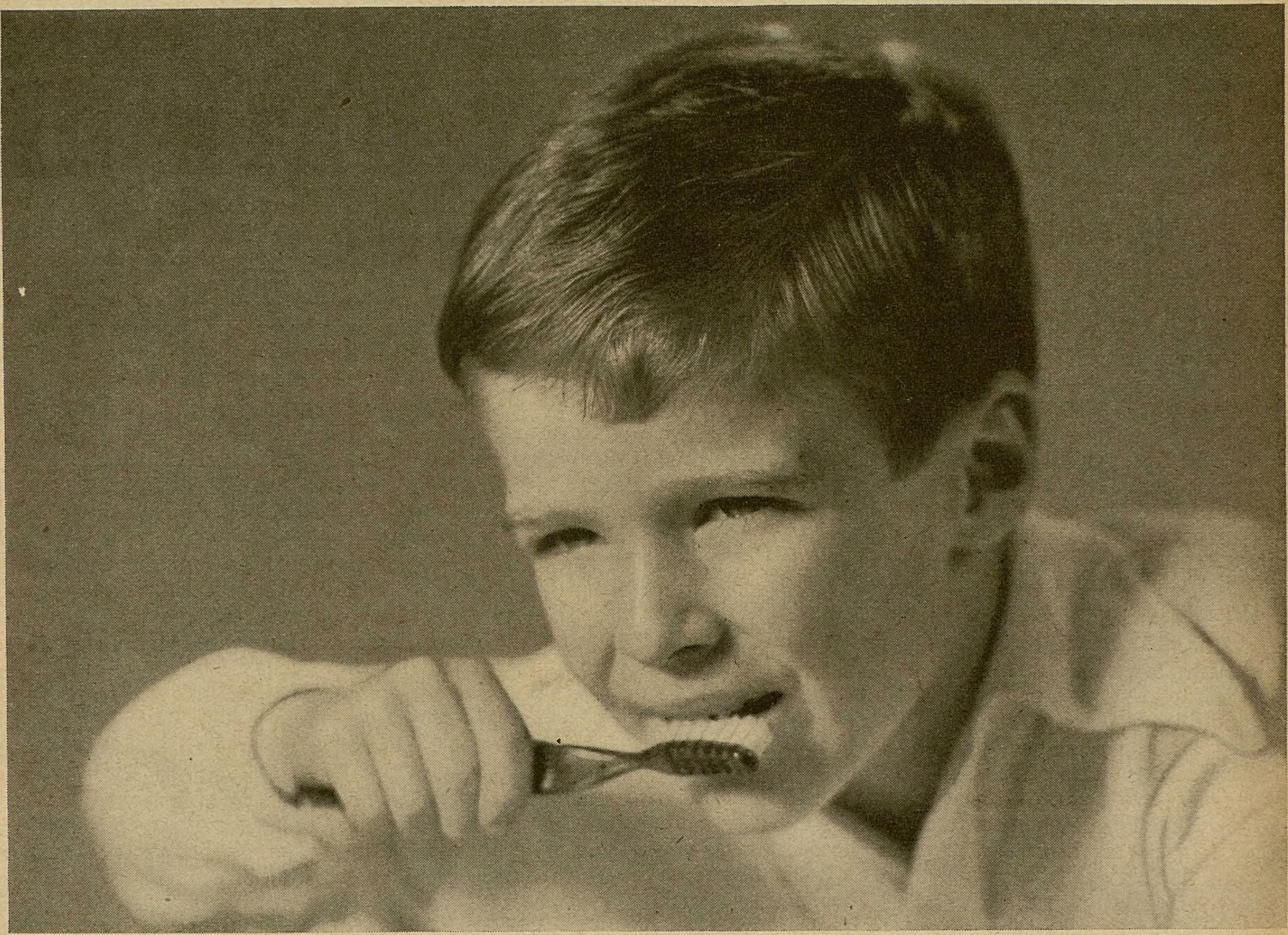
Bob can't plan the Family Budget—
but he's wiser than Dad in safeguarding His Smile!



Many a parent has learned from his own youngster the importance of Ipana and Massage to healthier smiles

BOB'S DAD knows nearly everything about facts and figures—he's certainly keen! Yet—with all his knowledge, he had to learn from Bob the importance of massage to firm gums and sound teeth.

Thousands of fortunate children are up on this one lesson their parents never learned. For they're being taught, in their hygiene classes, that it's just as important to care for the gums as the teeth.

Gum troubles, they've learned, are apt to come from today's soft, creamy foods. These foods rob gums of the natural, active work they need for health. Naturally, gums tend to grow tender, sensitive—and all too often your tooth brush flashes that warning tinge of "pink."

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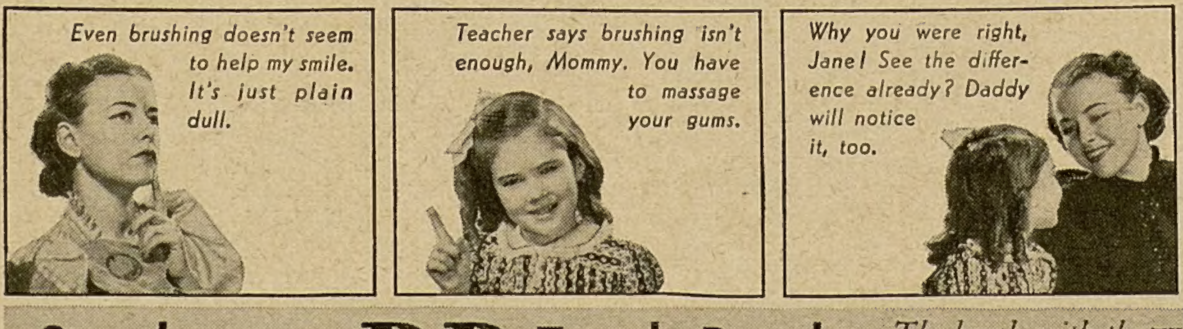
If you see that tinge of "pink"—*see your dentist.* You may not be in for trouble, but he is the one to decide. Very often, though, it is just a case of "lazy gums—gums that need more work and exercise." And he may suggest, as so many modern dentists do, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation is increased within the gums—they tend to become firmer, healthier. Your teeth sparkle with new lustre.

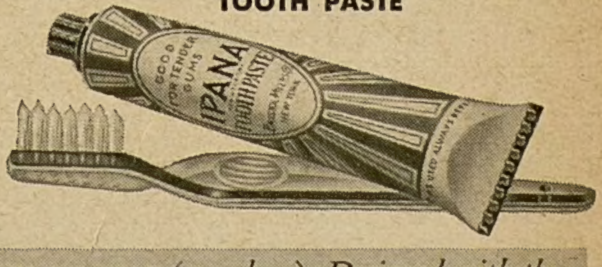
So get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's, today. Let Ipana and massage help you, as it has thousands of other men and women, to brighter teeth, healthier gums—a more attractive smile.

Brighten up your Smile with Ipana and Massage!


Even brushing doesn't seem to help my smile. It's just plain dull.
Teacher says brushing isn't enough, Mommy. You have to massage your gums.
Why you were right, Jane! See the difference already? Daddy will notice it, too.

Ipana

TOOTH PASTE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TOOTH PASTE

Get the new D.D. Tooth Brush *—The brush with the* TWISTED HANDLE *(see above). Designed with the aid of 1000 dentists to clean teeth clean and make gum massage easy.*

JANUARY 27, 1940

Liberty

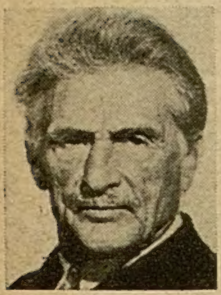
VOL. 17, NO. 4

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

IS OUR OFFICIAL OATH OF OFFICE MEANINGLESS?



BERNARR MACFADDEN

Whenever a legislator or a governmental official assumes the responsibilities of an office to which he has been appointed or elected, he swears to uphold and protect the Constitution.

Judging from the laws that have been recorded in the last few years, we have good reason to believe that many officials have never read the Constitution, or at least have not familiarized themselves with its governmental principles.

When an official swears by almighty God, with his right hand uplifted, to support our Constitution, he is certainly assuming a serious obligation. His record while in office is frequently liberally publicized, and the possibility of being branded as a traitor should be a deterring force which should prevent deviation from the path of honor and rectitude.

The Preamble of the Constitution of the United States is a satisfying introduction to this important document. Gladstone's remarks have often been quoted; he was one of England's greatest statesmen. He said the American Constitution is "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

The Preamble of the Constitution demands the establishment of justice and promises to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity. What more could we want?

If the spirit of this excerpt from the Preamble was fairly interpreted we would not need a Constitution.

This marvelous document ultimately appeared inadequate and our citizens demanded a clearer definition of their governmental requirements, and various amendments were made. These amendments, the first ten of which we term the Bill of Rights, attempted to clarify our rights as citizens. Much of these details are unimportant at this time, but it would undoubtedly be enlightening to some of our officials if they should read Article XIV, Section 1, under the heading: Citizenship Rights Not to Be Abridged.

Every voter should carefully note this quotation. Our legislators especially should clearly recall their oath of office, and then memorize these commands: "No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

Can we possibly conceive of a Washington lawmaker voting favorably for Socialistic legislation like the Wagner regimentation, or the Fascist rules of the Wage and Hour law, or many other Hitlerized edicts which have been placed on our statute books within the last few years?

The abridgment of our privileges, contrary to law, by a continuous flow of restrictive legislation will be everywhere acknowledged. We should be free to follow the dictates of our own desires as long as we do not interfere with a similar privilege for other citizens.

The Wagner Act, as an example, tells the worker he has to join the union to secure a job; compels the employer to hire members of a certain union. Such legislation certainly abridges individual rights. It is worth remembering that this law was declared constitutional by the United States Supreme Court, with a vote of five to four. Therefore this revolutionary change in our system was fastened onto industry of this country by the vote of one man.

The Wage and Hour law, which is largely ignored throughout the country, more especially in small towns, tells the workers they have to secure certain wages. The wages in different districts differ greatly because of the great difference in the cost of living, and if an employer is in the lower wage section and has to pay wages below the legal standard to avoid bankruptcy, there is no choice. He has to become a lawbreaker or lose his business, which may have been acquired through a lifetime of hard work.

These are outstanding examples, but there are numerous others that could be mentioned in which recent legislation has drastically infringed the rights of our citizens.

Our system of government has guided us profitably for a century and a half, and has given us a standard of living so far above every European nation that comparisons are odious; but we have been experimenting with drastic changes which may rob us of the comforts and luxuries that we have enjoyed in recent years.

Bernarr Macfadden

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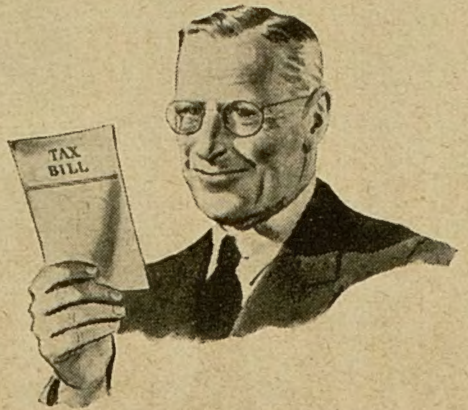
What is Beer?

EMPLOYMENT MANAGER: "Beer is one of the best employment-makers we have. Since re-legalization, beer has made over a million jobs. And those jobs are distributed in communities all over the country."

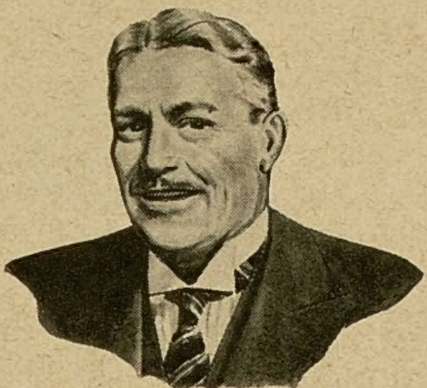
DIETICIAN: "Beer is food and drink combined. Non-fattening dietetically, it can be easily included in reducing diets. Its appetizing flavor certainly improves the taste of a fine meal... makes good food taste better!"

DOCTOR: "Beer is an appetite builder, often prescribed for convalescents. It's mild and wholesome... a beverage of moderate people. You're not likely to get yourself in trouble if you stick to beer."

POET: "Ah, beer! The brew of kings... nectar of all mankind. Compounded from warm sunshine falling on fields of golden grain. It is the beverage of friendship, good company and good inspiration."



TAX COLLECTOR: "Beer is a mighty important taxpayer. Public revenues from beer exceed 400 million dollars a year... more than a million dollars every day. And remember, beer taxes make other taxes lower."



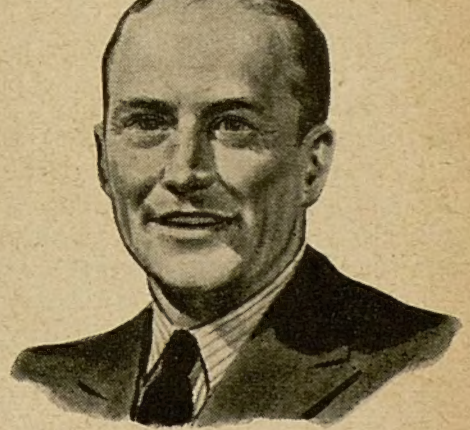
BUSINESS MAN: "The return of beer has brought increased business volume to more than 100 industries supplying materials and service, making more jobs for workers. Beer benefits business everywhere."

POLICE CHIEF: "Beer is on the side of law and order... the brewers are actively cooperating with enforcement officials to stamp out any conditions not in the public interest that may exist where beer is sold."

AVERAGE CITIZEN: "Say listen, you fellows. You *think* you know what beer is. I'll tell you what beer *really* is. To me, and to millions like me, beer is just one thing... a grand drink!"

FARMER: "Beer is a real boon to the farmer. Since 1933, the brewing industry has used annually the crops of 3 million farm acres. A good customer and a new market... a life saver for many farmers in recent lean years."

HOUSEWIFE: "I'll tell you what beer is... an ideal beverage for home use and entertainment. And here's a tip... It's smart and economical to serve beer at parties... keeps them on the moderation side, too."



BREWER: "It took centuries of experience to make our beer as good as it is. Now we want to keep beer retailing as wholesome as beer itself. We have a mighty interesting program, and we'd like to tell you about it."

May we send you the facts?
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UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION

BEER... A BEVERAGE OF MODERATION FOR THE NATION

Whose headache is this game of power politics between these two? All the world has assumed, since their pact, that it is Hitler's—but NOW read what Leon Trotsky has to say of it!

HITLER and STALIN

BY LEON TROTSKY

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WHEN Hitler invaded Poland with lightning speed from the west, Stalin cautiously crept into Poland from the east. When Hitler, having subjected 23,000,000 Poles, proposed to end the "useless" war, Stalin through his diplomatic channels and his Comintern praised the advantages of peace. When Stalin occupied strategic positions in the Baltic, Hitler readily transferred his Germans elsewhere. When Stalin attacked Finland, Hitler's press, alone in the world, proclaimed its own complete solidarity with the Kremlin. The orbits of Stalin and Hitler are bound together by some internal attraction. What kind of attraction? How long will it last?

Twin stars are "optical"—that is, apparent; or "physical"—that is, true twins, forming a pair in which one star revolves about the other. Do Hitler and Stalin represent true or apparent twin stars in the present bloody sky of world politics? And if they are true twins, who revolves about whom?

Hitler himself speaks reservedly about the durable, "realistic" pact. Stalin prefers to smoke his pipe in silence. The politicians and journalists of the hostile camp represent Stalin as the main star and Hitler as the satellite in order to foment a quarrel between them. Let us attempt to analyze this by no means simple question, not forgetting that the orbits of world politics cannot be determined with such precision as the orbits of celestial bodies.

Having arisen much later than the western Powers, capitalist Germany constructed the most advanced and dynamic industry on the European continent; but it had been passed by in the previous division of the world. "We will divide it again," proclaimed the German imperialists in 1914. They were mistaken. The aristocracy of the world united against them and triumphed. Now Hitler hungers to repeat the experiment of 1914 on a more grandiose scale. He cannot help hungering for this. German capitalism is suffocating within the confines of her boundaries. Nevertheless Hitler's problem is insoluble. Even if he wins the war, the redivision of the world in favor of Germany cannot take place. Germany came too late. Capitalism is stifling everywhere. The colonies don't want to be colonies. The new World War will give a tremendous invigorated impulse to the movement for independence among the oppressed nations.

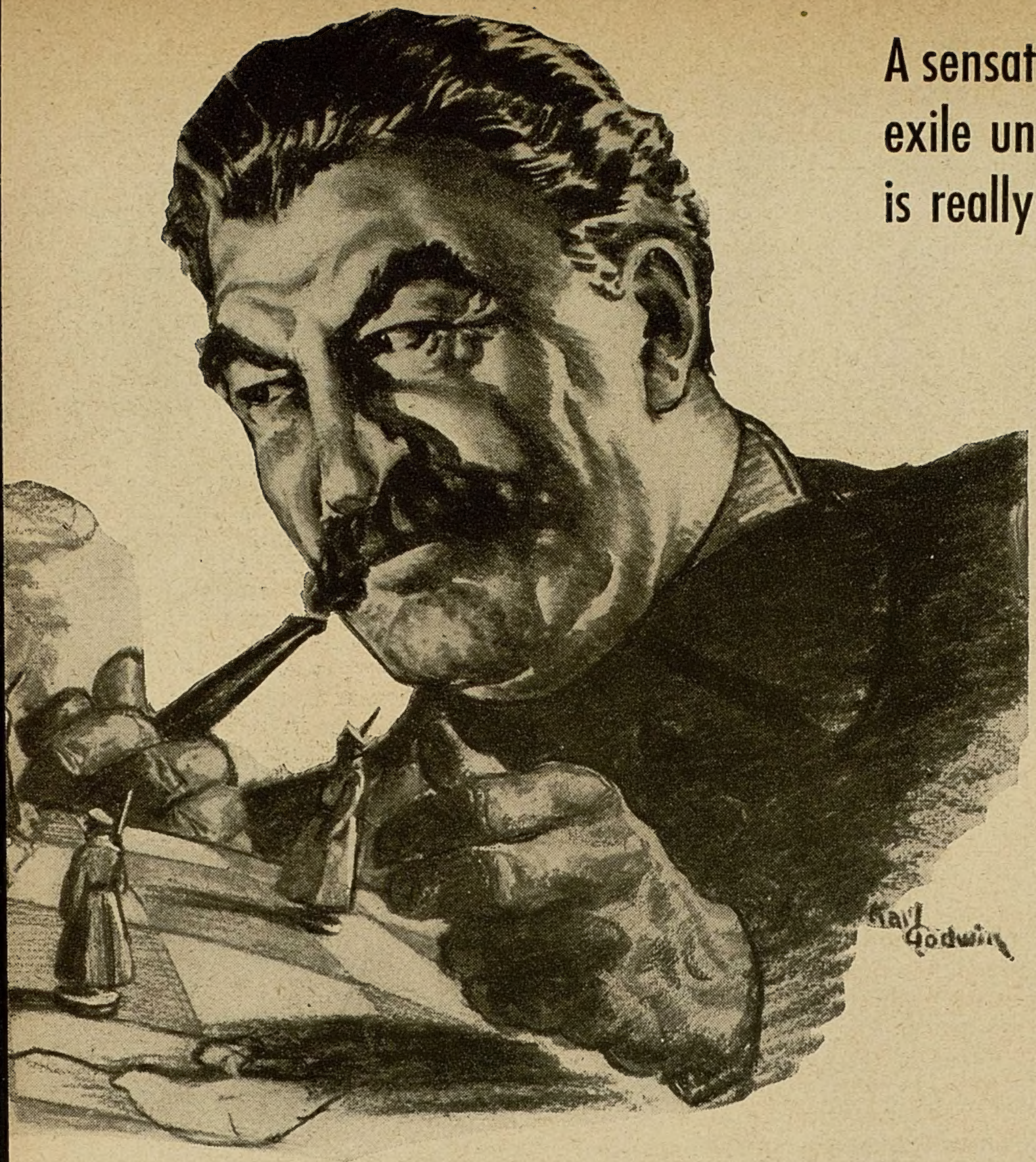
Hitler switches "friendships," evaluations of nations and governments, breaks agreements and alliances, dupes enemies and friends; but all this is dictated by one sole objective: redivision of the world. "Germany is not a world power at the present time," Hitler wrote in his book. But "Germany will become a world power or cease to exist." To convert united Germany into a base for European domination; to convert united Europe into a base for the struggle for world domination, consequently for confining, weakening, and reducing America—this task remains unchanged for Hitler. This end is for him the justification for the totalitarian regime which suppressed the class contradictions inside the German nation with an iron hoop.

Completely contradictory features characterize the U. S. S. R. Czarist Russia left a heritage of misery and backwardness. The mission of the Soviet regime is not that of securing new areas for the productive forces but that of erecting productive forces for the old areas. The economic tasks of the U. S. S. R. do not necessitate the extension of her borders. The level of her productive forces forbids a major war. The offensive power of the U. S. S. R. is not considerable. Her defensive power consists, above all, in her vast spaces.

Last March, after many years of extravagant official boasting, Stalin for the first time spoke at the convention of the Russian Communist Party on the comparative productivity of labor in the U. S. S. R. and the West. This excursion into the sphere of world statistics was made in order to explain away the poverty in which the peoples of the U. S. S. R. still live. In order to catch up with Germany in the production of pig iron, the U. S. S. R. in relation to its population would have to produce 45,000,000 tons a year instead of the 15,000,000 of today; in order to catch up with the United States, it would be necessary to raise the yearly production of pig iron to 60,000,000 tons—that is, to quadruple it. The same is true, and even more unfavorably, of all the other industries. Stalin, in conclusion, expressed the hope that the Soviet Union would catch up with the advanced capitalist countries during the next ten to fifteen years. Naturally, this time limit is questionable. But the involvement of the U. S. S. R. in a major war before the end of this period would signify in any case a struggle with unequal weapons.

The subjective factor, not less important than the material, has changed in the last years sharply for

A sensational revelation! A famous exile unveils the mystery of what is really going on in Russia today



How long will it last?

the worse. The tendency toward Socialist equality proclaimed by the revolution has been stamped out and defamed. In the U. S. S. R. there are twelve to fifteen million privileged individuals who concentrate in their hands about one half of the national income, and who call this regime "Socialism." On the other hand there are approximately 160,000,000 people oppressed by the bureaucracy and caught in the grip of dire poverty.

THE relations of Hitler and Stalin to the war are completely contradictory. The totalitarian regime of Hitler arose out of the fear of the possessing classes of Germany before a Socialist revolution. Hitler was mandated by the owners to save their property from the menace of Bolshevism at any cost, and to open up a passageway to the world arena. Stalin's totalitarian regime arose out of the fear of the new caste of revolutionary parvenus before the strangled revolutionary people.

War is dangerous for both of them. But Hitler is unable to carry out his historical mission by any different means. A victorious offensive war would secure the economic future of German capitalism and, along with this, the National Socialist regime.

It is different with Stalin. He cannot wage an offensive war with any hope of victory. In case the U. S. S. R. enters the war, with its innumerable victims and privations, the whole fraud of the official regime, its outrages and violence, will inevitably provoke a profound reaction on the part of the people, who have already carried out three revolutions in this century. No one knows this better than Stalin. The fundamental thought of his foreign policy is to escape a major war.

Stalin engineered an alliance with Hitler, to the surprise of all the diplomatic routinists and pacifist simpletons, because the danger of a major war could come only from Hitler, and because, according to the Kremlin's evaluation, Germany is mightier than her possible enemies. The protracted conferences in Moscow with the military delegations of France and England last summer served not only as a camouflage for the negotiations with Hitler but also as direct spying for military information. The general staff of Moscow became convinced, evidently, that the Allies were ill prepared for a major war. The thoroughly militarized Germany is a formidable enemy; it is possible to buy her benevolences only by co-operating in her plans.

Stalin's decision was determined by this conclusion. The alliance with Hitler not only eliminated for the time being the danger of involving the U. S. S. R. in a major war but also opened up the possibility of gaining immediate strategic advantages. In the Far East, Stalin retreated again and again for a number of years in order to escape war; on the western border the circumstances were such that he was able to escape war by fleeing—forward; not through giving up old positions but through taking new ones.

The press of the Allies pictures the situation as if Hitler were Stalin's prisoner, and exaggerates the gains that Moscow made at the expense of Germany—half of Poland (according to population about one third), plus domination of the eastern coast of the Baltic Sea, plus an open door to the Balkans, etc. The advantages won by Moscow are undoubtedly considerable. But the final score has not yet been settled. Hitler started war on a worldwide scale. From this struggle Germany will either emerge master of Europe and all the European colonies, or will founder. To safeguard his eastern flank in such a war is a question of life or death for Hitler. He paid the Kremlin with provinces of the former Czarist empire. Is this payment too high?

The argument that Stalin duped Hitler with his invasion of Poland and his pressure on the Baltic countries is completely absurd. It is much more probable that Hitler himself inspired Stalin to occupy eastern Poland and to lay hands on the Baltic States. Inasmuch as National Socialism grew out of a crusade against the Soviet Union, Stalin naturally could not depend upon Hitler's word of honor. The negotiations were carried out in a "realistic" tone. "You are afraid of me?" Hitler asked Stalin. "Do you want guaranties? Take them yourself." And Stalin took them. To picture it as if the new western boundary of the U. S. S. R. were a permanent barrier to Hitler's road eastward violates all proportion. Hitler solves his tasks by stages. On the order of the day now is the crushing of Great Britain. For the sake of this objective it is possible to sacrifice something. The march eastward presupposes a major war between Germany and the U. S. S. R. When the time comes for this war, the question as to what meridian the struggle will begin upon will have only secondary significance.

The attack upon Finland seems at first glance contrary to Stalin's dread of war. But the matter in reality is different. Beside the blueprints there is an objective logic in the situation. In order to escape the war, Stalin made an alliance with Hitler. In order to safeguard himself against Hitler, he occupied a series of bases on the Baltic coast. However, Finland's resistance threatened to reduce all these strategic advantages to zero and even to convert them into their opposite. Who will settle accounts with Moscow if Helsinki refuses? Stalin, having read off "A," is compelled to read "B." Then follow the other letters in the alphabet. Stalin seeking to escape a war does not mean that war will permit Stalin to escape.

Germany obviously pushed Moscow against Finland. Each step Moscow takes westward brings closer the involvement of the Soviet Union in the war. If this objective were gained, the world situation would change considerably. The Near and Middle East would become the arena of the war. The question of India would arise at once. Hitler would breathe with relief and, in case of an unfavorable turn of events, gain the possibility of concluding peace at the expense of the Soviet Union. Moscow undoubtedly gnashed its teeth upon reading the friendly articles in the German press. But gnashing one's teeth is not a political factor. The pact remains in force. And Stalin remains Hitler's satellite.

The immediate advantages to Moscow in the pact are indisputable. So long as Germany is occupied on the western front, the Soviet Union feels much more free in the Far East. This doesn't mean that offensive operations will be launched there. It is true that the Japanese oligarchy is even less capable of waging a war than the one in Moscow. However, compelled to face the west, Moscow cannot have the slightest motive for expanding in Asia. Japan, for her part, must consider that she could expect a serious and even annihilating resistance from the U. S. S. R. Under these conditions Tokyo must prefer the program of her navy—an offensive not to the west but to the south, toward the Philippines, Dutch East Indies, Borneo, French Indo-China, British Burma.

An agreement between Moscow and Tokyo on this basis would constitute a symmetric supplement to the pact between Moscow and Berlin. The question as to how this would influence the situation of the United States does not enter into the scope of this article.

REFERRING to the lack of raw materials in Russia itself, the world press insists upon the insignificance of the economic help which Stalin can render Hitler. The question, however, is not so simple. The lack of raw materials in the U. S. S. R. has a relative, not an absolute character; the bureaucracy in its drive for a high tempo of industrial development cannot maintain a proper balance between different sections of the economy. If the tempo of growth in various sections of industry is lowered for a year or two from 15 per cent to 10 or 5 per cent, still more if industrial production is maintained at the level of the preceding year, a significant surplus of raw materials immediately appears. The absolute blockade of German foreign trade will, on the other hand, inevitably divert a considerable amount of German exports to Russia in exchange for Soviet raw materials.

Moreover, it must not be forgotten that the U. S. S. R. has stocked and is still stocking immense reserves of raw materials and foodstuffs for defensive military purposes. A significant part of these reserves represents a potential source of supplies for Germany. In addition to this, Moscow can turn over to Hitler gold, which in spite of all the efforts to establish a closed economy remains one of the important sinews of war. Finally, the friendly neutrality of Moscow extraordinarily facilitates Germany in exploiting the resources of the Baltic countries, Scandinavia, and the Balkans. "Together with Soviet Russia," not without foundation wrote the Völkischer Beobachter, Hitler's organ, on November 2, "we dominate the sources of raw materials and foodstuffs of the whole East."

SEVERAL months before the conclusion of the pact between Moscow and Berlin, London evaluated more soberly than now the importance of the economic assistance which the U. S. S. R. could give Hitler. A semiofficial investigation conducted by the Royal Institute of International Affairs on the "political and strategic interests of the United Kingdom" (the introduction is dated March, 1939) declares in relation to the possibility of a Soviet-German rapprochement: "The danger to Great Britain of such a combination might be very great. It is questionable," continues the collective author, "how far Great Britain could hope to reach a decisive victory in any struggle with Germany unless the German eastern frontier could be blockaded by land." This evaluation deserves the most careful attention. It would not be an exaggeration to state that the alliance with the U. S. S. R. diminishes the effectiveness of the blockade against Germany by at least 25 per cent and perhaps considerably more.

To the material support it is necessary to add—if this word is in place—the moral support. Up to the end of August the Comintern demanded the liberation of Austria, Czechoslovakia, Albania, Abyssinia, and was silent about the British colonies. Now the Comintern is silent about Czechoslovakia, supports the division of Poland, but demands the liberation of India. The Moscow Pravda attacks the suppression of liberties in Canada but is silent about the bloody executions of Czechs by Hitler and the tortures of Polish Jews. All this means that the Kremlin still has a high appraisal of Germany's strength.

And the Kremlin is right. Germany happened to be, it is true, incapable of launching a "lightning" war against France and Great Britain—but not a single serious person believed in such a possibility. However, the international propaganda which tries to picture Hitler as a lunatic driven up a blind alley is extremely light-minded. Hitler is still far from that. Dynamic industry, technical genius, the spirit of discipline—all this is present; the formidable German military machine will yet reveal itself. At stake is the fate of the country and the regime. The Polish government and the Czechoslovakian semigovernment are now in France. Who knows whether the French government will not have to seek refuge in Great Britain, together with the Belgian, Dutch, Polish, and Czechoslovakian governments?

I DO not believe for a moment, as I have stated, in the actual realization of Hitler's plans concerning a *Pax Germanica*—that is, world domination. German imperialism arrived too late; its military fury will end in a tremendous catastrophe. But before that catastrophe occurs many things will topple in Europe. Stalin doesn't want to be among them. Above all, he safeguards himself from breaking with Hitler too soon.

The press of the Allies searches for symptoms of "coolness" between the new friends and every day predicts a rupture. It is impossible, indeed, to deny that Molotov does not feel too happy in Ribbentrop's embrace. For several years all internal oppositionists in the U. S. S. R. were branded, hounded, and executed as agents of the Nazis. Having finished this work, Stalin joined Hitler in a close alliance. Throughout the entire country there are millions of people intimately connected with those who were executed or imprisoned in the concentration camps because of their alleged alliance with the Nazis, and these millions are now cautious but extremely effective agitators against Stalin. To this it is necessary to add the covert complaints of the Comintern — the unfortunate foreign agents of the Kremlin do not feel at ease. Stalin is undoubtedly attempting to leave open the other possibility. Litvinov was unexpectedly present on the tribune of Lenin's mausoleum on November 7. In the parade, portraits of the secretary of the Comintern, Dimitrov, and the leader of the German Communists, Thaelmann, were carried.

All this, however, is the decorative side of politics, not its substance. Litvinov, as well as the demonstrative portraits, was necessary above all for satisfying the Soviet workers and the Comintern. Only indirectly Stalin thus lets the Allies know that under certain circumstances he can change horses. But only visionaries could imagine that a reversal of the Kremlin's foreign policy is on the order of the day. So long as Hitler remains strong—and he is very strong—Stalin will remain his satellite.

ALL this may be true, an attentive reader can say, but what about revolution? Doesn't the Kremlin reckon with its possibility, probability, even inevitability? And doesn't speculation on revolution reflect itself in Stalin's foreign policy? The objection is legitimate. Moscow is the last to doubt that a major war will provoke revolution. But war does not begin, it ends with revolution. Before revolution broke out in Germany in 1918, the German army had succeeded in delivering mortal blows against Czarism. In the same way, the present war can crush the Kremlin bureaucracy long before revolution breaks out in some capitalist country. Our evaluation of the Kremlin's foreign policy consequently preserves its force independently of the perspective of revolution.

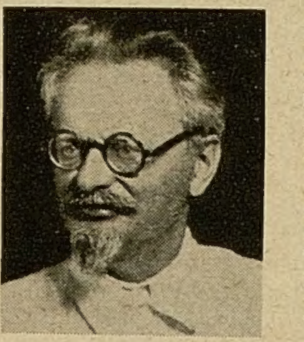
However, in order to orient oneself correctly in the future maneuvers of Moscow and in the evolution of its relations with Berlin, it is necessary to answer the question: Does the Kremlin propose to utilize the war in order to further world revolution, and if so, then how? On November 9 Stalin considered it necessary to reject in an extremely blunt fashion the supposition that he wishes "the war to be prolonged as long as possible until its participants are completely exhausted." In this case Stalin spoke the truth. He does not at all wish a prolonged war, for two reasons: first, it would inevitably draw the U. S. S. R. into its vortex; second, it would inevitably provoke revolution in Europe. The Kremlin quite legitimately dreads both.

"The internal development of Russia," declare the investigators for London's Royal Institute, "is tending to throw up a 'bourgeoisie' of managers and officials who possess sufficient privileges to make them highly content with the *status quo*. . . . It is possible to regard the various purges as part of a process by which all who desire to change the present state of affairs are being rooted out. Such an interpretation lends color to the belief that the revolutionary period in Russia is over, and that henceforward her rulers will only seek to conserve the gains which the revolution has brought them."

This is really well said! Over two years ago I wrote in Liberty: "Hitler is fighting against the Franco-Soviet alliance because he wants a free hand for agreement with Moscow against Paris." At the time these words were interpreted as a prejudiced opinion. Events corroborated it.

Moscow realizes very well that war on a major scale will bring an era of immense political and social repercussions. If those in Moscow could seriously hope to control the revolutionary movement and subordinate it to their own interests, Stalin naturally would welcome it. But he understands that revolution is the antithesis of bureaucracy and that it mercilessly sweeps aside the privileged, conservative apparatus. What miserable defeats the bureaucratic clique of the Kremlin suffered in the Chinese revolution of 1925-27 and in the Spanish revolution of 1931-39! On the wave of a new revolution a new international organization would inevitably arise which would wipe out the Comintern and deal a mortal blow to the authority of the Soviet bureaucracy in its national entrenchment in the U. S. S. R.

It is surprising how little the lessons of the Spanish events have been understood. Defending himself from Hitler and Mussolini, who strove to utilize the civil war in Spain in order to construct a bloc of four Powers against Bolshevism, Stalin set himself the task of proving to London and Paris that he was capable of eliminating proletarian revolution from Spain and Europe with much greater efficiency than Franco and his backers. Nobody strangled the Socialist movement in Spain more mercilessly than Stalin, in those days an archangel of pure democracy. Everything was put into motion: a frenzied campaign of lies and frame-ups, legal falsifications in the spirit of the Moscow trials, systematic assassination of revolutionary leaders. The struggle against the seizure of land and factories by the peasants and workers was conducted, naturally, under the name of the struggle against "Trotskyism."



Leon Trotsky was one of the leaders in Russia's Bolshevik revolution in 1917, and created and commanded the Red army. Having broken with Stalin, he now lives as an exile in Mexico. As this issue of Liberty goes to press, it appears probable that Trotsky will give testimony to the Dies Committee.

The civil war in Spain deserves minutest attention, as in many respects it bore the aspects of a rehearsal of the incipient World War. In any event, Stalin is completely ready to repeat his Spanish performance on a world-wide scale, with the hope of better success this time in buying the friendly attitude of the future victors through having proved that no one better than he can curb the Red specter which for terminological convenience will again be labeled "Trotskyism."

For five years the Kremlin conducted a campaign in favor of an alliance among the democracies in order to sell to Hitler at the last moment their love for "collective security and peace." The functionaries of the Comintern received their order, "Left face," and immediately dug out of the archives old formulas about Socialist revolution. The new "revolutionary" zigzag will probably be shorter than the "democratic" one because wartimes accelerate the tempo of events enormously. But Stalin's fundamental tactical method remains the same: He converts the Comintern into a revolutionary menace to the enemies of tomorrow in order to exchange it at the decisive moment for a favorable diplomatic combination. There is not the slightest reason to fear resistance from the Browders or from people of his type.

Through its docile correspondents, the Kremlin threatens that in case Italy or Japan joins England and France, Russia will enter the war on Hitler's side, striving at the same time to sovietize Germany. (See, for example, the Moscow dispatch in the New York Times, November 12.) Astonishing confession! Through the chain of its "conquests" the Kremlin is already so tied to the chariot of German imperialism that the possible future enemies of Hitler automatically become enemies of Stalin. His probable participation in the war on the side of the Third Reich, Stalin promptly covers with a promise to "sovietize" Germany. After the pattern of Galicia? To accomplish this it would be necessary to occupy Germany with the Red army. By means of an insurrection of the German workers? But if the Kremlin enjoys this possibility, why does it wait for Italy and Japan to enter the war?

The motive of the inspired correspondence is too clear: to frighten on the one hand Italy and Japan, and on the other England and France—and thereby to escape the war. "Don't push me to extremes," Stalin threatens, "or I will commit terrible deeds." This is at least 95 per cent bluff and perhaps 5 per cent nebulous hope that in case of mortal danger revolution will bring salvation.

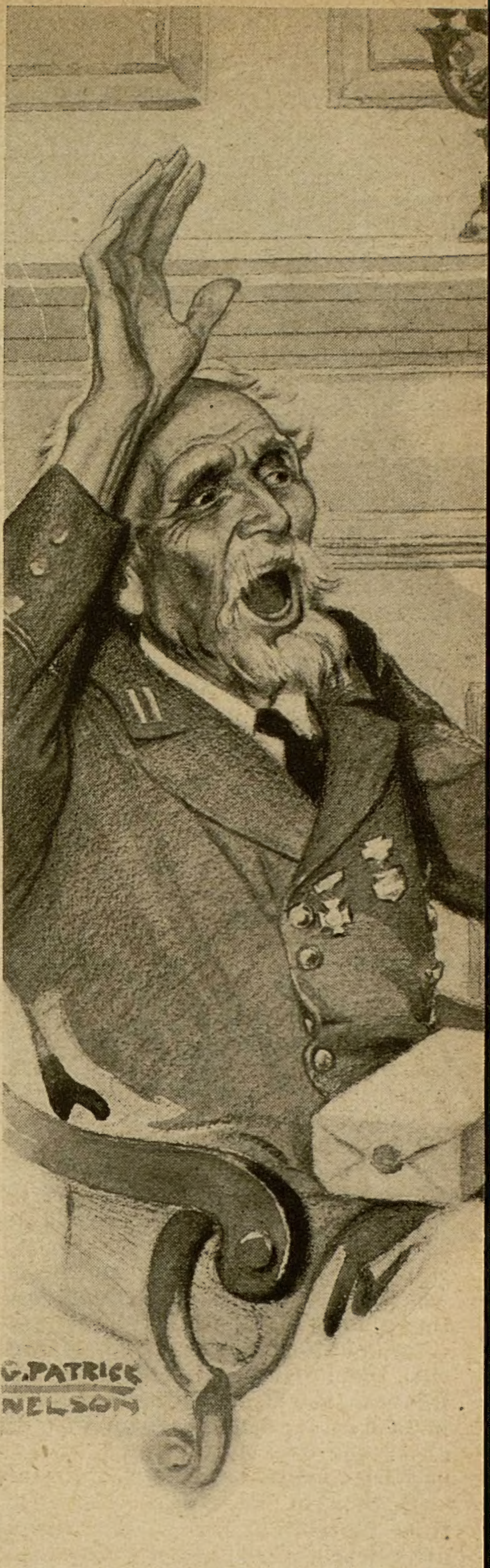
THE idea of Stalin's sovietizing Germany is as absurd as Chamberlain's hope for the restoration of a peaceful conservative monarchy there. Only a new world coalition can crush the German army through a war of unheard-of proportions. The totalitarian regime can be crushed only by a tremendous attack on the part of the German workers. They will carry out their revolution, surely, not in order to replace Hitler with a Hohenzollern or Stalin.

The victory of the popular masses over the Nazi tyranny will be one of the greatest explosions in world history and will immediately change the face of Europe. The wave of awakening, hope, enthusiasm will not stop at the hermetic borders of the U. S. S. R. The popular masses of the Soviet Union hate the greedy and cruel ruling caste. Their hate is only dampened by the idea, Imperialism is watching us. Revolution in the west will deprive the Kremlin oligarchy of its sole right to political existence. If Stalin survives his ally Hitler, it will not be for long.

THE END

Captain Milledge *and the* ONE-MAN REBELLION

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 5 SECONDS



JOHN ELLISTON MILLEDGE sat in his favorite rocker on the porch of the Confederate Veterans' Home in Atlanta, Georgia, and grumbled at the spring sun that glittered on the wet sidewalk. He grumbled through the best false teeth that money could buy, but he grumbled.

He was the last Confederate, you see. The very last soldier left out of all the armies of the Confederacy. The Daughters and Granddaughters of the Confederacy united with the Sons of Veterans to coddle him. The nurses and the matrons and the doctors coddled him. Especially the servants coddled him. He was given every comfort a romantic people could devise for the last emotional link with their romantic past. When he died there would be nothing tangible left of the gallants in gray. They couldn't let him die. They made a comfortable shrine of the Confederate Veterans' Home, and he was the lone idol.

And he was sick and tired of it all.

There was nobody left that he could talk to. His garrulous friends in the Home had left their rocking chairs empty, one by one. Often he could hear their voices, but they didn't say anything. Not anything you could answer. Harvey's faded chuckle came out of the dusk sometimes, and the chairs rocked of themselves sometimes—but it was just the birds and the wind, chirping and rocking. Sometimes he heard the canes tapping down the high halls, Jason's cane and Marlow's cane, and old Bib Tucker's. But it must be just the echo of his own cane, as Nurse Johnson said. The halls were so empty, you see. The veterans were gone.

Captain Milledge had no family left, either. They had died years ago. But, as Mrs. Ellabelle Fervor, president of the Atlanta chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, declared in her championship voice: "The whole South is his Family. Girls, we mustn't ever let dear old Captain Milledge feel Alone!"

That was just the trouble. They wouldn't let him alone. They couldn't believe he didn't want to talk to just anybody. He didn't want to describe the Battle to the Children of the Confederacy in red sashes. He wanted another old man in a wide-brimmed hat who could say, "Remember at Bull Run, how the pigs got in the way when we charged?" Or "Remember Peterson blowing the bugle that time at Peachtree Creek?" But the other old men were all gone. He wanted to go too.

Especially he wanted to depart from Mrs. Fervor's inexorable maternalism. She had no family of her own. She had mothered her husband into shooting himself several years before. Mrs. Fervor had never been able to understand poor Henry's temporary insanity. Captain Milledge did. But he often wished it had taken the form of murder instead of suicide.

Mrs. Fervor had adopted an orphaned niece when Henry died. She was Kit Norman. Captain Milledge had a fellow feeling for Kit, and a real admiration, for she was the one person who dared resist Mrs. Fervor. She was not always successful; indeed, she hardly ever got away with it, poor girl, but the mere fact of rebelling even secretly made Kit and Captain Milledge kin. She had to defy her aunt in loving David Hazlitt, who had no grandfathers who were Confederates: they were in Kentucky and didn't even fight. But Mrs. Fervor said that was just as bad as being Yankees.

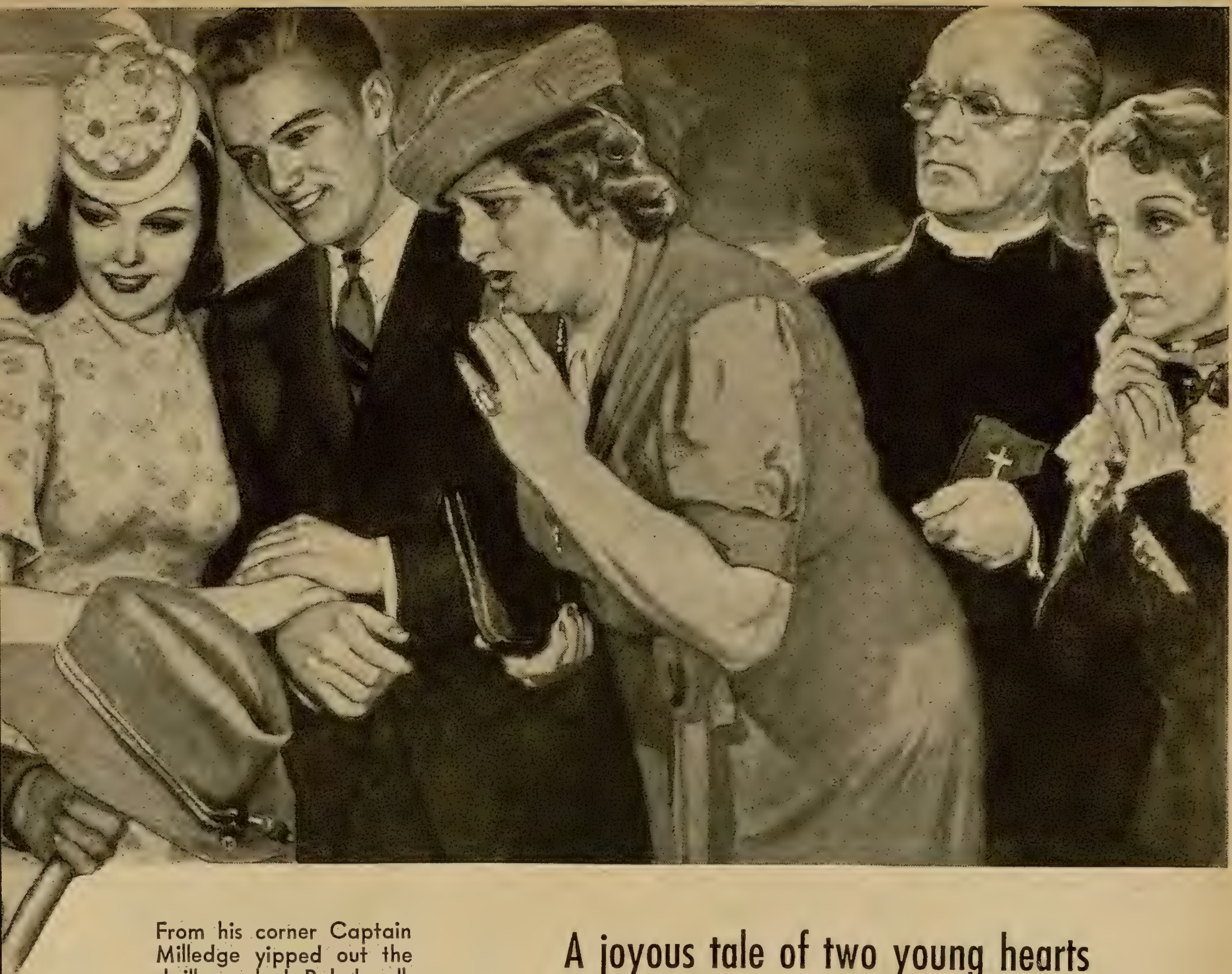
Captain Milledge didn't know David, but he knew every time Kit had managed to slip away to meet him, because Mrs. Fervor's daily visit to the shrine was the more vigorous in consequence. Whenever she arrived with eyes snapping and lips together and her dark blue battle dress on, the captain knew Kit had once more eluded her vigilance, and he relished keenly the little taste of vicarious triumph.

He told Kit about it each time he saw her alone. Sometimes, because her aunt approved of it, she came to sit with Captain Milledge in order to steal a few minutes for David afterward, Captain Milledge didn't mind. He liked her visits, alone among all the visits he had to put up with.

He was ninety-six. He had been seventeen in '61. Sometimes now, for a flashback in time, he could remember how it felt to be seventeen, with a Rebel yell echoing in the shrill blood pounding in his ears.

The faithful Daughters were proud of his clear faculties, and that he could still see and walk. It was as though they had created him, they were so proud of him. They couldn't bear to have his mind go. When he wandered aside in a story he was repeating, they gently brought him back to the original. They knew all his stories as well as he did. It made him furious that they allowed for no variations. It was tiresome, telling the same stories always the same way. He could have changed the details, if they had let him.

This afternoon they'd have another silly Memorial Day parade, expecting Captain Milledge to lead it, with the governor and the governor's horse guard and the mayor, followed by all the organizations in town, and the



From his corner Captain Milledge yipped out the shrill cracked Rebel yell.

A joyous tale of two young hearts and an oldster's magnificent day

BY WYLLY FOLK ST. JOHN

ILLUSTRATED BY G. PATRICK NELSON

tattered battle flags that hung in the state Capitol. Captain Milledge didn't want a parade. Once he had liked them, when there was a bus load of veterans to drive out to the cemetery with the laurel wreaths and the lilies. But now they played Taps on his heart instead of any bugle. He didn't want a parade. He wanted only to die, to be with the others.

He thought about death a lot. Sometimes he thought there must be a life after death, and sometimes he remembered how pleasant a dreamless sleep could be. Sometimes, though, he thought there'd be a Valhalla of Confederate soldiers, something like the reunions he had gone to with Marlow and Harvey and Bib Tucker when there were still enough of the veterans left to hold reunions. That was a fine one at Gettysburg in '37. . . . He thought resentfully that they were holding a fine reunion now, somewhere, and he was the only one who couldn't go. . . .

It was another spring, but Captain Milledge didn't especially admire spring. The ladies were afraid he'd get his feet wet in the April rains. He had to sit on the porch and be dragged inside hurriedly if a cloud even appeared over the oak tree at the far end of the grounds. He hardly ever got any farther than that oak tree. They took him there in a wheel chair sometimes. As though he couldn't walk! He was perfectly able to walk. He'd show them some day.

As the rainbow morning sunshine seeped gently through the leaves and warmed his coat, so insidiously seeped the thought through his fragile skull: Why not today?

Yes, today. This very morning. He would go out alone and get himself killed. That's what they said would happen if he went out alone. Well, what if it did? He wanted to die, anyhow. And he'd much prefer to do it alone, instead of with Mrs. Fervor holding his hand.

Cautiously he raised himself from the chair. If he could once get past the windows without being seen, he thought he could escape. Walking without using his cane, so as to prevent its tapping, he tottered a bit, but he could manage. He gained, breathlessly, the sweet spongy earth. They would hear his cane if he used the sidewalk. He felt his way across the grass circumspectly.

Now! Now! He was beyond the oak tree. He was out of sight for the moment. He wiped his face with his immaculate handkerchief, rested a moment, and went on. He did not even feel pursued.

Let's see, how would he get himself killed now? Live wires? Impossible. Drowning? No: Peachtree Creek was too far away. Well, there were always traffic accidents. He wandered out into the middle of the street. All the automobiles painstakingly avoided him. With exaggerated carefulness they sidled around him, admonishing him gently with their horns. They wouldn't run over him for anything.

"Shows how much sister Ellabelle knows about it," he growled to himself as he took to the sidewalk again and trudged on.

He passed a cafeteria, smelled

something delectable. "That's an idea," he chuckled happily. "They said it would kill me to eat fried things. I'll just bust wide open eating greasy fried oysters, by jessup!" It would be a happy way to die. With plenty of catchup.

But when he had eaten a dozen, all he could possibly swallow, he felt far from dead. He felt much better than when he started. "Shows how much Dr. Fredericks knows," he snorted, wobbling unsteadily out the door. He thought he would have a glass of beer to top it off. Dr. Fredericks had registered extreme horror at the thought of any alcoholic indulgence. Here was a place that sold a twenty-ounce glass for a dime. He peered. Yes, he'd go in. He drank nearly all of it, bought a cigar, also forbidden, and asked for a packet of matches. He lit the cigar with trembling relish.

HE went across the street to look at a street sign, to see where he was. Forsyth and Mitchell. He noticed a telephone booth just inside a drugstore. At the Home they hardly ever let him use the phone, and when they did they watched him with indulgent pride, as one does a child just learning the trick of it. He liked to dial the numbers, though he had nobody to call.

Now that he was on his last spree, he thought he might as well dial all the numbers he wanted to. He had the clerk give him a dollar's worth of nickels. He called Walnut 8550 for the correct time at ten thirty o'clock and ten thirty-two and ten thirty-four. He called the Veterans' Home and asked for Captain John Elliston Milledge. Nobody ever called Captain Milledge. An agitated voice said that Captain Milledge wasn't there right now, and would he like to speak to Mrs. Fervor? He said *no* with gleeful emphasis. Then he dialed for the time again. The drugstore clerk looked wonderingly at the old fellow laughing to himself mischievously inside the telephone booth like an ancient Puck. It was as good as a show, he told his wife that night.

But Captain Milledge had remembered that, after all, he had some one to call up besides the anonymous woman's voice which gave the time. He had forgotten that he ought to tell Kit good-by. If he were really going on that long journey, he ought to tell some one good-by.

"Kit? Hello, Kit," he said diffidently when he got the connection. He had never talked to her over the phone before. She might be different when you couldn't see her blue eyes and her black curls and her pretty red lips.

But her voice was just as sweet—the sweetest voice he had heard since Janie died. "Cap'n! Where in the world are you? You certainly have put one over on Aunt Ellabelle."

"Have I?" He began to crow. Then, a little uncertainly, "Have I? Eh, Kit?"

"You certainly have. She's almost worried to death. She thinks you've been kidnaped and held for ransom. Mr. Boles won't let her, or she'd have got the police after you. Mr. Boles says you'll be back in time for the parade. Will you, cap'n?"

"I don't think so," he said soberly then. "I'd about made up my mind to cash in my checks, Kit. I'm tired of it all."

"What *do* you mean, cap'n?" Kit cried anxiously. There was a pause while she thought what to say. "Look, cap'n," she told him. "I know just how you feel, what with Aunt Ellabelle and all—but—but David and I would miss you if—"

"I *would* like to know you two had got married before I die," he said thoughtfully.

"I wish we could get married right now," Kit answered vehemently. "Aunt Ellabelle gets meaner all the time—"

For the second time that day something like reckless logic glimmered vaguely through the old soldier's skull.

"Why not?" he said suddenly. "Why *not*, Kit? You've been wishing for a chance to run away to Alabama and get married. Today's about as fine a day as I ever saw for a wedding. And your aunt's so busy wondering about me that she won't be paying much attention to what you do. I'd give a pretty to go with you," he added wistfully.

CAP'N, do you really think— Why, we could! She's at the Home. I don't know when she'll be back. I'll call David, and we'll pick you up in fifteen minutes. Where are you?"

"Corner of Forsyth and Mitchell," he told her. "Take your aunt's car, why don't you?" he suggested slyly. "I never did like the way that car crawled along in the parades nohow. Disgrace to the Confederate flag, by jessup. Maybe it'll go faster to a wedding. But—but you don't want an old man along."

"Don't we, though! You're our mascot, cap'n. We'll need a witness, and you're it. And besides, you can be a hostage, in case Aunt Ellabelle catches us too soon. You can refuse to go back with her to lead the parade if she acts up—"

"Well, I *was* going to get myself killed," the captain mused. "But I reckon that's as good a way as any. If it ain't, it can wait. I ain't been to a wedding in fifty years."

The drugstore clerk watched him creak spryly out to the curb and look up and down the street. Then he came back in and bought a five-pound box of chocolates.

When Aunt Ellabelle's car rolled up, Kit leaned out and opened the door to the back seat for him, but they didn't help him in. They treated him like an ordinary man. David clasped his hand briefly over the back of the seat. He liked David.

As the car got under way, Captain Milledge caught his breath and put it back where it belonged. The boy was driving like a crooked swift arrow, wavering so fast through space that whizzing targets loomed on every hand, barely missed. Captain Milledge had never ridden so fast in anything before. He liked it. He felt his heart lift up inexplicably. You could hardly fly faster if you were a wild angel.

Things, including the car, were going almost too fast for Captain Milledge. A half hour ago he had been looking for a friendly swift death. Now he was going, instead, to a wedding. And faster, he thought almost gaily, than a bat out of hell. It was the wedding of Mrs. Fervor's niece, his friend Kit. And sister Ellabelle didn't want her to marry! Especially she didn't want her to marry David. Gleefully he considered the situation and sat back happily, holding his hat on with both hands.

"Not so fast, David," the girl said. "The cap'n may be nervous."

"Got to hurry," David said to the captain as man to man, through cheerful though compressed lips. "Got to make Anniston before she can stop us."

"That's all right," Captain Milledge gasped above the rush of wind.

The girl looked over her shoulder, the wind whipping her exultant words almost to slapping against his old ears. "But she isn't going to stop us! We're getting *married!*" The vitality and the wonder in her singing voice carried through the layers of years around his heart. Suddenly he wanted with all his soul for them to have each other while they were so spotlessly young and joyous. A couple of hours ago he had been grumbling because one discontented foot still remained out of the grave. And now he had turned into an old fool of a Confederate that believed nothing mattered but love! Spring *was* exciting, and going very fast in a car savored of excellent bliss.

"She'll follow us, though," David said with grim joy. "She'll want Kit to try on a red sash or something, and she'll guess what we're doing when she can't find her. Auntie has a very suspicious mind. If she hadn't suspected us of eloping so many times, we might not ever have thought of it."

"We wouldn't have thought of it today, anyway, if Cap'n Milledge hadn't had a brain wave," Kit said gratefully.

WHY does she object so much?" Captain Milledge managed to ask in the face of the wind, curiously. David was beautiful, too, in a young clean tanned way. He looked like a perfect husband for Kit. Mrs. Fervor couldn't seriously hold it against him for not being a Child of the Confederacy. Even Mrs. F. wasn't that much of an idiot.

"Oh, we're too young," Kit said with bright scorn. "And David hasn't a job yet. All the good reasons you can think of. But we're in love. We don't want to wait. Cap'n Milledge, were you ever in love?"

Oh, yes, he'd been in love. It was so long ago that it almost seemed that blonde little Janie had looked like this girl, had had black hair and blue eyes. He looked back at Janie and nodded to Kit.

The girl went on earnestly, as though she had to explain to some one, and her aunt wouldn't listen, "So we're making a Big Mistake," she confided at the top of her charming voice. "But what's a mistake? If you make it, you make it. But you've had *something*. So many people never have anything, because they're afraid. We aren't afraid, are we, David!" It was almost a challenge.

"Nope," he said briefly, still driving with that concentrated intensity. "I'll get a job and take care of us. I can do more if you're mine, and I don't have to be always feeling like an unfinished symphony—"

"And what does the future matter anyway?" Kit said recklessly. "The future is lost already, because we *don't know*. We don't know what will happen. But the present is so full of everything. It's simply no use to worry about the future, is it, cap'n?"

And Captain Milledge agreed with her. The young heedless words, wrong from every viewpoint of experience, yet struck him as the finest of philosophies, because it met his own need as well as hers. He hadn't any future, he knew that. But the present—even one day of it—this one day, full already of heady excitement such as he had never known before, the present was exhilarating. Suppose he did die tomorrow? Just blot tomorrow out of existence. Today was bright. Maybe there'd be another Today. Maybe not. But he was free at last of caring. Because he knew today was good. Kit had told him, and surely Kit knew.

THEY reached Anniston well before noon. Captain Milledge clambered out of the car unaided, accompanied them to buy the license, and paid for it too, because David had forgotten his money, if he had any. Captain Milledge had plenty, for at the Home they never even gave him a chance to spend any of his pension.

"Hurry!" Kit kept urging, watching apprehensively any car approaching, because there was no knowing what sort of car Aunt Ellabelle would commandeer in the absence of her own.

The minister was in no hurry. He liked weddings. Captain Milledge was fidgeting in his chair, holding his cane between his knees, with his campaign hat hanging rakishly on its gold top, and the box of chocolates resting uneasily on his stomach. But a beautiful calm descended on his spirit when at last the words were said, and the dearly beloved turned to kiss, strong in each other's arms. He saw their young lips tremulous for a moment before they put on their crisp modern veneer again, flippant, in defense, because they did have emotions, not because they didn't. Captain Milledge shut his eyes, and felt his wrinkled lips grow firm and young, felt Janie's lips again, light as a brushed flower.

When he opened his eyes, there was Mrs. Ellabelle Fervor.

She filled all the room with her dark blue agitation before she even said a word.

Kit stepped back out of David's arms and faced her aunt coolly.

"It's no use—" she began.

But Mrs. Fervor had found her voice and was letting David have it. She was threatening him with arrest, among other violent things, for violating the Mann Act, stealing her car, and kidnaping her niece.

In spite of his new-found philosophy, Captain Milledge felt the old distaste for life creeping back upon him with the domination of Mrs. Fervor asserting itself, though she had not even seen him as yet, her single-track mind being so full of the villain David.

WYLLY FOLK
ST. JOHN

possessor of two Confederate veteran grandfathers, was born in South Carolina and spent her childhood in Savannah. She went to the University of Georgia and received her A. B. in journalism in 1930. She is married, is the mother of one child, and owns a dog.

Then he remembered that he was living purely in the present, and that if Mrs. Fervor thought his mind had gone, so much the better. It might be interesting to be considered insane and irresponsible.

Suddenly he smelled battle smoke again, and there was nobody, he felt, that he would rather treat as the enemy than sister Ellabelle.

So from his corner he yipped out the shrill cracked Rebel yell. Mrs. Fervor stopped in the middle of her address to David, saw Captain Milledge.

"Captain, you poor dear, did this young man kidnap you too? He'll pay for it, never fear. He'll be in jail before the parade even starts, and we'll be back in plenty of time. Don't you worry now, captain—"

"I'm not going to the parade," announced the captain, like a cheerful bombshell late in exploding.

At the same time Kit said victoriously, "You see, auntie, we didn't break the Mann Act. We had Captain Milledge for chaperon. And, besides, we're married," she added clinchingly. "You can't break the Mann Act if you're married, can you? And you can't kidnap your own wife."

"And as for stealing the car," Captain Milledge said unblushingly, "*I* did that." He looked like a naughty boy, telling that audacious whopper. Kit and David began to laugh, long peals of laughter. Mrs. Fervor sat down heavily in the nearest chair. The minister's wife ran for a glass of water. The minister himself had been saying, "There, there—" helplessly at distressed intervals ever since Mrs. Fervor arrived, so he knew what to do. He said, "There, there. . . ."

Mrs. Fervor could not decide whether to handle the problem of Captain Milledge and the Memorial Day parade first, or the problem of the accomplished ridiculous marriage. She fell between the two stools with a resounding thud. She said weakly, "But, Kit, he hasn't even a job—"

"Oh, yes, he has, by jessup," Captain Milledge crowed triumphantly. "He's my new chauffeur. I'm fixing to buy a new car tomorrow. One that'll do a hundred or better. Because I aim to do a hundred or better, myself."

He thought, with sudden anxiety, how pitiful it would be to be dead; not able to feel the wicked glow of thwarting somebody like Mrs. Fervor.

"Captain Milledge, dear Captain Milledge, we must get you to a doctor," panted the lady distractedly. "But I've got to have this—this so-called marriage annulled."

David and Kit looked terrified for one moment, afraid she could really do it. Then Kit remembered something.

"You can't, auntie," she said, casting her eyes down like an imp with an attack of modesty. "It's already been —consummated. Before, I mean," she explained delicately, to her aunt's horrified enlightenment.

The minister gasped, "Oh, dear!" and then went mechanically back to "There, there. . . ."

CAPTAIN MILLEDGE thought jubilantly, It's a plain lie, but I don't blame her a bit. He winked at Kit and David. And they winked back. He let out the Rebel yell again, just for the hell of it. He felt defiant, arrogant, despising Mrs. Fervor's long care of him as a relic.

"I'm through being coddled," he told himself stoutly. "She can go and coddle eggs."

For she was beaten. He felt magnanimous toward her now, because she could never order his life again. He had only today. She couldn't say, "Tomorrow Captain Milledge will have the Children of the Confederacy." He had today in his grasp. And Mrs. Fervor couldn't control today. Because every day was going to be today, beautiful and unpredictable until it arrived.

He felt actually benevolent.

"You two go on," he told Kit and David, because he knew they wanted to be alone together. "I'll go back with your aunt." Almost docile, he sounded to Mrs. Fervor.

Kit kissed him unexpectedly when he gave her the unwieldy box of chocolates. Her lips felt firm and soft together. David crushed his hand. And they went.

Mrs. Fervor gathered up the pieces of her plans, still efficiently.

"Then you *will* lead the parade, captain?" she said, rising to take charge of him again, as though nothing had happened.

"Yes, ma'am," he agreed gently, enjoying himself. "I will. In an airplane."

THE END

CLARK GABLE'S *Secret* WISH

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

BY JOHN ERSKINE

WHEN I went to see Clark Gable this autumn he was working on his new film, Strange Cargo, and we talked between the shots. The scene at the moment showed a score of men in the sort of barracks you might expect on Devil's Island, and the men stretched on their cots idly talking were the characters you'd look for in such a place. Clark Gable would answer the camera call, step into the light, portray for a few seconds the tough character he was impersonating, then return to where I waited, resuming at once the alert and charming personality which is his own. It was a range of versatility which hitherto he has not exhibited on the screen.

I wanted to ask him some questions about a tendency of Hollywood which seems worth watching: the tendency to confine the stars to a narrower and narrower type of acting, not only to make them stand for a type but to narrow that type. The causes of that tendency lie, I think, much deeper than critics of Hollywood realize. The principal cause is probably the present taste of the people who support the films. They wish their favorites to remain the same in picture after picture, and the pressure is upon the stars to concentrate on whatever core of their personality all varieties of taste agree in admiring.

The same is true of actors in radio serials. The audience, depending exclusively on the ear, connect the quality of the voices with the characters in the first serial, and thereafter are disconcerted when they hear those voices impersonating a different kind of character.

Perhaps there is a parallel, not as yet sufficiently recognized, between the concentration of attention on sound which in the end limits the portrayal of character on the air, and the concentration of attention brought about by light on the screen. The American fashion in screen photography, as contrasted, let us say, with the French, is to light all the faces all the time. Between shots our cameramen, by a most competent technique, arrange the lighting so as to kill a double chin in the heroine, or a long nose in the hero. In this correction of features, shadows and lines are done away with, and in the close-up the focus is so terrific that you can almost see the pores of the skin. What you can no longer see are the ordinary indications of human character.

Shadows and lines, even double chins, are more valuable for the indication of personality than Hollywood and its audience perhaps realize. The good actors—and most of our stars are potentially good actors—by this excessive illumination are balked in their art. The capacity for facial expression is taken away from them. Against their will, we may suspect, they are made to give us a dead-pan performance.

This result, unfortunate in itself, reacts in a general condemnation of all facial expression. When an actor on the stage exaggerates his grimaces, the profession says he is mugging. On the screen mugging is the name now given to any expression at all.

I thought of this tendency every time Clark Gable dropped the dead pan he was wearing before the camera and resumed his natural and eloquent flexibility. In conversation he has one of the most revealing faces I have ever seen, and its frankness and range of meaning is perhaps the chief cause of his remarkable charm. Since the general public feels this charm, his screen performances must be more expressive than I have implied, yet those who know him in life or have seen him on the stage probably agree with me that in pictures his facial vocabulary seldom goes beyond a wrinkling of the brows and a smile. The smile is very winning. The wrinkled forehead I shall always interpret as a Hollywood achievement.

About this visual aspect of his art, however, I didn't question him, since it is common nowadays to most stars, and will be still more common unless the fashion changes. The American formula in pictures seems to be a star with a fixed—very fixed—personality, surrounded by actors who really carry the story. In Hollywood all actors except the star are now called character actors. A character actor is one who impersonates a character not his own; but the stars, unfortunately, are not permitted to impersonate completely even themselves. If personality is what the films desire, the real Clark Gable, human, intelligent, and complex, has not yet been projected on the screen.

Inevitably, I think, the dead-pan ideal of stardom is related, either as cause or as effect, to the substance of film plays, to their total dramatic content, and it was about this deeper subject that I wished to question Clark Gable. Because our time was limited I went directly to the gist of my errand.

"I'd like to know," I said, "in the first place, what you think your audiences expect from you, and, if you care to make the distinction, what they get."

He didn't mind the slight gibe. For a moment I saw that amazing smile. "That's a hard question—both parts of it."

He thought for a moment, then went on: "It isn't flattering nowadays to say that any art is an escape, but I believe that's the right description of pictures. A picture story for the audience is frankly an escape, even if they kid it a bit afterward. Maybe there's no fair criticism of an American picture unless you're willing to grant the fact that it supplements American life. If you complain that it isn't a true picture nor a complete one, you're right to a degree, but perhaps the complaint isn't just. Perhaps the picture isn't intended to be altogether true or complete. The lives of most people aren't complete, either. Perhaps they go to pictures for what life in their case has left out."

We were interrupted by a call from the director, and while Clark Gable went through the brief shot, I was thinking how well he illustrated the contrast between that American life which invented and supports the movies, and the strange region of escape which American pictures provide. The story he was working on at the moment dealt apparently with unhappy characters, derelicts, down-and-outers, yet their wretchedness was romanticized by distance and by transposition into a world which to most of us would be quite alien.

As I watched the star at work I thought of his progress toward success, through layers of experience more typical and far more realistic than those the picture asked him to portray. In his successful wrestlings with life he resembles many another boy in this country, of the stout-hearted type which a film story would probably sentimentalize, if indeed the films would make use of it at all.

Born in Ohio, he worked his way up through farming, hop picking, and lumbering, trained himself as an actor sufficiently to play in small stock companies, appeared in a musical in his native state, and in 1928 reached New York in Machinal. During this hard and steady climb he must have contended with all the difficulties that beset an ambitious

Clark Gable and Vivien Leigh in a scene from Gone with the Wind.

Exclusive! An actor opens his heart. He'd like to play Rhett Butler—unexpurgated!

youth whose only capital is his pluck and his talent, and along the road he probably had more than a glimpse of the seamy and the bitter. To get ahead he must have used to the full that quick sympathy with other men which strikes you at once when you talk to him now. I puzzled again over the mystery, that pictures should not ask him to portray the sort of career which he and many of his audience know.

When he returned at the end of the shot we went on from where we had left off.

"If pictures, as you say, are a supplement to life, do you mean to tell me that film fans will find here, in what you are working on now, the fulfillment of something they have missed?"

He laughed. "That's the idea."

"What is the story?"

"Oh, it's about a group of men, pretty unfortunate, who nearly all get bumped off before the end of the plot, and they're no great loss. There's a girl in it, too, for love interest. It's a good story, dramatic and strong."

It was my turn to laugh. "I suppose the love story provides the escape."

He nodded.

"If that is so," said I, "what's the matter with the average American love experience that it needs such a supplement?"

"How can any one say?" he answered. "Perhaps the average American is perfectly satisfied with his love experience—he, or more often she, may go to the pictures for a reminder of the romance they have known, or for more of it. Or perhaps no experience completely fulfills our romantic dreams."

"But then," I replied, "you'd think the films would give us romance in a big way, in some modern version of Romeo and Juliet, or Tristan and Isolde. It would be true to life to portray either our wishful thinking or what actually happens to us."

He thought a moment. "If you're asking why film stories are not more realistic, I can't give the answer. The audience probably could take it, either way. They seem to like realism as they get it in foreign films—the good ones. The best French films prove that we're not afraid of the facts."

"Perhaps," I said, "because we think they are merely French facts."

He was called to the camera again. When he returned he resumed the conversation without waiting to be questioned.

"If the people want truer stories, we'll get them, don't you think? There's plenty of material in American life not yet explored. Dozens of good stories could be written today about people looking for employment, especially young people. There are plenty of sides to these. By way of contrast, we haven't exhausted the American success story, with either a happy or a tragic ending. I've been in Hollywood long enough to know most of the patterns as they occur here—sudden success which doesn't last, or gradual success which doesn't last, and often the solid success which is more permanent."

"It's easy," I said, "to guess the possible causes of failure. What's the recipe for succeeding?"

He smiled. "Ability."

I WISH you'd define the ability. It's more than talent for acting, isn't it?"

He was cautious. "I'd rank talent pretty high."

"But in any art," I persisted, "we find tragic examples of unrecognized talent. Doesn't the actor, like other artists, need to combine ability in his special craft with some gift for meeting his patrons halfway?"

He agreed, and I was interested to see how thoroughly he understood the pressure on the screen star to be a personality rather than in the traditional sense an actor. "I suppose," he said, "screen success happens when the audience likes you. They probably like *you* rather than your performance. They go to your second picture hoping to meet you just as you were in your first. That puts you between devil and deep sea. If you don't change, they'll get tired of you sooner or later. If you change too much, they'll be disappointed. The right formula would be to grow little by little, never by a jump big enough to disturb them. You're done for if you leave your audience behind."

"We're not painting a very good picture of the audience," I commented.

Clark Gable came to the defense of his fellow Americans. "I don't mean to run them down. You ask questions from different points of view, and the right answers seem contradictory, but that's what this art or industry is in its present development. It would be foolish to pretend that all the answers match up when they really don't. The picture audience wants an escape from life, I'm sure of that, yet they also enjoy realism, especially if they get it along with humor. Why they sometimes welcome the escape, and sometimes the realism, no one knows. You just can't guess in advance what they'll like. When I did the picture based on the Parnell play, we thought we had a good thing, and we expected the public to like it, but it didn't go over. I can't explain it."

"Perhaps," I suggested, "there was too much history—or rather, the Parnell episode was unknown to most of the American audience before they saw the film."

Clark Gable wasn't impressed. "The audience is just as unpredictable when you show them a story out of American life, the kind we were talking about a moment ago. Suppose an author gave us a first-rate plot about young people looking for employment nowadays. Every movie fan in the United States could recognize the truth of the picture, and we all ought to be stirred by the seriousness of it, yet you can't be sure the picture wouldn't be a flop."

"Do you think our audiences are moody or variable?"

"Who knows? They are faithful to certain stars—that's all you're certain of. Just which stars they like, and just how long they like them, you can tell—I'm sorry to mention such a material standard—you can tell by the box office. Beyond that you can only guess in advance, and most of the time you'll be wrong."

ONCE more he was called by the director, and I thought over what he had just said. Nothing of this was particularly new, but it seemed to have fresh meaning as a comment on high lights and the consequent deadpan style of acting, and on the limited range of current film plots—which perhaps indicates the arrival of what might be called the dead-pan school of drama. It's a long time since the Roman playwright said that nothing human lay outside his interest. For hundreds of years it has been the ambition of dramatists, as it now is of novelists, to cover every aspect of experience, even those varieties of behavior which conventional society does not speak of. But stage plays and novels have been created by individuals. To some extent the audience has collaborated, but it has not controlled. In the films the situation is perhaps reversed.

I say perhaps because I am not at all sure. My doubt is increased every time an important French film reaches us and we see the response of the American public, so far as foreign films are brought to them and so far as they can understand the foreign tongue. I mention the French films because their tendency seems to be diametrically opposed to ours. I am thinking now not merely of the magnificent Kermesse Héroïque (Carnival in Flanders), or of René Claire's A Nous la Liberté, but of such recent masterpieces as The Story of a Cheat, The End of a Day, Port of Shadows, and Harvest. Much as these four pictures differ from each other, they all alike avoid the American camera technique which obliterates the expressiveness of the face; they are willing that the face should seem neither beautiful nor pretty provided that it is significant; they value the acting for its success in the creation of new personalities, and under the surface humor, satiric or tender, they are completely faithful to human nature.

I was asking myself what would be Clark Gable's stature as an actor, what influence he would have upon our civilization if American conditions allowed him to perform in such pictures as these.

WHEN he returned for our final stretch of talk I asked, "Is it the fault of the American audience? Are they to such an extent seeking an escape? Or do the men who control film manufacture ascribe to the public tastes which really are their own?"

He shook his head. "I'll have to say again, no one knows. The people who run the moving-picture business wouldn't be human if they didn't wish some of their ideas on the public, but they're the last people to deceive themselves intentionally. It's to their interest to produce what the public wants. The French public, and a growing number of the American, enjoy the kind of realism which France produces. Perhaps we'll discover some day a kind of realism which will suit the majority of Americans. It must be our own kind—and I don't think we've found it yet."

He paused for a moment, then broke into a smile. "There's always censorship, of course. The audience knows in advance that American realism can't be realistic—it will be merely as close to the truth as the censors will permit. Perhaps the enjoyment of the films as escape art is creditable to us, after all. If we can't have the genuine thing, we take what's frankly phony."

"How about the happy ending?" I asked. "It's supposed to be a Hollywood formula, isn't it? Aren't the authors and producers quite as responsible for it as the censors?"

He said something about the happy ending, as a plot device, which many of us have thought, and it was a pleasure to hear Clark Gable say it. "The happy ending is right if it's true, and as often as not it's true in a genuinely American story. Most of us have come up in the world. That goes for any country still new, where men are still building. Opportunities abroad, even before the World War, were scarcer, and realistic literature had to show many thwarted lives. In European books and plays people are not counted failures, they are doing pretty well, if they just hold their own. But in the United States, if you don't get on, you howl. Some of the have-nots over here are about like some of the haves over there."

I may report this speech in a slightly transfigured form; the idea seems so illuminating of all American art that I've turned it over until perhaps I've got it a little out of shape. But approximately these are his words.

"You mean, then, that the ending, happy or otherwise, belongs equally to realism, but to realism in different parts of the earth?"

"That's about it."

"And that the tragic ending will be more common and better understood among us when America is old and overcrowded?"

"I'm afraid so."

My time was about up. Though his courtesy seemed inexhaustible, I felt he could endure my departure.

"Do you know," I said, "we've been pretty hard on the audience, and we've found excuses for writers, actors, directors, producers. If we take all the credit we can get, why not take the blame? You, for example, have more to give as an actor and even as, in the Hollywood sense, a personality than your scripts have called for, or perhaps than the American screen technique has allowed you to convey. If you were entirely free, what kind of role would you as an artist choose?"

He laughed. "I'd ask nothing better than the parts I've already had, but I'd do them unexpurgated."

I must have looked surprised. He explained with some warmth: "We take, when we can get it, a book or a play which has already won a large public; we make a picture of it; in the process we cut down all the characters a little—shrink them."

ARE we talking of censorship again?"

"Censorship of one kind or another," he said, "but anyway it's supposed to be for the good of the audience to steal from a character many of its strongest traits, often the only explanation of its behavior. Take Rhett Butler, for example, in Gone with the Wind. The book was read by ten million people, if you count the number of times each copy was probably borrowed. If that story had in it anything harmful, wouldn't you suppose the damage had been already done? In the book Rhett is a grand acting character—I'd like a try at him. On the screen he's still a fine part, but he's — well, he's housebroken."

"May I quote you?" I asked.

"Go ahead."

When you see Gone with the Wind, compare Rhett with the book character. Do the same for Scarlett. You will admire Clark Gable, as in his earlier pictures—perhaps a warmer, more varied Clark Gable, but not too abruptly changed for you to feel at home with him. But you will not yet see the personality I talked with and have here tried to describe. You will not see completely any rich personality on the screen until Hollywood is persuaded that life is good box-office, and stops shrinking the stars to fit what is supposed to be the audience's idea of him—and stops shrinking the story to fit the shrunken star.

THE END

MORE SNAKES Than I Can Kill

BY REPRESENTATIVE MARTIN DIES

Chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities

Communists, Fascists, Nazis: those who are working subversively in this country to undermine American democracy! The inside story of a history-making investigation

The content of Mr. Dies' article in last week's issue of Liberty is summarized on the next page.

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PART THREE—THOSE "SORDID PROCEDURES"

AFTER the campaign of ridicule against the committee had failed, administration leaders, together with radical writers, launched a campaign of abuse and misrepresentation. Columnists such as Pearson and Allen and a number of others made many ridiculous accusations against the committee. Some of the columnists and reporters belong to the Newspaper Guild, which is affiliated with the C. I. O. They were opposed to the investigation before we ever began any public hearing. When the public hearings began they were unable to conceal even in the committee rooms their hatred of the committee. In some instances they fabricated stories which were sent over the wires. In other instances they distorted testimony.

The majority of the reporters were fair under the circumstances, but there was a strong minority composed of Guild members and Communist sympathizers. There were also some columnists who are under obligation to the administration and are, as a matter of fact, spokesmen for it. A hostile press was the most serious handicap which we had to overcome. Fortunately I was able to secure time over the radio and to call attention to the many misstatements in the newspapers.

Not only was there a well organized campaign of misrepresentation against the committee but, believe it or not, government agents investigated me as well as some of the witnesses. An amusing incident with

Some of the witnesses called by the Dies Committee, with samples of evidence. 1—A Brooklyn youngster in a German-American Bund uniform gives the Nazi salute as she testifies. 2—John C. Metcalfe, Dies Committee agent, in Bund uniform, shows Mr. Dies a photo. 3—Detroit's Superintendent of Police Frahm shows him a club as used on cops by strikers. 4—The committee, with "200 of 608 Red Periodicals Published in U. S. A." on exhibition in the background.

All statements made and opinions expressed by Mr. Dies in this series of articles are his own, and Liberty disclaims responsibility for any of them. For his statement of his case, it has allowed him the fullest latitude within the laws of libel. As always, it will be happy, in any instance, to present the other side too.

Behind the Scenes in the Probe of UN-AMERICANISM

reference to an investigation of my financial affairs was called to my attention recently. It so happened that I had borrowed everything that I could from the Orange National Bank and from the sergeant-at-arms on my salary, and when these facts were ascertained by the government agent and reported to his superior, the whole matter was instantly dropped. The contents of the report were conveyed to me through a friend in the government service who said that every case that I had handled during the eleven years of my law practice had been examined, in the hope that some irregularity could be discovered that could be used against me. The government agent reported to his superior that I had never been retained by any corporation and that my practice had consisted of representing litigants against corporations. Some of my investigators reported to me that some of the witnesses who appeared before the committee had been interviewed by government agents who questioned them as if they were under suspicion because they had appeared.

I had announced that the committee would not accept any contribution or donation from any source. Notwithstanding this announcement, the matter was investigated to determine whether or not the committee or I, as chairman, had accepted any.

After these methods had failed, the President was convinced by the critics of the committee that we were using it as a forum to hurt him. This was what led him to issue the unprecedented blast against the committee. Having failed in discrediting the committee through lies, misrepresentation, and abuse, the left-wingers persuaded the President to issue this attack upon it. I am confident that he was imposed upon by these left-wingers, and that he sincerely believed their statements to the effect that the investigation was primarily aimed at him and his administration.

An interesting incident in connection with the Presidential blast should be related for whatever it is worth. Shortly after the investigation began, I suggested that it might be advisable to consider the organization of a patriotic society designed to combat Fascism, Nazism, and Communism. The press carried this statement, and on September 26, 1938, I received the following letter from Herbert Bayard Swope:

"My dear Congressman:

"I am interested by the announcement that has been made that you are forming an American League. I should like further information on the project."

I had never met Mr. Swope and knew nothing about him, but on October 3 I answered his letter and told him that I had in mind organizing a League for Peace and Americanism "to afford an opportunity for patriotic American citizens to unite their efforts and influence in preserving the fundamental principles of our representative democracy." I told him, "There will be no membership dues and the organization will be run on a strictly patriotic basis. It is the plan to select a large board of directors, composed of officials and ex-officials of many outstanding patriotic organizations. . . . The league will be as much opposed to Nazism and Fascism as to Communism."

Some time in the middle of October Mr. Swope sent a man to Washington to talk with me about this proposed league. I told this individual that I was undecided as to whether or not it would be a wise thing to organize a patriotic society. He said that Mr. Swope was very anxious to talk to me and would like to have me come to New York. But because I had grave misgivings about the launching of such a movement, I did not agree to discuss the matter with Mr. Swope.

IN LIBERTY LAST WEEK

Mr. Dies told of a memorandum transmitted to him at his investigation's outset by "one of the leaders of our administration," expressing the view that it would be "a grave mistake" to investigate an organization such as the C. I. O. "simply because some Communists are in it." He said he had already invited John L. Lewis to appear and testify. He is convinced that Lewis did not do so because, in all the circumstances, it would have been embarrassing for him.

Last week Mr. Dies also reproduced a long letter in which he had demonstrated to E. L. Oliver of the Labor's Non-Partisan League that charges concerning the investigator Sullivan, and an intimation that there had been testimony that Shirley Temple was a Communist, were unfounded and were presumably meant to divert attention from testimony to the existence of Communism within the C. I. O.

He said that in August, 1938, President Roosevelt, in conversation with him, had denounced some A. F. of L. leaders as reactionaries, defended the C. I. O., and intimated that Fascism and Nazism were what the Dies Committee ought to be investigating. The administration's displeasure was soon further manifested, with the result that persons who would have been important witnesses feared to testify lest they discredit themselves in the eyes of liberals or—if they were government employees—lose their jobs.

On October 25, 1938, I went to New York to address the Herald Tribune Forum. After I concluded my address, this same individual came to the hotel and urged me to go with him to the office of Mr. Swope to discuss the matter. He was very persistent and finally my wife and I agreed to stop by Mr. Swope's office for a few minutes, which we did. Mr. Swope told me that he was very much interested in the proposed organization and that he would like to raise a large amount of money to launch the movement. I told him that I thought he had misunderstood the whole matter; that I had in mind a movement which would be divorced from any monetary consideration; that I did not want to act as an officer or official; and that I had not definitely decided whether it would be wise or helpful to launch such a movement.

He spent some time telling me how he had been responsible for President Roosevelt's early success in politics and he was very flattering in his statements to me. He discussed with me the President's opposition to the committee and implied that he, or some one acting for him, was in a position to change the President's opposition into an attitude of friendliness and co-operation. He wanted to make a direct contribution to me to finance the beginning of the organization, but I emphatically stated to him that I had never accepted one dollar of contribution from any one and did not intend to; that I was going to keep this investigation on a high plane.

His statement to me with reference to making an immediate donation aroused my suspicions about the whole interview and the purposes behind it. I had the very definite impression that if I went along with him, administration opposition would cease.

WHETHER Mr. Swope was merely "talking through his hat" or not, I never knew, and I certainly do not say that he had any authority to speak for the President. However, when I got home that night from New York I learned that the President had issued a bitter attack upon the committee. Later on, a newspaper reporter from a St. Louis newspaper came to my office and said that he had learned from other sources that I had contacted Mr. Swope for the purpose of raising funds to finance a patriotic organization and that he intended to print a story in the St. Louis paper to this effect. I got out my correspondence with Mr. Swope and showed it to him, and I told him that if any such untruthful story was printed I would give all the facts to the American people. While the story did come out later, it did not contain any statement that I had ever approached Mr. Swope for the purpose of getting financial assistance.

A similar incident occurred in connection with the second attack upon the committee made by the President on October 27, 1939. About October 22, 1939, Morris Ernst, who is connected with the Civil Liberties Union, came to see me in my office in Washington and discussed with me a proposed bill to require publicity in connection with the activities of organizations in the United States. He asked me if I would meet with Congressman Jerry Voorhis, a group of New Dealers, and Arthur Garfield Hays, who is an official of the Civil Liberties Union, for the purpose of discussing proposed legislation. We met at the University Club in Washington and the conversation not only dealt with proposed legislation but, principally, with Communism and the work of the committee. Jerome Frank and Adolf A. Berle agreed with me that the real liberals of the country should take a definite stand

(Continued on page 20)

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(Continued from page 18)

against Communism, and that in the interest of democracy the administration should co-operate with the committee.

The gentlemen appeared to be sincere, and when Jerome Frank asked me if I would meet with the President to discuss this whole question, I told him that I would be glad to do so; that I had unsuccessfully sought an audience with the President, and that nothing would please me more than to have the administration co-operate with the committee. I further told them that the Democratic Party and the liberals of the country ought to support the investigation actively and sincerely.

In the course of my conversation I mentioned the fact that we had some evidence showing that certain government officials were connected with Communist activities in the United States, and that I did not propose to shield any one, regardless of his position or his politics. I was told that within a short time the President would invite me to a conference where we could frankly discuss this whole matter and see if an agreement could be reached to eliminate friction and bring about sincere co-operation.

In view of all this, I was shocked and surprised when the President on the following Friday, at his press conference, accused the committee of "following sordid procedures."

One of the Democratic leaders of the House wrote me as follows:

"Friend Dies:

"You recollect when last I met you in Washington you assured me you had much information relating to the un-American activities of Nazi and similar organizations, and that shortly you would start after them.

"To my surprise, I read in the press your committee is devoting its time and energies in criticism and investigation of the Labor Department, State Department, and Immigration and Naturalization Department.

"For many years I have been acquainted with the humane and social-welfare activities of Secretary of Labor Perkins. For years also I have known about the patriotic activities of the Commissioner of Immigration and Naturalization, Mr. James L. Houghteling. There are none more honorable, honest, and sincere in this country than they are. Therefore, I cannot quite understand why your committee should spend its time and money investigating their actions.

"After the many talks you and I had, I cannot quite grasp this change in purpose. Surely the Committee was not created to investigate the Departments; it was created to investigate activities of subversive groups, which are being financed by foreign governments. And as you stated to me, you have plenty evidence with which to disclose that the Nazi Government is doing this."

My reply was as follows:

"This is to acknowledge receipt of your letter of September 21 and to express regret that you form conclusions based upon newspaper accounts.

"This Committee is not investigating the Labor Department, the State Department, or the Immigration and Naturalization Department. We are investigating Nazism and Fascism as much as we are Communism. The first day of our hearings in Washington was devoted exclusively to Nazism and, if you will read the record of the disclosures with reference to Nazism, you will find that a vast amount of documentary proof was introduced in evidence and made a part of our records. You will also find that a number of original letters were seized, which constituted definite proof with regard to Nazi activities in the United States. One of our three investigators is doing nothing but devoting his time to Nazi and Fascist activities and we are resuming hearings Wednesday on this phase of the investigation.

"As I have expressed many times, I am just as opposed to Nazism and Fascism as I am to Communism. All of these 'isms' constitute different forms of dictatorship and I am sure that you are just as much opposed to Communism as you are to Nazism.

"Insofar as Mrs. Perkins is concerned, her file on the Bridges case reveals a failure to enforce the mandatory provisions of the law with reference to the deportation of Communist aliens.

"There have been certain groups in this country who are vitally interested in the investigation of Communism but who are indifferent to the menace of Nazism and Fascism. There have been other groups who are anxious to expose Nazism and Fascism but who seem to be opposed to any investigation of Communism in the United States.

"The resolution of Congress instructed our Committee to investigate all un-American activities. I shall, therefore, do my duty regardless of politics, criticism, or misrepresentation. . . ."

On September 29 he answered:

"Friend Dies:

"Your letter of September 26 has been received and I fully appreciate what you state therein. Nevertheless, in view of conditions, I feel that the nation-wide Nazi organization is similar to what has been started in Hungary, Poland, and which is also being started in the Argentine and other sister republics.

"Between you and me, I am just as much opposed to other alien activities as I am to Nazism, but this to my mind is so much more dangerous at this time. . . ."

Again on October 27 he wrote me:

"Friend Dies:

"You cannot know how deeply I regret perceiving that you are evidently permitting yourself and your Committee to be used by a few shrewd leaders of the Republican party to assail and besmirch certain outstanding American citizens prominent in public life. . . .

"You know the personal high regard I held for you from the day you entered the House. . . . I know that you are a Democrat at heart and, consequently, I cannot grasp how a man of your undoubted intelligence can permit himself to be used by these designing and politically adverse forces.

"Even if you do not quite agree with all of the progressive measures advocated by the President, I am satisfied that you still will concede that he is nearer to the cause of the people of your district and of the nation than any existing Republican.

"You have had one or two witnesses testify on the un-American activities but, you are doubtless apprised, there are hundreds of Gentile German Americans in the United States who only a short time ago fled from Germany and who are able and willing to give evidence before your committee that would keep it busy until Congress convenes. This evidence would be of such significance and importance that it would, beyond doubt, be of absorbing interest to the committee and to the country and would come directly and concretely within the purposes for which the committee was created.

"Friend Dies, if there be any danger to our form of government and to the abiding interest of America, it is from that foreign source which seeks to rule by the threat of arms, by the suppression of individualism, and by an intolerance which has no precedent. . . .

"If you will pause and give serious thought to conditions which are truly grave and not temporarily political, I am satisfied that you will, henceforth, refuse to be imposed upon and that you will prevent the misuse of your Committee by these designing political adversaries. . . ."

I AM not disclosing the name of the author of these letters because, as I have said, I do not desire to injure any one. If, however, any serious question should arise, I shall be glad to produce these letters.

After President Roosevelt had denounced the committee, I requested the Mutual Broadcasting Company to give me time to answer the President. The company agreed, but a few days later informed me that they had received a telephone communication from the White House that they would have to give some one time immediately following my speech to answer it. The company told the White House that there was no available time following my speech. Shortly thereafter Charlie Michelson, publicity director of the National Democratic Committee, contacted the Mutual Broadcasting Company and demanded that Paul Y. Anderson be requested to answer my speech. Mr.

Michelson asked that the Broadcasting Company invite Mr. Anderson on its own initiative. The Broadcasting Company did not like this, but hesitated to refuse. However, the company kept me informed with regard to developments and told me the truth about the situation.

No one could have shown more ill-will than Secretary Ickes. I was compelled to talk to him about the Rockland Dam project and another project in my district on several occasions. His resentment toward me and the committee was so deep that he could not conceal it. As a matter of fact, my opinion is that Ickes never intended to approve either one of these projects—not because of his dislike of me or his opposition to this investigation, but because he intended to use the available funds in doubtful states. I do not think he intended to spend twelve or thirteen million dollars in a solidly Democratic district when the same expenditure in a doubtful state would be more expedient. Instead of telling me and my constituents frankly that he did not intend to approve these projects, he let the matter drag on as long as possible. In the meantime the word reached my constituents who were sponsoring these projects that my attitude in connection with the investigation was responsible for the failure of the Public Works Administration to allocate funds. This hint spread among those who were interested in the project. I regard Mr. Ickes as the responsible party.

As I said before, the Fascists and their sympathizers have been as bitterly opposed to this investigation as the Communists. It is now a matter of record how Fraser Gardner undertook to secure a position as investigator for the committee. Gardner was highly recommended by some prominent Democrats. At the time he sought employment he was on the pay roll of the Skyland Press which the committee was investigating. He is now under indictment on perjury charges because when brought before the committee he denied his connections with Pelley.

Much to my surprise, there were many anti-Communist groups and individuals who were unconcerned about Fascist activities and who seemed to feel some sympathy for them. As long as we were investigating Communism, these groups would applaud us, but when we turned the guns on Fascist and Nazi groups they became cold and finally antagonistic. The opposite, of course, was true of many so-called liberal groups. They have always been strong for an investigation of Nazism and Fascism. They were willing to have the committee spend months on the Bund and similar activities, but when it came to Communism, every one of these organizations began to fight the committee.

When the question of continuing this investigation came up, the President told the floor leader, Mr. Ray-

Fight a COLD two ways with Sal Hepatica*

MR.: This is a cold, darling, and no mistake. I didn't dare stay out to practice any longer—in fact, I'll bet I'm in bed the day of the ski jump contest.

MRS.: You're going to bed now, m'love—but first I'm going to give you a saline laxative with a swift, two-way help—Sal Hepatica.

MR.: Swift? Two-way? Sal Hepatica must be *different!*

MRS.: Different is right! First, Sal Hepatica is gentle in its laxative action, yet it acts fast—and I don't need to tell you that speed is important in fighting a cold. And second, Sal Hepatica helps Nature counteract the acidity that often accompanies a cold.

SEVERAL DAYS LATER

MRS.: Oh, darling, what a jump you made! You'll be in the Olympics, next!

MR.: You ought to get the cup, dear, because I'd probably be still down with a cold, if it hadn't been for that saline laxative, Sal Hepatica.

* A recent survey conducted by seven leading medical journals shows that 7 out of 10 doctors prescribe a *saline* laxative, in treating colds.

SAL HEPATICA

Get a bottle of this famous saline laxative at your druggist's today

TUNE IN! Big New Fred Allen Show—Wednesdays at 9 to 10 P. M., E.S.T.

burn, that he did not want to see the committee continued. This I know from reliable sources to be a fact. I also know it to be a fact that Mr. Rayburn told the President that there was no way to prevent the continuation of the committee and that the most that could be expected would be an agreement limiting the life of the committee to one year. At conferences that were held between Democratic leaders and myself, my position was, as always, that I would have nothing to do with any kind of investigation that was not fearless and nonpartisan. At several of these conferences some Democrats expressed the fear that the investigation would hurt the party. I believed then, as I believe now, that this investigation has been a tremendous service to the Democratic Party and to the country. The House leadership acceded to our demand that the committee be continued, not so much because the leadership was in favor of the continuation as because public sentiment required it and there was no way of stopping it. I made no promises at these conferences or elsewhere, except that I would do my duty without partisan consideration.

After the committee was continued by an overwhelming vote, we employed J. B. Matthews as director of research. This was a wise choice because Mr. Matthews has been of invaluable service to the committee. We profited by mistakes of the past and very carefully selected our investigators. The committee appointed Rea Whitley as its counsel. He was for ten years with the Federal Bureau of Investigation and had a splendid record. He came highly recommended by Mr. Hoover and others who were acquainted with his work. We employed about ten investigators and stationed them at important places throughout the country. They were instructed to get the facts regardless of politics.

After the investigation was organized and under way, I was compelled, due to ill health following an operation, to return to my home in Orange, Texas. I was in Texas for several months but kept in close touch with the investigation by telephone.

Much to my surprise, while I was ill and away, it was proposed that the committee, in my absence, recommend the termination of the investigation and the turning over of all information gathered to the F. B. I. The majority of the members of the committee would not agree to this, but this incident illustrated that as late as July, 1939, the administration was still opposing the committee.

I do not wish to imply that the administration was actuated by ulterior motives. The President and his leaders had a perfect right to do this. All that I want to make plain is that at no time has the administration supported the committee. Not only have we not received the co-operation and help which have always been extended to committees like the La Follette Committee, the Black Committee, the Monopoly Committee, and many others, but obstacles were placed in our way and administrative agencies undertook to sabotage the investigation.

If we had confined our investigation to Fascism we would never have encountered any opposition. But when we began a real investigation of Communism it stepped on too many toes. In the first place, there were hundreds of government employees who were members of Communist front organizations. In the second place, the C. I. O., which was very friendly to the Administration, was partly under the control of the Communist Party. The Communists and their fellow travelers convinced the President that the investigation was aimed at him and at the liberals in the country.

Nothing could have been further from the truth, and if he had given me an opportunity to explain the true situation, I might have undeceived him.

How can we tell true liberals from Communistic fakers? Honest patriots from phonies who either work for Hitler or Mussolini or are simply racketeers? Mr. Dies will state his own conclusions about these gravely important distinctions, and will give some truly startling examples, in Liberty next week.

FROM COAST TO COAST OLD DRUM'S THE CHOICE

AS MILLIONS SWITCH TO THIS TOP-QUALITY, FAIR-PRICED WHISKEY

OLD DRUM
BRAND
Blended Whiskey
You Can't Beat it!

SALES SHOOT SKYWARD ACROSS THE COUNTRY

FAST BECOMING THE FAVORITE... Old Drum sales from coast to coast are shooting skyward. *Everywhere* millions are switching to this top-quality, fair-priced whiskey!

OLD DRUM
WHISKEY
YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!

"AROUND THE CAMPFIRE ... that's when I had my first drink of Old Drum. And, Mister, after one sip I sure knew why folks *everywhere* are changing to this swell whiskey! Mild and mellow, with a flavor that's tops... it's got a taste so s-m-o-o-t-h it just *shouts* quality. That takes skillful blending ... yet Old Drum costs surprisingly little. Yes, sir ... from now on it's Old Drum for me!"

OLD DRUM BRAND Blended Whiskey

90 Proof—75% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copr. 1940 Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

Stockton Mulford

THE *Enemy* IS HERE!

Sabotage, spying . . . An amazing disclosure from within labor's own ranks

BY EMMETT C. DAVISON

General Secretary and Treasurer of the International Association of Machinists

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

I HAVE been called a Red so often that, believe me, I am extremely careful to whom I apply the name myself. When I assert that there are Communists and Fascists on the government pay roll, working for the United States government and *against* it, I mean exactly what I say.

Too careless and broad an application of the name Red or Nazi gives real subversive elements great help. While the aroused public is hunting imaginary rats, real termites bore away undisturbed.

I know, too, that some agencies which are hired at fat fees to protect industries from Communists and Nazis frequently employ disciples of those isms to undermine the solidarity of American labor unions. They also plant fake agitators in factories to frighten employers into hiring their detectives, stool pigeons, and strong-arm men. It is a detestable business, more viciously un-American than frankly revolutionary activities.

Yes, I am particularly careful how I apply labels.

Maybe I had better start by telling something about myself. I am a Virginian. I belong to the Masons (Thirty-second Degree), the Elks, Knights of Pythias, and the Loyal Order of Moose. I am Patriotic Director of my camp of Spanish-American War Veterans. I served a term as mayor of my city, Alexandria, Virginia, "the home town of George Washington."

My first ambition was to be a newspaperman, but I did not last long as a reporter because I refused to temper the bitter truth to protect the tender hides of the community's "sacred cows." My father was a machinist. He persuaded me to follow his calling.

I grew up with the labor movement. I have been called a nihilist back in the days when that meant what Red means now. I have been called an anarchist. Yes, and I have lived to see the American Federation of Labor desperately hugged to the bosom of Big Business, too. Let's skip the details.

I know our United States better than most Americans, and Canada better than most Canadians. Last year my mileage as the general secretary and treasurer of the International Association of Machinists—which has 200,000 paid-up members in the United States, Canada, and the Canal Zone—was the equivalent of *four times around the world.*

The I. A. M. is 100 per cent organized in the government's navy yards and arsenals and in the railroads. We are well represented in the light and heavy metals industries, in aircraft manufacturing plants, and wherever machinery is used, including the establishment in which this issue of Liberty was printed.

Thus, when the public asks and the newspapers conjecture about the possibilities in our navy yards and munition plants, we know the answers. It is our business to know, not only as patriotic liberty-loving Americans but because, as sure as shooting, the antilabor fanatics will blame us for whatever trouble arises.

"Will anything happen to our industrial plants in the event of war, or because the embargo on munitions is lifted?"

Very likely! It happened during the last war, didn't it?

"Will Communists and Nazis be at the bottom of it?"

See the answer to the preceding question!

As I look out of my window here in our headquarters in Washington, I can see the navy yard. Downstairs in this building is the largest single unit, or lodge, in the organization—navy-yard workers with whom the International is in constant touch.

In arsenals and navy yards and mine bases from the interior of Canada to the Panama Canal, there are other such lodges. We are in constant touch with every unit by mail, telephone, and personal visits.

Weaving in and out of these lodges are the knights errant of our craft, the traveling machinists. Boomers, we call them. Trade-unionism is their religion, for the little bronze, silver, or gold triangles they wear as emblems of membership are passports to work and comradeship in every city where a wheel turns. They wander everywhere, working their way across the country, intelligent men all. They learn things at their lathes that union secretaries are not wise to, and they transmit that news, soon or later, to headquarters.

A boomer not so long ago traveled 5,000 miles to bring me a bit of critical information of importance to the national defense. Measure 5,000 miles from Washington, and if you find that some of our Pacific Islands are that far from home, I won't deny that he might have come from there.

The boomer is our own industrial G-man. Call his work counter-espionage if you like. It doesn't take long for a boomer to learn what is going on in a shop. A lot of thanks is due them for the information they gather and transmit to us, for the thousands of white cards in our files listing the names of active Communists, Nazis, Fascists, "company dicks," and labor spies.

WE know there are Reds and foreign spies within our own organization — expert machinists holding union cards *and government jobs.* The point is: We know them!

We also know this: that espionage and sabotage is not confined to the grease-stained mechanic by any means. Some of it flows from higher up—from the drafting rooms and the officers' quarters!

We have just reported to the proper federal authorities that a machinist —and a good one—employed in a government navy yard has boasted of how many Americans he slaughtered when he operated a machine gun in the German army twenty-two years ago. He is now an American citizen. Recently he used paper and pencil instead of calipers on a piece of work in the navy yard. Then he took a ninety-day leave of absence to visit his folks in Germany. He is employed by the United States navy in the construction of naval artillery, including the firing apparatus!

Is his knowledge now in Hitler's possession? We don't know, but we know he is back at work in the navy yard. We offered to expel him from our union, as one step of getting him away from American defense secrets, but the naval authorities said they could do nothing because he is "protected by civil service"!

Well, if the government can't do anything to protect itself from him, the union can. That man is in a shop working three shifts a day. The two men who pick up where he leaves off, or whose work he continues during his shift, are hand-picked by the union to keep an eye on him. As far as is possible, no job is turned over to him by the man on the first shift which will do the Nazis any good to know about, and the man on the third shift carefully examines the piece of work relinquished by him to make sure it has not been sabotaged.

Sabotage is responsible for more damage to the national defense than most persons imagine or the boards of inquiry discover. An expert mechanic doesn't put powdered glass in an airplane motor, or steel filings in an engine cylinder, or any such melodramatic movie nonsense. What he aims to do is to delay the destruction, to make it look like an unavoidable accident; in any event, to make it impossible to account for.

When army or navy airplanes crash in service, after having stood up under the preliminary tests, the poor incinerated pilots generally get the blame.

But we know that one-eighth-inch piston rings can be delicately cracked in the fingers of the man who installs them—flawed just enough for a few hours' wear to conk the engine when it is put to sudden strain.

We know that the timer on a motor can be set wrong by such a tiny margin that the sabotage will pass the initial inspection and tests — but eventually crash the machine.

We know that an oil gauge can be doctored so it will show the lubrication reservoir to be full and functioning, when actually it is shy two thirds of its needed supply.

That is what is being done today in a score of production lines. I have my doubts about the durability of the airplanes turned out for export. I wonder how many a brave soldier will crash to his death unscathed by enemy bullet, his death warrant having been written by some Nazi or Communist spy in a distant American factory.

We know what happened in the first World War; we know about the cast-iron bayonets and welded rifle barrels that were exported to the Allies. Venal mechanics and spies disguised as machinists were not responsible for those. They were the work of sabotaging industrialists, men who were paid for honest steel and expert rifling and who shipped bayonets that broke like sticks of macaroni, guns that burst in the infantryman's face.

ONE of our handicaps today is the hatred of organized labor held by some big industrialists who have close social and business contacts with ranking army and navy officers, whom they imbue with the belief that the unions are all rackets. The military caste system has a strong hold on the United States, despite our patriotic boasts to the contrary, and it too often protects incompetent and prejudiced men in positions of authority.

Do you remember that big naval dirigible that crashed with such hideous loss of life? It was accepted by the navy. The Machinists' International "put the finger on" *sixty-seven* structural defects in the big blimp. Thirteen German and Russian citizens were employed in its construction. The manufacturers blamed the navy for that, the navy blamed the manufacturers, and somewhere in the process both blamed the unions!

We can't be the watchdogs of America. When a machinist is given an intricate mechanism to fashion, it takes the best attention he can give it. Whatever else he does to prevent sabotage and spying, he does on his own time, at his own risk, as a patriotic American.

Every day we are alert for the kind of dirty work I have described. We are not spy catchers, but we are doing the best we can. We ask that we be not used as targets ourselves while we are trying to protect the organization and the country. Don't holler "Red!" because we try to enlarge our unions or try to win in wages some of the profits that the employers are piling up, when the real Reds work piously at their benches at the task of wrecking American industry in the interests of Moscow and its strange allies.

What we need is a Round Table, with the keymen in the munitions and aircraft plants, in the army and navy, in the government and secret-service agencies.

Let us in the unions match and compare the information we have about foreign subversive elements with what information those others have. Let us produce our files of "white cards" listing the names of the men *known* to us as genuine Communists and Nazis, who *work* at that business, and let the F. B. I. and the naval and military intelligence and the employers put *their* cards on the table. Then each of us will have the benefit of the others' knowledge in eradicating the termites.

Is that fair or isn't it?

ESPIONAGE conquered Poland. The Nazi tanks and planes followed the spies. It is a lesson, as the Dies Committee shows us, that the United States can well take to heart.

We in the Machinists' International are working just as hard, just as patriotically, for a *United* States of America as all the officers of the army and navy, all the staff of the Department of Justice.

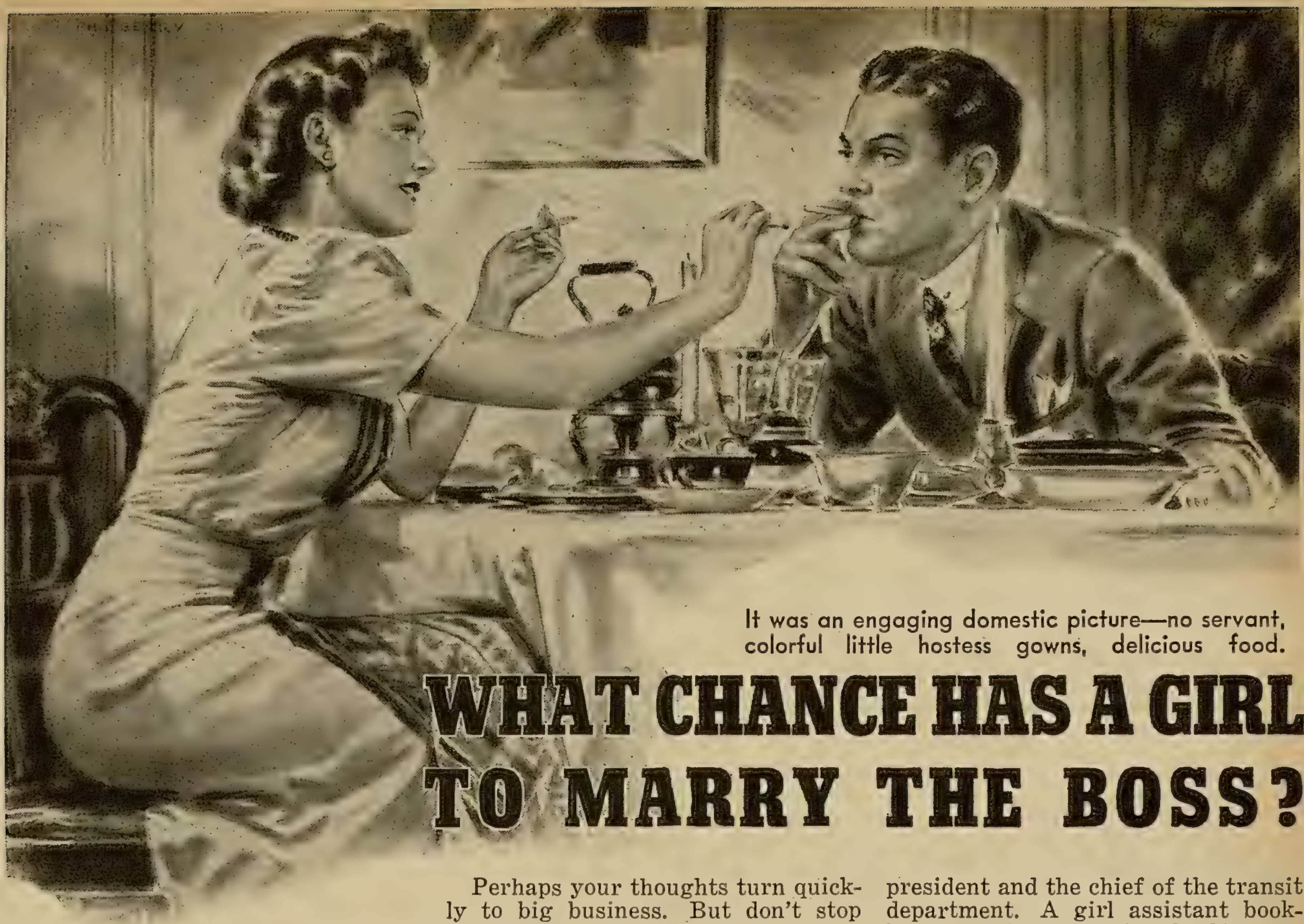
When I tell you yes, there are spies and saboteurs in our ranks, we are admitting something which other groups try to cover up. We are doing our best to eradicate them. We would appreciate help, help honestly, conscientiously and *co-operatively* given. We wish that industry and the government would work as hard as we are working to rid themselves of these destructive anti-American elements.

As war industries expand in this country, so will this espionage and sabotage—unless there is a co-ordinated drive *now* to clean it out.

Communism and Fascism are the worst enemies of organized labor. The sight of our American flag over a grimy navy yard inspires just as big a thrill in *our* hearts as does the sight of that same glorious emblem on a spic-and-span battleship in the heart of a midshipman or an admiral.

If Big Business will understand that, perhaps it will give us the help we need. If the army and navy will believe it, perhaps they will help us drive out the enemy who is already here, now, inside our country.

THE END



It was an engaging domestic picture—no servant, colorful little hostess gowns, delicious food.

WHAT CHANCE HAS A GIRL TO MARRY THE BOSS?

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

AN attractive young business girl was complaining bitterly about how hard it was to meet eligible men. "Honestly," she said, "there's nothing left but to try and make the boss fall in love with you."

She was expressing a very modern dilemma. Today the emphasis in life for young women has swung from the home to business. The thought is not, Where can I find a suitable husband for my child? but, Where can she find a good position?

Unkind paragraphs have been written about girls who go into business admittedly with the hope of making a good match. But what other way is open? Thousands of girls haven't an opportunity in the world of meeting solid citizens who could support them, except through jobs. Life, liberty, and the pursuit of the boss has become the inalienable right of the young American career girl.

Well, what chance has she to marry the boss? Good. For we have just made a happy discovery: It's a question of choosing the right business.

Your matrimonial chances in one industry may be a hundred to one better than in another right across the street. But which is which? And what is what? What businesses can a girl pick with the reasonable hope of capturing her chief? Or even one of the lesser chiefs who has good expectations?

Perhaps your thoughts turn quickly to big business. But don't stop there now. It has its points, as you will presently see. But definitely it's not the best field. Whenever you get batteries of girls working together—at switchboards, in billing departments, wrapping merchandise, in stenographic rooms — there's little chance of knowing the boss, much less of marrying him.

Little business is the green field. The kind you find lining the streets of every big and small city in America. Make a list. The smaller real-estate offices, insurance outfits, banks, law firms, specialty shops, printing concerns, advertising agencies, hotels and restaurants, interior decorators, furriers, florists, radio stores, garages, caterers. Just as jobs are easier to find in a medium-sized business, so are husbands.

What's the evidence? Take that bank in upstate Pennsylvania, for instance. Cupid called so often that the rest of the girl employees could scarcely keep up with the showers. Four marriages this past year, to be exact. Who were they? The slim ash blonde in the loan department and the head teller. The secretary to the vice-president and the chief of the transit department. A girl assistant bookkeeper and the senior bookkeeper. And, as a final triumph, the assistant secretary of the bank, in this rare instance a woman, married a boss of bosses, one of the state banking examiners, who had formerly been a bank president himself.

But why tell you about somebody else's good luck? Because there is a nugget here for all. Socially, a girl's chances of matrimony sink fast after thirty. By the time she's forty, her friends are inviting her out to the cozy little family dinners where they don't have to bother having a man for her. In business there's no closed season. In those bank marriages, one girl was twenty-four, one thirty-three, one thirty-seven, and one forty-two. It's not the age but the agent!

Which brings us straight to the basic rule. You've got to win the gentleman's business interest before you can hope for his personal concern. Doing an outstanding job is, nine times out of ten, the first endearing appeal.

If you want some quick pictures, look what happened in a single block in a large city. It was in the down-

Do you yearn to exchange a job for wedding bells? Here are proven facts to guide you!

BY CLARA BELLE THOMPSON and MARGARET LUKES WISE

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BERRY

town district. Within twelve months the owner of a swanky eight-booth beauty parlor married his receptionist—"the best receptionist I ever had," was his description. The head of a small real-estate firm married his young rental agent, who was also his top salesman. The owner of a small advertising agency married the girl who handled all the publicity for his accounts.

These were marriages within the ranks of little business in the big city. But suppose your job's in the thick of big business and it looks as though you're glued there for life. Don't resign and start to haunt the shades of little business. Stay where you are, and use your head.

Can you marry the boss? Certainly. Same rule, same method. You've still got to do the sort of job that makes you outstanding. Only now the odds are greater. You're one of many, not of few.

If you are going after one of the big chiefs, you may have to go after yourself first. It will take more than a snood hat and stop-red bag. What can you talk about? What do you read? Have you opinions and do you know how to express them? It's not a question of your rising together. He has already risen. You've got to be somebody inside as well as somebody outside. But the catch is, to see that he knows it.

ONE young woman in charge of the stenographic room of a large drug-manufacturing concern looked tenderly but from afar on the engaging bachelor head of sales promotion. She had won success in her job all right, but not in her personal life. At thirty she was a lonely lady. The firm began to expand its South American business and the sales chief had to make frequent trips to this Latin territory. So he began to study Spanish.

The girl now did an intelligent thing. Since her evenings were free, alas, she began to study Spanish, too.

One evening she changed her usual casual good night to *Hasta la vista!* The man looked up. "Why, I didn't know you knew Spanish." After that, they often compared notes. A month later she mentioned the little Spanish dinner. Four Spanish addicts like themselves were having *arroz con pollo.* If he were free, would he care to join them? That was the beginning. And since she was really a charming girl, you can figure out the end.

The potency of food—or shall we call it informal hospitality?—cannot be overestimated. If marriage is to bloom from companionship, there has to be a place for the blooming. In the elevator and across the desk is not too propitious. One young woman solved her problem forthrightly by renting a small apartment—a large living room and a bandbox all-electric kitchen. Here she began to concoct famous one-dish dinners, savory triumphs which needed only the green salad, the choice cheese, the strong coffee to spell perfection. Sometimes she entertained a little group of kindred souls from the office; sometimes only one—the very eligible well-to-do head of the whole division. It was an engaging domestic picture—no servant, colorful little hostess gowns, delicious food, and a very efficient small person moving about her home. She made no effort to beat him on his own ground, spacious house, servants, formality. N. B. She was thirty-eight, and she got her man.

Another young woman who lived at home struck out for individualism by joining a club where she could bring guests to dine.

HERE, a note of warning. Don't confuse hospitality with conviviality. The first is fine, the second is fatal. To a convention which must be nameless went Vera, a minor executive in a large company. The association took over the big summer hotel in the mountains for the duration. Vera particularly looked forward to those four days because they would include the company comptroller, who had been showing her some attention.

Well, the convention went to Vera's head. With twenty men to a girl, Vera was besieged with invitations. Wake-up parties, cocktail parties, midnight swims, supper jamborees. Much teasing and jollying and smart exchange of persiflage. The comptroller was right there with the best of them, racing Vera to the pool, calling her to wait, tagging her. No harm in any of it. But Vera moved too vividly against the whole scene. When they parted at the station the night the convention closed, all her comptroller swain said was: "I'll be giving you a call." He never did.

As a matter of fact, it's the one-man girl rather than the party girl who is more likely to walk off with the boss every time. The girl who keeps her own counsel. "Why, nobody knew they were even going together," was the office comment when the head of the actuary department of a large life-insurance company recently married one of the girls in his own division.

Department stores. One of the most glamorous, most publicized backgrounds for romance in business. What chance here for marrying the boss? None too good. The very conventions of big business stifle romance here.

But there are marriages in department stores quite frequently—between fellow workers. And plenty of times the salesman becomes a buyer, the floor manager moves up to the superintendent's office, the bookkeeper finds himself head of mail order. So don't dismiss this rich market too quickly.

And now for a field whose marrying advantages are highly overrated. The secretarial field. Are the opportunities as rife as they are reported? No. Because most bosses who have attained the dignity of a private secretary of their own are already happily married, with wives and debutante daughters gazing proudly from frames on their desks.

Where, then, to seek out the successful unmarried executive in this sea of benedicts? Simply pick out the younger industries, where younger men are more likely to be at the helm and heading the various departments. Here are three such industries as a starter: aircraft, air conditioning, television.

A young unemployed secretary of our acquaintance decided to follow just this procedure. She first spent hours in the public library, reading aircraft magazines and all the aeronautical news she could lay hands on. She even went down to one of the local flying fields and laid down five of her fast disappearing dollars for a flying lesson. She fired a hundred questions at the pilot, just to get the feel of aviation. Then she went to a near-by city on the outskirts of which are two large aircraft factories. She sought a good employment agency and set herself down as qualified for secretarial work in the aircraft field. In three days she won a job. In six months a husband.

Other fields? If you are really serious about this thing and don't mind a long haul, go into one of the professions. The newspaper and nursing professions, for instance, are marrying naturals. Of course one must have training and talent to enter, but Cupid rides high in both these callings.

The informality of a newspaper office, the drama and excitement of newspaper life, seem to lend themselves to wedding bells. As for nursing, there is a higher percentage of marriages between nurses and either internes or staff doctors than in any other business or profession in the world.

BUT suppose you do marry the boss —what then? Does your clear-eyed understanding of his business problems brighten the evenings at home? Or does he long for a lass to whom business is a mystery and the workaday world a closed book?

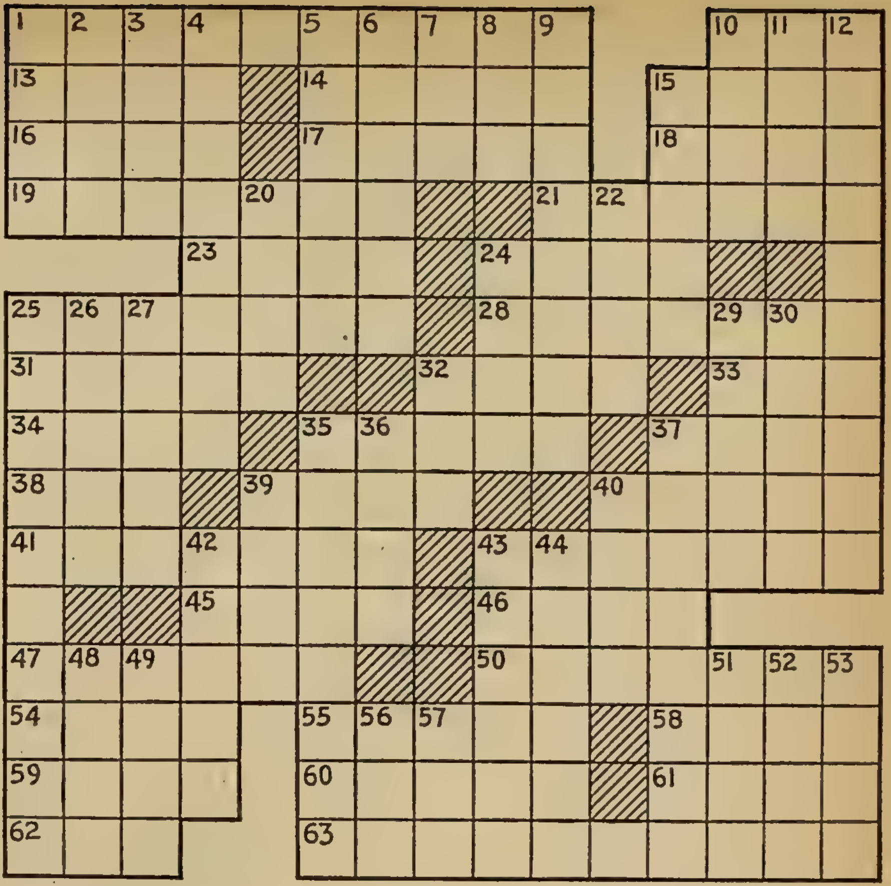
Maybe. But the business marriage has a better chance at happiness than the purely social one. When the business girl's husband tells her that things are pretty tight at the office, she doesn't curl up, look coy, and beg for a mink coat. She knows that money's hard to get, and what it means to cut down. She is sympathetic about staying in the night before that big deal, too. She has seen the importance of being clear-headed in putting a transaction over. She has learned system in the office. And she carries it over to the conduct of her home. She is less likely to blow up when her husband walks in with the unexpected out-of-town guest. She can open up cans with the best of them, and knows it might mean a new account.

If, then, your intentions are honorable, your object matrimony, your goal the boss—here's a good chance at getting married and staying married.

THE END

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane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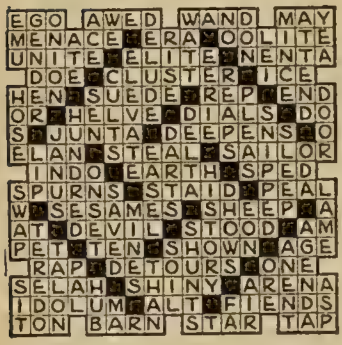
HORIZONTAL

1 Blockade runners
10 Scrambled article
13 What the girl who lisps calls a horse's supper
14 This is fundamental, my dear Einstein
15 You'll find this ship in any cargo
16 This is small but sounds terrific
17 Very edge, contracted
18 Frat men go paddling on this
19 He has been going to colleges lately
21 They get a sinking sensation whenever they hear of a big boom off England
23 Cause of the smell of mints
24 This hardens chewing gums
25 She sure can handle her dukes
28 Scoots with the booty
31 What large plots are made from (pl.)
32 A fir coat
33 Associated Uh-Huhers (abbr.)
34 What old crows pick their corns with
35 No matter how stewed they get, you never hear a word from them
37 All alone
38 What the absent-minded prof had on his mind
39 This was still unopened after Christmas
40 Mine's usually as flat as a $2 cornet
41 Gumshoe
43 What honeymooners are full of (pl.)
45 Reason why the Lamp Is Low
46 Or ——!
47 Do a strip at the fancy-dress party
50 What warmhearted practical jokers give their friends' dogs
54 Kind of beer served in the 1920s
55 Whoa thar, Chaucer!
58 1/63, 360th of a mile
59 Great thing about the dog world
60 Salesman's rut
61 Not much sense to this kind of learning
62 Football factory
63 Nut that holds the steering wheel (two words)

VERTICAL

1 Burst in war, burst in peace
2 Bear living room
3 He looks the same front or back
4 Kind of cars diners are (two words)
5 Montevideos for Graf Spees
6 Exercises the will power
7 Oboe ozone
8 Pants maker
9 Schnozzolas
10 Three well known clubs
11 Egosh (English)
12 Bowie bootees
15 Schtoonk
20 DDDDDDD
22 What every bridge player needs (but seldom admits)
24 He who got dispossessed
25 Animated frankfurters
26 Kenny Washington of UCLA is called one
27 Jittery jaloppy
29 They used to like to get a head in New Zealand
30 Doctors take even this from you
32 Ballplayer's cry-baby pacifier
35 Main Street backgammon
36 What spooks do under old maids' beds
37 This can't miss (two words)
39 Bed slats with athlete's foot
40 Every one I know has one
42 Hep to
43 Kind of table that costs about $1.25 and holds a few hundred dishes
44 Scrammed with the apple of pop's eye
48 Trim's a pin
49 The number called (but not always chosen)
51 Kind of tone in reverse
52 Eightish
53 Now? No, not now!
56 Milky sap
57 How Tuesday always starts



EGO AWED WAND MAY
MENACE■ERA■OOLITE
UNITE■ELITE■NENTA
DOE■CLUSTER■ICE
HEN■SUEDE■REP■END
OR■HELVE■DIALS■DO
S■JUNTA■DEEPENS■O
ELAN■STEAL■SAILOR
INDO■EARTH■SPED
SPURNS■STAID■PEAL
W■SESAMES■SHEEP■A
AT■DEVIL■STOOD■AM
PET■TEN■SHOWN■AGE
RAP■DETOURS■ONE
SELAH■SHINY■ARENA
IDOLUM■ALT■FIENDS
TON BARN STAR TAP

Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

IF NURSES COULD ONLY TELL!
HERE'S ONE STORY YOU MIGHT HEAR...
IT WAS YOUR HUSBAND, MRS. STEELE. HE WON'T BE ABLE TO GET TO THE HOSPITAL TO SEE YOU TONIGHT
I THOUGHT MY ILLNESS MIGHT CHANGE THINGS...
BUT HE'S STILL NEGLECTING ME—AS HE HAS FOR MONTHS
MRS. STEELE, I'VE SEEN BAD BREATH BREAK UP SO MANY MARRIAGES THAT—WELL, WON'T YOU TALK TO YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?
MRS. STEELE'S DENTIST TOLD HER...
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
YOU'VE DONE A FINE JOB, NURSE, AND I'M VERY GRATEFUL TO YOU
I THINK YOU KNOW HOW GRATEFUL I AM, NURSE—FOR EVERYTHING!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
DON'T RISK OFFENDING! KEEP BAD BREATH AWAY! USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM, TWICE EVERY DAY!
Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

YOU CAN COUNT ON ME

Liberty's Short Short

BY WILTON MATTHEWS

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THE five fourteen chuffed around the bend at the Santa Fe station and Bill Griffin watched the locomotive glide past for a stop at the far end of the platform. Then he slid off the baggage truck and turned to lift the girl down.

"O. K., Janie. It's on time."

People were straggling out of the waiting room to meet passengers getting off. Bill said hastily, "Be seeing you," and, advancing on the train, he leaped to the forward steps of a coach before it had stopped. Three minutes later he descended the steps at the rear of the car slowly, searching the crowd until he found Janie.

He jumped down then, said, "Darling!" fervently, for all to hear. He held her tight and kissed her. He stood back with his hands on her shoulders to examine her hungrily. "Gee, but you're good to look at, honey! Seems ages. . . . How's little Dickie? How's the garden?"

"Everything's swell, Bill. And it *is* good to see you." Standing on tiptoe, she kissed him again.

"Did you bring the car? Why don't we start home? Steak for dinner?"

"Yes. All right, why don't we? And no—we have a roast."

Bill tucked her arm possessively through his and they moved with the crowd through the station and out on to the long footwalk leading to the street. They turned to each other and he gave her a little hug.

"No car." He grinned wryly. "No marriage. No little Dickie. But it's fun."

"No roast," Janie said, "no home, no garden. Just you and me." She sighed. "It won't always be fun, to have just . . . make-believe."

"No," Bill said heavily. "We're great at false pretenses, but what else?" It had been Janie's idea; they'd met a train once just for a lark . . . then kept it up for the thrill of pretending, once each day, that they really belonged to each other in the eyes of the world, as they wanted to.

"It's too bad—" Janie began.

"It is. But there's no use talking about it. I make barely enough money to support you and me, if that. As long as I've got dad on my hands, we have to wait."

"Have you—does he guess how you feel?"

"Oh, he knows. Asked why we didn't make the plunge. When I told him it was money, he said"—Bill's voice was irritated—"he said, 'You can make it. When I married your mother, we had just enough money to get to New Mexico, to homestead.' And I can't make him see that it's different now, with the world so uncertain!"

"Maybe," Janie said timidly, "he's right. Maybe we could make it."

"I won't take you into something like that! Scraping money, caring for an old man."

"He isn't so old, darling."

"Old enough not to want work. I told him they might need a watchmaker at Jerrol's soon, but he didn't even apply. Said he didn't want a job in this town, but would rather strike out on his own somewhere else. Just hitch a ride West, with no money, I suppose. And maybe he said it because he knew I couldn't let him go like that."

At the bitterness in his voice Janie stopped. He saw the sudden tears. "Bill! You can't talk that way about him. He used to give me dolls when I came to play with you. . . . He used to tell me I was to take care of you and be your mother, because you didn't have one. He's good, Bill. I love him . . . and I'm ashamed of you."

Bill dropped his eyes. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean that. I—I guess this thing's been on my mind too much."

"It's all right," Janie whispered.

Yes, Bill thought, I need to be ashamed, dad. Because whatever you are now, you've been a better man in your life than I'll ever be. Because I can't forget the times you said, "Bill, you can count on me." Putting me through college on money I didn't know was borrowed. . . . Not marrying again, maybe, because you needed money for me. . . .

IN the dusk of his son's living room, Joe Griffin turned off the radio as the news report ended. Trouble in Europe . . . Germany . . . England. . . . Yes, his brother's letter had said that. War brewing. If it broke out, Bill wouldn't hear of his going abroad. A good boy, Bill. If only he had the nerve to marry Janie. So good that Joe hadn't been able to get away and leave those two to marry! But this letter of David's would do the trick.

A step on the front porch. The screen door closed. Bill said, "Hello, dad. How goes it?" And thought sadly: Sitting there as usual. Dreaming, when he used to read, to see what was going on in the world. . . .

"Howdy, Bill. Have a good day?"

"Same as usual. It would seem I could do better with a college education than work in a filling station."

"You will. Give yourself time." Joe fumbled in his pocket for the letter and came to the point: "My brother David wants me to come to London for a visit. Listen to this." He bent nearer the sheet of paper. "'It won't be news to you that England might go to war. If she does, so do I. Why not take some time off and visit me? I'm enclosing passage money because I know you'll come. . . . David.'"

Bill took the letter, stared at it, laid it down with shaking fingers.

"Dad! Why didn't you tell me—about your eyes? You can't read. You couldn't repair watches if you wanted to. And I have been thinking . . ." His voice choked up.

"What?" Joe was startled. After a moment he sighed heavily. "I've been this way for a while. Cataracts. Maybe with an operation . . . But that costs money."

"So you didn't tell me. And to get yourself off my hands, you dig out an old letter, dated August, 1914—and read it upside down!"

"It was the last one he ever wrote to me," Joe said softly. "I know it by heart. . . . Wait—Bill! Don't go."

"Be right back." Bill's voice was husky. "I want to phone Janie that I've found what it means to have guts. And ask her to marry me."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

TYPHOON OVER NANKING

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

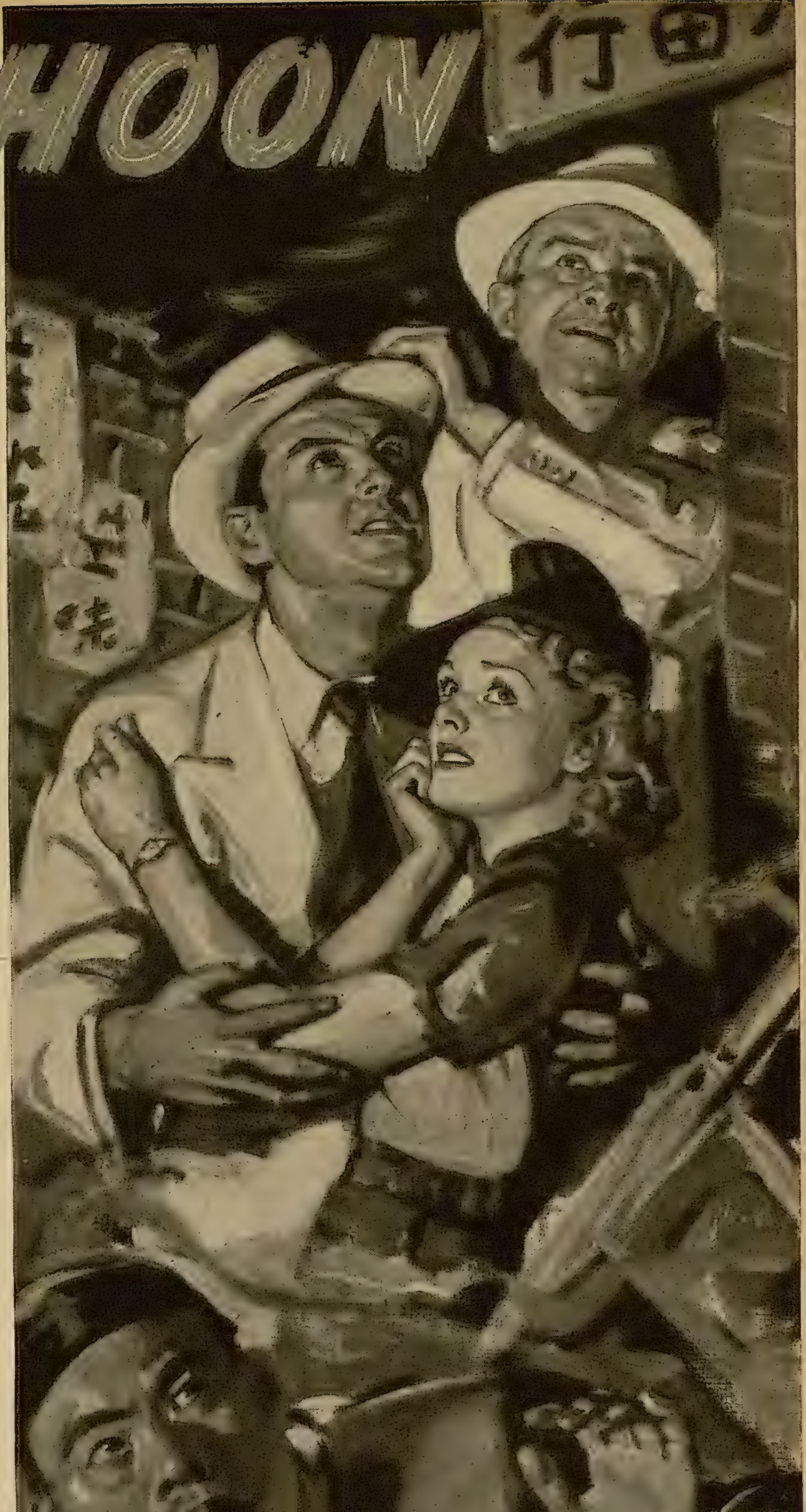
THE Japanese are expected hourly in Nanking. The U. S. S. Panay has sailed with many Americans aboard, but Mayo Wells and her father, who have lived in China for a long time, remain in the city. Walter Wells cannot bear to risk losing his collection of art treasures, and he believes that if he stays, his friend Kai Hiromo, a high official in the Japanese army, will see that they are not plundered.

Hiromo is secretly in Nanking and Wells and his daughter are among the few who know his hiding place. Dr. Clinton, a friend of Wells, does not trust the Japanese. He believes that when the army comes in, Wells will be treated as an enemy because of some anti-Japanese articles he wrote for American newspapers. Johnny Morrel, a young American newspaper correspondent, joins Clinton in urging Wells and his daughter to leave. He is still pleading with Mayo as they ride in a ricksha toward the inn at which Hiromo is staying. Mayo is going there to plead with the Japanese to restore a hospital at Soochow to the Chinese. Before Morrel leaves her, she has consented to flee Nanking if her father will.

At the inn, Hiromo greets her cordially and tries to set her mind at rest about the Japanese atrocity stories, which, he says, are mostly propaganda. But just then planes fly overhead and the first Japanese bombs burst over the city.

PART TWO—A VISITOR IN THE NIGHT

HEATED talk had marched with swiftly flowing minutes, but it died now . . . so swiftly that it caught Walter unprepared. He



Mayo found herself clinging to Johnny. Hordes of Chinese went by.

Here are thrills!—Don't miss this vivid story of a terror-crossed romance

BY STEVE FISHER

ILLUSTRATED BY A. N. SIMPKIN

Who buys your pencils? You? Then treat yourself and staff to Ticonderoga today. It gingers up tired fingers, adds supple-ness to them. Ask your stationer—he knows. Watch office efficiency rise when you use the pencil America writes with—

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VERY SOFT SOFT FIRM MEDIUM HARD
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BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN
Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

looked around the room, strangely confused and upset. Quiet was rushing in. He was aware only of the chattering rhythm of a lunatic clock, and of the muffled resonance made by moving feet outside his door.

Johnny Morrel had finished what he had come here to say. He sat back with his legs crossed, an unlit cigarette hanging in his mouth. His strong young face was wet with sweat; his eyes were haggard, tired. But there was in his gaze a peculiar burning intensity.

Slumped in a chair on the other side of the room was Dr. Clinton. He was wearing wrinkled linen and he was already numb with liquor. He had been in the process of taking another drink. The glass was already halfway to his mouth, but the silence was electric and his hand faltered. He lowered it. His mottled face came up and his dullish eyes found Walter, watching with avidity for expression—waiting for a flicker of emotion to betray the decision Walter Wells must wring from his tormented soul.

"So you believe I should leave everything behind. Take Mayo and escape Nanking?"

"Yes," Johnny said thickly, "while there's a chance. *Don't you see—?*"

Walter nodded gravely. He ran his hand down over his florid face and walked to the window. He stood and gazed out. He was a man torn between an ideal for which a lifetime had been given and a daughter for whom his life he would gladly give. To leave Nanking and the art treasures he had cherished so dearly? Or to stay and risk the danger which invasion might mean to Mayo? These were the questions he faced—a decision so delicate that there was a melody of pain in even the thought.

He spoke without turning: "You are sure there will be time to get out, Johnny?"

"Yes—provided you pack at once. Mayo will telephone; I've arranged to pick her up in Nanking. But we've got to hurry!"

HURRY . . . hurry. And Walter's pulse beat was so slow. His temples ached, and he wanted only to pause, to go slowly, to think the thing out. And yet, what use was there in that? He had wrestled with the same problem ever since the war began. He was at the brink now. But his heart hurt him desperately. He wanted to cling to both a knowledge of security for Mayo and the privilege of staying in Nanking with his work. Suddenly he turned. The way seemed clear.

"Johnny . . . you — you like Mayo?"

The reporter nodded. "Like her?" he echoed.

"She's only a child. You'd be careful; and tender. You understand what she means to me?"

"Of course!"

Dr. Clinton's eyes flickered. "What are you coming to?"

Walter smiled a little wistfully. "I was wondering if it weren't possible that for once a man could have his cake . . . and eat it too?" His voice was very soft. "Do you see? Johnny could escape with Mayo. He could take her to Shanghai and see that she got to the States. He's young, he has friends, he's as capable as I!"

Johnny was on his feet. "No! She wouldn't do it. That girl loves you more than—"

"That's the point! If she loves me, she will. It is she who must be safe. As for myself, this collection—"

"But we're leaving, Walter, because the Japanese will be tough on *you.* Mayo wouldn't go, knowing that."

"She must. I'll make out. Kai Hiromi is my friend, and he'll be in charge here. He will see that nothing happens."

JOHNNY'S face was grim. He lit the cigarette that was in his mouth. "Will he? Maybe I travel in the wrong circles, but I've always heard that Hiromi was somewhat of a cold-blooded diplomatic liar."

Walter shook his head. "No; you're wrong, Johnny. I share your opinion of the Japanese race—otherwise I wouldn't have written those articles that infuriated them so a few months ago. But Hiromi is a man of character and—"

There was a knock at the door. Walter broke off, turned. He watched curiously as his number one boy went to the door and opened it. Then his face gave way to a smile and his eyes flashed warmly. A tall Chinese general moved into the room.

"Wong," Walter said, "it's good to see you." He introduced the Chinese to both Johnny and Dr. Clinton. "Wong and I attended university together in America."

Wong nodded curtly and turned back to Walter. There was a hard brittle gleam in his eyes, and he seemed to weigh his words before speaking.

"We are close friends."

"Indeed."

"So you will understand why I have come." Wong paused. "First, to warn you to get out of Nanking at once. Second, to make a personal request—one that may mean much to my country."

"Anything you say. But as for leaving Nanking—"

"It is imperative for you to flee," Wong said quickly. "I myself am leaving within the hour. Squadrons of Nipponese planes are en route to the city. Once the Japanese arrive, Walter, the span of your life will have narrowed down to a matter of seconds."

"I—I don't get you."

Wong reached inside his tunic and brought out an official envelope. He opened it and handed it to Walter.

"This was sent out of Nanking by messenger. Fortunately, we intercepted it. You read Japanese. The contents of the note will be quite clear to you."

Walter briefly studied Wong's face; then his eyes scanned the writing. He wet his lips and gripped the note. He read it again. It was a secret report from Hiromi meant to reach Japanese headquarters outside the city. There was one part of it that stood out. It said, in effect:

"*There is little need to worry about Mr. Walter Wells. I have convinced him that he will be safe, and I am certain he will be in Nanking when our troops arrive. Time enough to deal with him then.*"

Walter's eyes came up. He was numb and sick. Mechanically he handed Wong back the note.

"They mean to kill you," Wong said shortly.

Walter was nodding. "It seems incredible. Hiromi has always—"

Johnny turned away, embarrassed. Yes, he had been right. Walter heard his own voice going on: "I was a fool . . . but I believed, trusted Hiromi. He said those articles I had smuggled through to America had been—been forgotten—"

Wong said: "You must go! I came to warn you. And now I ask a favor."

"Anything," Walter whispered. But as he spoke there seemed to be a shrieking cry that came from inside him. Hiromi . . . a betrayer. His smiles, the words he spoke, every subtle gesture—all of them had been lies.

That was not the worst. Mayo was with him at this very minute—listening to his insidious and eloquent purr. Blood rushed into Walter's burning cheeks.

"A favor, Wong? Yes, what is it?"

"WE know from the note that Hiromi must be in the city," Wong said, "but we do not know where. He came in secretly and is hidden. It has occurred to me, Walter, that you alone may know where we can find him."

Walter was stunned and silent.

"It will be but a matter of hours," Wong went on, "before the Japanese will control the city. But as one last gesture before the surrender of our beautiful Nanking . . ." He paused, his voice bitter with tragedy. "I would like to find Hiromi." Wong straightened up. "I would like to kill him," he said.

"But—"

"Then he cannot direct the capture from within; and at least China will have spoken in a tiny voice at the outrage that is to befall its capital."

Once more Walter was nodding, like an automaton. Wong's voice rang with sincerity; patriotism carved lines on his saffron face. The courage and the nobility of the oppressed. It was vital and real; it was the thing men knew as greatness. Wong was waiting. Walter tried to look at him, and could not. His voice broke.

"I promised him I wouldn't tell—" He sank into a chair and buried his head in his hands. "It's so difficult to believe that one you called friend—"

Wong was statuesque, immobile. Dr. Clinton stirred uneasily.

"Don't be a fool, Walter. Don't

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OLD BRAND
LOST ITS EDGE?

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In between the others...
SMOKE A KOOL
KOOL

1. It gives your throat a welcome change.
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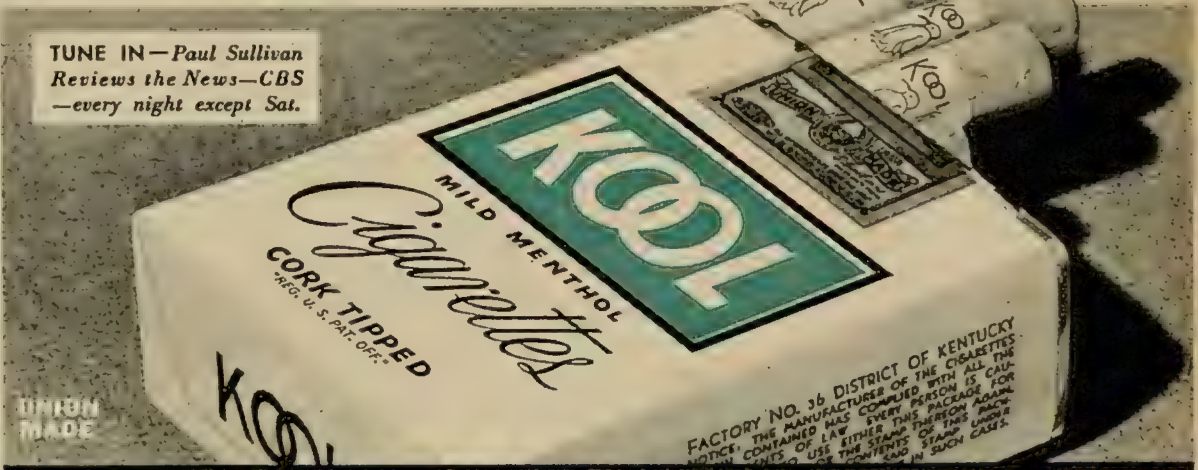
3. You'll enjoy all your smoking more.

P. S. KOOLS are so much easier on your throat, lots of folks smoke 'em all the time.



TUNE IN—*Paul Sullivan Reviews the News—CBS —every night except Sat.*

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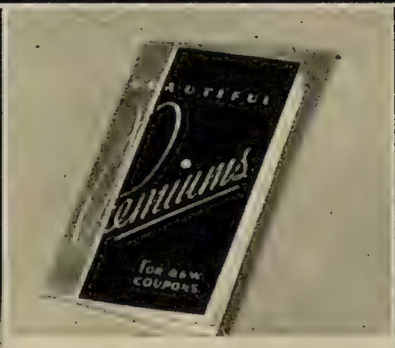

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tell him where Hiromi is. They know only you and Mayo have been told his address, and the Japs wouldn't waste any time with you, once they came in, if Hiromi was dead. They'd kill you on sight!"

"But he won't be here," Wong said. "He'll leave tonight."

"He *might* be here. If escape were blocked . . . and it got out that Walter had turned Hiromi over to the enemy . . . don't you see—?"

Walter looked up. "It's not that." He smiled sadly. "I was thinking only of the pledge that I made Hiromi. But that's a thing that no longer matters."

"You'll be on your way to Shanghai before the Japanese come in," Wong said.

"Yes," Walter agreed; "we'll be safe enough. I'm sure of that."

Wong's voice rang like the excited sound of a spoon hitting against tin. "Then you will tell me where I can find him?"

"Yes," Walter said miserably; "yes, I'll tell you." He was infuriated with Hiromi now; he hated him with all his soul. Lying — patronizing Mayo! Walter shuddered. He looked up at the clock. "As soon as Mayo calls and I know that she is no longer with him. She had to see him tonight to get a concession for a hospital in Soochow. But as soon as she phones—"

"I knew you'd tell me!" Wong said. "I knew that you would, Walter!"

He lifted his gun from its holster and inspected it briefly. He replaced it then, and sat down.

Walter busied himself packing. He instructed Lee Yuan to fill a suitcase for Mayo. They'd be leaving in a few minutes now. Mayo would phone and they'd pick her up. They wouldn't even return to this house. And while they escaped the city Wong would be on his way to meet Hiromi. The destiny of men, even of nations, had turned on a single scrap of paper; a note intercepted.

Walter was presently back in the living room. The bags were packed. Clinton was remaining in Nanking. But Walter and Johnny were ready. Walter's eyes went anxiously to the telephone. Mayo should be calling. He glanced at Wong. The general was rigid, watching the clock, his face strained and tight.

Then suddenly, from far off, they heard the drone of planes. Wong looked up sharply. Walter went to the window. The sound became gradually louder. The beating of motors . . . the lights in the sky. *Why didn't Mayo call?* Walter looked up. The planes were coming in formation. Their motors kept droning . . . droning . . .

MAYO was staring at Hiromi. In her ears, in her consciousness, there was the droning . . . droning of the planes; bombs bursting, shattering; people screaming, running; flames shooting through buildings, houses. Hiromi was smiling, a thin smile. He had said: "No one will leave Nanking now." He repeated it. It was as though the thought delighted him. It was as if he had planned and timed all of this, and Mayo's whole being rebelled.

"We shall see," she shouted—"we shall see if any one can leave!" She laughed at him. But no sound came, and her face froze in the expression that was not laughter at all, but hysteria. Her breasts rose and fell. Hiromi's avid stare was rude, insulting. She wanted to slap him, to cry, to scream! Instead, she was motionless. And then at last she moved. She ran to the door, and out through it, without turning back.

She ran into the street. Mobs of Chinese were running, cringing. Babies were sobbing. She stumbled in the debris of buildings. The sky was red and the thunder of planes was incessant. She saw an American building and dashed into it. She scarcely knew what she was doing. A telephone. Somehow Johnny and her father must meet her. They must get out of this mess. If they could have seen Hiromi tonight they would have known what the siege of Nanking was going to bring. All of that had been in his expression. She was jiggling the receiver of the telephone. She could get no connection.

She stood there, jiggling the receiver. Minutes fled. The sounds, the cries, the raucous shattering of bombs reached a mad crescendo, then momentarily died away. Emptiness. A breath. A frightened voice came over the wire. She gave the number of her house, heard Walter answer.

"Daddy!" she cried, sobbing. "Daddy . . . daddy, I'm afraid!"

THE sky was empty; there was only the pale milk of stars and the shadow of a cloud. Nanking was a shambles. It was a city of tragedy, despair, and flight. High off twin hills far in the distance hung two Japanese blimps, and below them was the raw red flare of gunfire and war. The last stand of the retreating Chinese army. But it was a desperate stand.

The two men drove silently, and the car rumbled over the wreckage in the street. Johnny was behind the wheel; Walter beside him. The baggage was in the back.

Johnny spoke now, and his voice was husky: "Just a little farther."

Walter nodded. "She'll be nervous, waiting there alone." He glanced upward. "At least, the planes have gone."

"But they'll be back."

"They're dogs, aren't they?"

"It's a matter of opinion." Johnny paused. "The arrival of the planes means Jap troops are already moving in on Nanking."

"The sack."

"No," said Johnny; "the rape."

Walter's face was white and his eyes burned. He wet his lips.

"You're not frightened?" asked Johnny.

"Not for myself."

"But for her?"

"For her," Walter said, "if the Japs discover I turned Hiromi in."

"But you won't be here."

They saw Mayo then. She was just ahead, standing near a building. She was a lovely silhouette. Johnny's breath caught in his throat. Walter clasped him by the arm.

"Promise me something . . ."

"Sure . . ."

"If anything should happen"—Walter sucked in his breath. "I'm not saying that I think anything will, but—"

"Go on," said Johnny.

"Well, if we're unable to get out of Nanking . . . don't tell her of the spot I'm in . . . that is, about Hiromi. Because she'd only worry, and I'd want to save her that."

"We'll get out all right," Johnny said.

"Yes; but if we shouldn't—"

"I won't tell her; of course I won't."

JOHNNY was slowing the car; Walter was already out of it, pressing Mayo into his arms. Both of them were crying a little, and Johnny was sick with tenseness, waiting for them to get into the machine. Mayo climbed in first. Her face came up. Then she grasped Johnny and kissed him.

"Hello, darling," she said.

Walter sat down on the other side of her and slammed the door. Johnny shifted gears and the car moved forward. But at that moment they heard the far-off drone of the returning planes.

In another minute they had to stop the car. The second air raid was on. A pitiless rain of red death that came screaming from the sky. They ran into a shelter and huddled there.

Mayo found herself clinging to Johnny. The side of a building crashed to the street; dust came spewing up into their faces, blinding them. Hordes of Chinese went by—packs of terrified people. Every one was screaming. Mayo glanced at her father. He stood tensely, staring out into the street.

The car had been smashed. Their baggage was lost in an avalanche of ruins. A fire blazed, and their faces were hot with its heat. Their clothes were tattered. They were, Mayo thought, frightened, desolated whites who sought only to escape. She shuddered suddenly. Escape seemed futile. She turned to Johnny and looked up at him. He held her in his arms.

"No matter what happens, darling," he said, "I love you . . . and I want you to know that the world has just begun."

She nodded, and she was crying. Crazy—senseless—to feel the rising ecstasy of a laughing heart, to feel the pain and the pressure of a consuming love. She pressed against Johnny and kissed him, over and over, passionately. It was hysteria. She knew that she wanted only this.

"I don't care, Johnny, so long as you are here."

Receding thunder, gradual silence,

emptiness, the aching tooth, the void. A sigh, a Chinese woman sobbing, a man far down the street screaming. The planes vanishing. Voices now . . . faintly, then louder. Chinese moving through the streets with torches. Walter. His face was the image of death. "They are saying the Japanese are entering the city."

"Then we must hasten!"

"The car," said Walter. "It—"

"We'll go without it!"

They moved into the street. Mayo and Johnny and Walter. They must have looked strange. Grim, resolute, battered. And they must have known, even then, that it was no longer possible to leave Nanking. They must have realized it, though they did not speak the fact aloud. They argued at the first gate . . . and the second. It was hours later when they reached the third and they made a break . . . only to be returned. The Japanese were everywhere. Johnny and Walter were warned to return to the Safety Zone. They were in danger of being shot—by mistake, of course.

On the street again, trudging up the hill. No ricksha. Japanese troops moving in columns. Every few moments a frightened Chinese broke and ran—and was shot down in cold blood.

Later, near the Safety Zone—three in the morning. Mayo was exhausted. Her father chattered with cold. Johnny alone seemed fresh. They saw two Japanese turning into an alley, dragging a Chinese woman by the hair. She was screaming. Walter started after them. Johnny grasped his arm and pulled him back.

"No. It's no good. I've seen all this before, in other cities."

"But—"

"In the zone you might stop them. You have no authority outside." Johnny's face was bitter. "The enemy has come."

FOUR in the morning. Mayo was alone in her room. Numb, cold—too stunned to be frightened any longer. She stared at herself in the mirror. There was something in her eyes that frightened her. Something wasn't right. It was as though her father and Johnny were keeping a vital secret from her.

"Why, we'll be all right in Nanking," Walter had said. "Nothing to be frightened about." He had made himself smile, and the effect, she remembered, was ghastly. "We were sissies—trying to run away," he had continued. He had added, in a voice that was strained, "Hiromi will see that nothing happens to us."

Mayo recalled those exact words.

In bed she lay awake, trying to think. But there was only confusion in her mind. Nothing was clear. She turned her thoughts to Johnny. A warm tingle pulsed through her. She closed her eyes and held her hand to her mouth and kissed it. Her hand was warm, like Johnny's lips. . . .

In the other room, Walter Wells paced back and forth. It seemed to him that his own death was inevitable. Remaining in Nanking meant

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that for him. Yet he searched for a thousand excuses to argue against what in the end must be his ultimate. They wouldn't *necessarily* know it had been he who sent Wong after Hiromi. Wong might have found Hiromi through his own sources. The Japanese couldn't be sure.

But that was no good. The Japanese didn't have to be sure. Walter trembled. What was to become of Mayo? He sat down in a chair and folded his hands. He felt a tenseness that was agony.

Suddenly he started forward. He heard a sound. He got up quickly. The front door was opening. His nerves rioted to the emergency; he was keyed up again. He moved into the hall. A man was standing there. In one hand he held a gun; the other he was pressing against a bleeding wound in his shoulder.

It was Hiromi.

Has Hiromi come for revenge? Is Walter Wells doomed? Will Johnny be able to get Mayo out of the terror-haunted city? Stirring dramatic events crowd the coming installment. Read it in Liberty next week!

20 QUESTIONS

1—Appointed to the U. S. Senate in 1925, the voters have endorsed this Western Progressive Republican, a leader of the opposition to lifting the arms embargo, at every election since. Who is he?

2—What instrument, heard most frequently in spring and summer, is named after one of the Muses?

3—Where are the following statues: A wolf that legend says nursed the founders of a city; a lion that commemorates the defense of Louis XVI by the Swiss Guards; a dog that helped get diphtheria serum to Nome, Alaska?

4—What percentage of alloy is there in fourteen-carat gold?

5—Smile, Darn Ya, Smile, Always and Always, and Rhapsody in Blue are theme songs for what radio programs?

6—What field marshal leads his army against a country he once served as lieutenant general?

7—Is Thomas E. Dewey older or younger than the youngest U. S. President?

8—In what shootings were these the victims: an architect, a financier, an author?

9—The No. 1 football coach of 1939, chosen by coaches, and the No. 1 player, chosen by sports writers, are from what university?

10—Why is red the favorite color for barns?

11—What did Lot's wife, Pandora, and the cat have in common?

12—Why are Lübeck, Hamburg, and Bremen called Hanse towns?

13—What were the first and last purchases of territory by the U. S., and in what administrations were they made?

14—Would a crow, flying to the west coast of South America, have a longer journey from Toronto, Can., or from Portland, Ore.?

15—The polka, waltz, and tango are in what tempo?

16—Is the Third International a song, an organization, or a manifesto?

17—What Confederate general said the way to succeed in war was " to git thar fustest with the mostest men "?

18—Where did these foods get their names: Parker House rolls, peach Melba, Nesselrode pudding?

19—In what operetta has the hero had only five birthdays because he was born in a leap year?

20—Who said, " One on God's side is a majority "?

(Answers will be found on page 42)

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

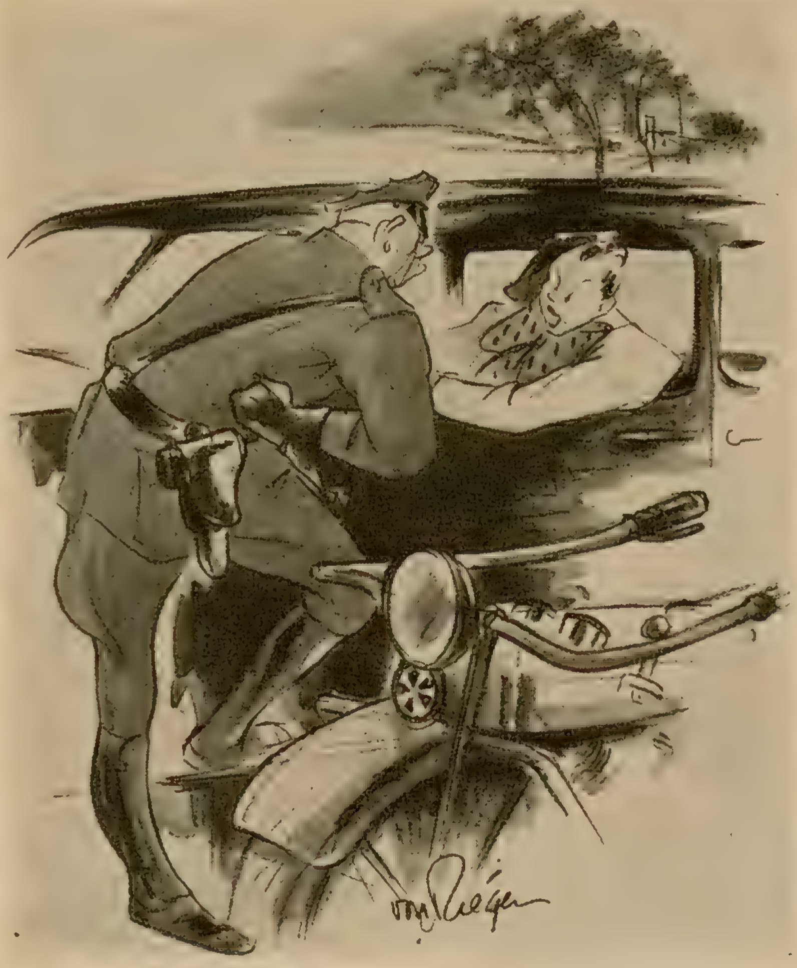
READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

UP in the cosmic altitudes—*if* you believe astrology—there's a war going on among stars and planets to decide the outcome of war on earth. Saturn is said to be combating Winston Churchill, Pluto fighting Stalin, while Aries is getting ready for a springtime push on Britain's behalf. . . . I heard all this the other day from Elizabeth Aldrich—only well known astrologer who achieved a bull's-eye in predicting the outbreak of the present European war. It happened just exactly when *she* said it would. . . . Hailing from Des Moines, Iowa, she is a pink-cheeked, silver-haired lady entirely surrounded by tomes and tabulations. One of her charts takes from five hours to ten days to compile, and is very hard work on the eyesight. . . . As to *foresight*, I don't pretend to understand how astrologers figure things, but they seem to consider the hour of birth pretty important. Chamberlain, Daladier, and Stalin were morning babies. Chamberlain was born at 2.20 A. M., Stalin at 8.16 A. M., Daladier at 11 A. M. Mussolini and Hitler were afternoon born: Mussolini at 1 P. M., Hitler at 6.30—just before dark.

An amazing assortment of everyday folk go to Miss Aldrich for star guidance in their affairs. Some women won't have a permanent unless they're informed the stars are right! Certain Hollywood maestros refuse to shoot pictures without a star bulletin advising them when to begin, and there are prominent surgeons who always consult a star reader before scheduling difficult operations. Miss Aldrich says this is as it should be, only not enough so. *She* says the stars are even responsible for our shopping luck. Says you find your best bargains when your star shines bright!

☆ Timely, I think, is this true and hitherto unpublished episode from the private life of Clark Gable, hero of Gone with the Wind. . . . A deep-bosomed lady visitor smuggled a forbidden autograph album into the M-G-M lot. Spying Clark, she went for him. He took to his heels. She chased him, and the studio cop chased her. Like a hurricane the three of them blew through the gate, but suddenly Clark vanished. The cop seized the menace, and the storm was over. Then a scenario writer, enjoying the drama from his office window, heard a low whistle. Moment later a dark handsome head appeared from under a parked truck.

"Is she gone?" Clark whispered. "Yes," the scenario writer assured him, "she's gone." So out crawled the hero of Gone with the Wind.



"I don't think it's very sporting of you to hide behind bushes!"

☆ A popular actress—I mustn't reveal her name—gave me these tips on the art of wearing black: . . . "Every black dress should impress some man," she said; "but you need to pick the *type* of black dress according to the age of the man you want to attract. Wear filmy black for college boys, hicks, and old gents. Tired business men fall for tailored black with a white schoolgirl collar. Funereal black with loose sleeves will cause artists, musicians, and such to think they've discovered a kindred soul beneath the gown."

☆ Last autumn I wrote about Nellie Payne, whose chemical research work leads her to raise insects for purposes of scientific experiment. Now comes a letter telling me how my Nellie Payne story prompted Mrs. Helene May, of Chicago, to catch and keep a pet cricket. "I had difficulty finding one," she writes; "but, of all places, I finally caught one on a drugstore counter. For a week it lived in a jelly jar on my kitchen shelf, ate lettuce, and chirped contentedly. Then it disappeared. No doubt it missed the soda fountain, because when I went back to the drugstore they told me they *always* had crickets. Please pass this data to Miss Payne for her insect lore: Chicago crickets love soda fountains."

☆ If your man aspires to be an expert cut-up at the dinner table, he'll like the simplified diagrams in the new Duncan Hines book, Adventures in Good Eating *and the Art of Carving*. . . . From the same volume I recommend this recipe for Armenian fritters: . . . Dip slices fresh peach, orange, pear, and banana (or canned fruit well drained) in a batter made of 2 beaten eggs, 2 cups milk, ½ cup sugar, pinch of salt, 3 cups flour, 1 tablespoon olive oil, 1 teaspoon vanilla extract. Fry these mixed-fruit fritters crispy brown. Drain on paper. Serve piping hot, sprinkled with sugar.

☆ Flowers can be prankish as well as festive or sympathetic. In their excellent new book, Fun with Flowers (published by Houghton Mifflin Company), Donita Ferguson and Roy Sheldon tell us how to buy, arrange, and keep flowers fresh; how to select them for every use; even how to play floral jokes. For the weepy girl friend, they suggest, there is a rare but most appropriate lily called crown-upon-crown, which grows its own thatched roof over orange-colored blossoms that actually have *wet* blue eyes like crybabies. Honest!

Rx for Love

BY EVE GREENE

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

I HAPPENED to be on the ambulance with Dr. Lyons the night we picked up Jim Kenny at the aviation field. Usually nurses went out only on o.b. and contagious cases; but the orderly wasn't around when the call came in, so Dr. Lyons rushed me along with him.

We didn't talk much on the way. I was dog-tired and my feet hurt. I had had one of those days when it hits you with a thud that you're middle-aged. Every now and then Doc Lyons turned to me with a friendly smile in his serious brown eyes, as if he knew and sympathized with the way I felt. None of the other internes would have noticed. Of course Lyons was older than most of them. It had taken him several years to earn enough money to enter medical school. He'd managed the rest of his expenses by playing a violin nights in a cheap Russian restaurant near the college. His skin was drawn tight across his cheekbones and his interne's coat hung on his tall body as if his shoulders were a coat hanger.

But I'd never seen any one so tireless, always so willing to work. Even now, before we'd skidded to a full stop, Doc Lyons had the ambulance door open and one long leg on the running board, ready to leap out.

Over in the center of the dark field the little snub-nosed monoplane was still burning fiercely. The strong smell of gasoline mingling with the reek of charred clothing made me sick.

We noticed a shadowy mass near the plane which separated into figures of men as we hurried toward it: airport officials and mechanics in greasy overalls ringed about two prone bodies.

As Dr. Lyons and the ambulance driver eased one of the limp forms onto the stretcher I heard an official saying he couldn't figure what had gone wrong. Jim Kenny was one of their best pilots. He'd been flying for years. And John Drake was an expert mechanic. The night was clear and starry, and the plane, apparently in no distress, had come winging straight toward the field. They had tried once to land and couldn't quite make it, so they zoomed up again, made a wide circle, and headed back. Suddenly, with the wheels almost bumping the ground, the plane had burst into flames, thrust its nose upward for a moment, and then crashed.

I threw a sheet over Drake as Doc Lyons and the driver started away with him. They returned almost immediately for Kenny.

As they lifted him, he cursed viciously under his breath. His hand shot out and gripped my arm, and his fingers dug into my flesh. He let go when they slid the stretcher into the ambulance, and my arm felt as though it had just been released from a tight tourniquet.

Then, as Doc Lyons and I squeezed in alongside the two men, Kenny turned his face slightly toward Drake. It looked very white under the shock of wiry red hair. His words came jerkily, as if he'd been running. "I set her down a little hard that time, didn't I, kid?"

Drake's Adam's apple was rising and falling convulsively with the pain, but his tone matched Kenny's in casualness as he answered, "So what?"

There wasn't much we could do for Kenny as we raced back to the hospital except make him comfortable. His injuries were all internal. Drake was hurt internally too, but his face was the worst of his. It was burned to the color of ripe tomatoes. In spite of that, it was one of the handsomest faces I'd ever seen. He had the beautifully straight nose, chiseled mouth, and cleft chin of those young men who gaily recommend pipes from the backs of magazines. His dark eyes pulled down in the outer corners like Rudy Vallee's, and he had the sort of hair that gets more rumpled and curly with every effort to smooth it down. He wasn't more than about twenty-six.

Doc Lyons' hands, as he worked over Drake, were wonderful to watch. I'd seen lots of internes in my sixteen years of nursing, but Lyons was something special.

Suddenly Drake said, "I suppose I'll look as though I'd run through a barbed-wire fence, eh, doc?" He asked it as though it weren't important one way or another.

Doc Lyons turned away to reach for the scissors. "Oh, I don't know," he replied. His deep voice was as gentle and unhurried as the movements of his hands. "I wouldn't worry if I were you, fella." Doc Lyons' eyes were intent on the gauze he was slitting up the center.

Drake's voice shook with sudden fury: "Don't talk to me as if I were some half-wit!"

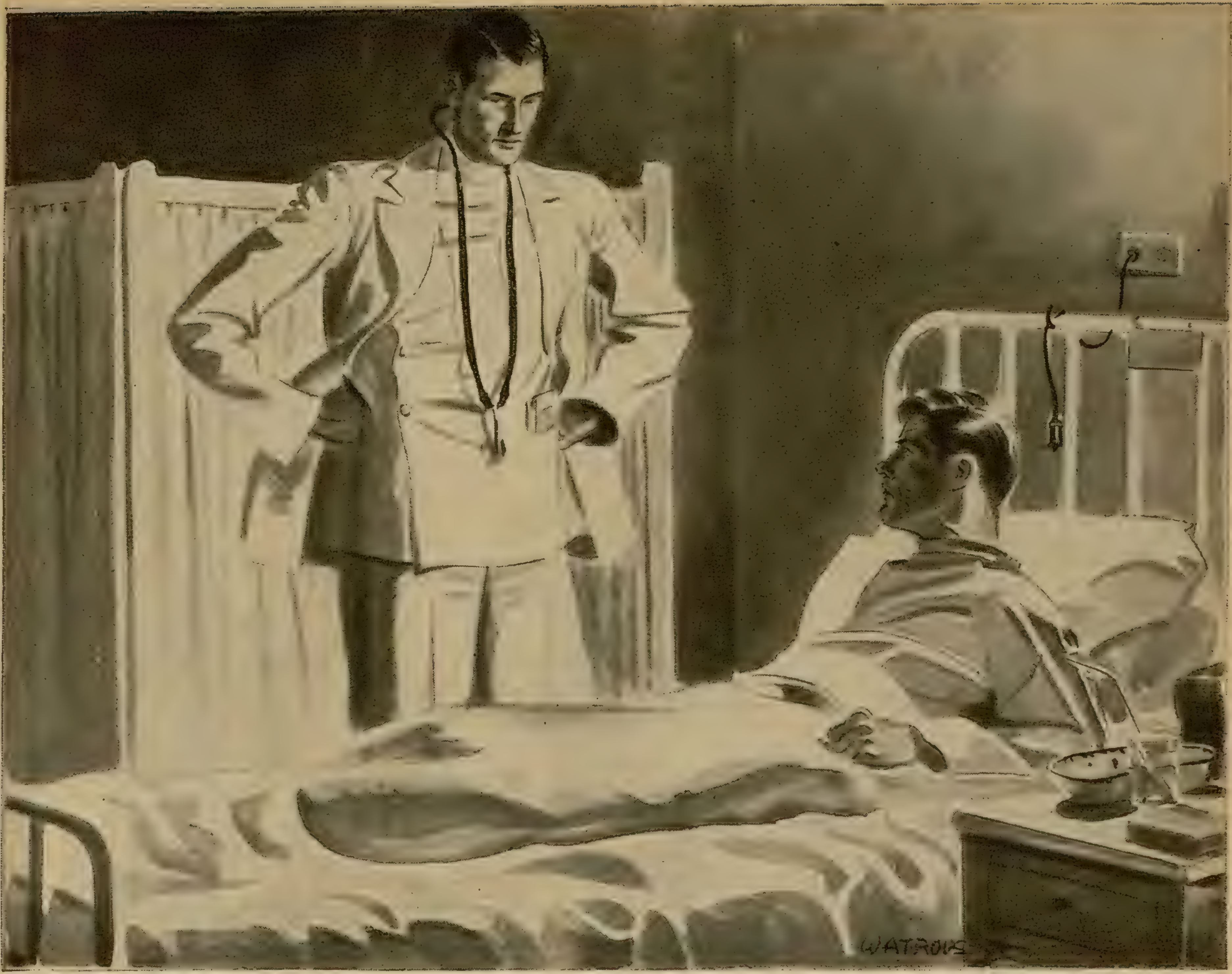
Kenny cut in soothingly, "Take it easy, Johnny."

"I want to know the truth, damn it!" Drake brought his clenched fist down on the edge of the stretcher. The movement forced a gasp of agony from his lips. His fist fell open, slid limply off the stretcher, and his head sagged.

Kenny looked at Drake lying unconscious, then he said quickly, as one might leap to the defense of a self-willed but lovable child: "He's a great kid really! Pretty vain about that mug of his—but who wouldn't be if they looked like that!"

He watched us challengingly, daring us to disagree. I said, "Of course. That's right."

We rushed both Kenny and Drake up to their rooms. Kenny was in shock. His pulse was faint and his body was icy cold, so we propped his feet up higher than his head, surrounded him with hot-water bottles,



"How's my little soldier?" Lyons greeted Kenny mockingly. "It won't be long now!" Kenny flung back.

and piled on extra blankets. He was awfully close to the edge.

The doctors didn't move from his side for an hour. Then his pulse grew slowly stronger and the color started back to his face.

And Nora Halverson was assigned to him as night nurse.

Nora was half Irish and half Norwegian. You could tell the Norwegian half by her hair—under her cap it was the fresh yellow of country butter. And the Irish half was plain in the deep violet blue of her eyes and the perky upturned nose dotted with little freckles. Nora only weighed a hundred and two pounds, but every pound was where it showed to the best advantage.

That lovely young body of hers gave male patients ideas, and once I saw one of them lay an experimental hand on her. Nora slapped him hard; then, as if nothing had happened, she held a cup of hot milk to his lips and said with brisk cheerfulness, "Now drink every drop—like a good boy!"

Nothing upset Nora much, nor troubled her. She was like a healthy, happy child. She went to the movies occasionally with young Doc Lyons, and had a great time kidding him. She'd do things to embarrass him, then say in a loud clear voice, "Why, Lyons, you're blushing!" It never occurred to her that he was deeply and hopelessly in love with her. The thought of love never entered her mind.

Until Jim Kenny was brought in.

Kenny was a blaze of color in Nora's routine life. He'd knocked around all over the world, and had had a long string of exciting adventures, each new locale a new high spot. He swore with every other breath, but there was nothing the least bit vulgar about the words he used. He had an essentially clean mind.

The first I knew of the way things were heading was one night after Kenny had been in the hospital for about a month. I had just come on floor duty and I was on my way to Drake's room to see if he was all right for the night. Drake's condition was good enough so he didn't need a special nurse any more. Kenny's door was ajar as I passed, and the room was all dim except for the shaded glow of the reading lamp. Kenny was asleep and Nora was sitting there with a book, but she wasn't reading it. She was leaning a little forward, so the light fell full on her face.

I'd been feeling good before I stopped and peered in. My roommate had had her brother and a friend of his over to the apartment for dinner, and the friend, a big jolly man around forty-five, had brought some bourbon. The world was a fine, friendly place. Until I looked into Kenny's room. That knocked the gaiety right out of me. I was suddenly very lonely.

For the look in Nora's eyes wrapped herself and the sleeping Kenny in a circle of radiant warmth

There are more ways than one to win a girl . . Here's a story that proves it

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN WATROUS

that left me completely outside. It was like being in a strange town on Christmas Eve and walking past a house where they'd forgotten to pull the shades.

I went on down the corridor, feeling desolate and forlorn. Then I started thinking about Doc Lyons. I knew what a blow this would be for him, and I wondered what he'd do when he found out.

Suddenly I saw him coming toward me, making his evening rounds. I said, "Good evening." His eyes lit up in that rare sweet smile of his, and I turned to watch him as he walked noiselessly into Kenny's room.

Then I went over and began fooling with the flowers standing outside the door across from Kenny's room. I couldn't help it—I had to see.

Lyons' head was bent over Kenny's chart, and the circle of light from the little table lamp high-lighted his serious face, his brows knit in concentration. Finally he nodded, satisfied, and turned to hand the chart to Nora, who stood beside him. Her face turned up to his, soft and glowing, and her eyes were shining.

Lyons laid the chart down on the table, slowly, like a sleepwalker. He had no way of knowing that it was Kenny who had kindled that inner radiance. He stared down at her for a moment, and then, with an incoherent murmur, swept her into his arms. He held her tight against him, his cheek on her hair, his eyes closed, the fierce joy in his face mingled with a deep hunger and yearning, like a man who sees his loved ones for the first time after a long journey.

NORA broke away from him, her eyes wide and startled, her hand pushing against his chest. Involuntarily she glanced over at the sleeping Kenny.

Lyons said huskily, "I know. I shouldn't have done that—here, darling. But I've wanted to for so long. And you looked so—" He hesitated, groping for words. Then he took both Nora's hands gently in his and said, as if he were breathing a prayer, "I love you, Nora."

Nora shook her head quickly. "No, no, no, Mark!"

She pulled away her hands and walked to the door unhappily. Mark followed her into the corridor, shutting Kenny's door behind him.

I stood with my back turned to them, afraid to move. But neither of them was aware of me.

"Mark," said Nora pleadingly, "I like you very much. Can't we—couldn't we just keep it that way?"

There was silence for a few seconds. Then Lyons spoke, and his voice came from down deep in his chest: "Of course we can."

Nora's words came in a breathless rush: "Oh, Mark—I'm so sorry about—this."

"That's all right, Nora."

Again a silence. Then Lyons broke it: "Nora, if you change your mind, you'll tell me?"

"Yes."

"In the meantime, if you should ever want anything—anything at all—I'll be around."

Nora's voice was unsteady. "Thanks."

Then I heard Lyons striding down the corridor, and I walked over to her.

Nora's face had the pathetic, hurt expression of a child who doesn't quite understand why it has been punished. "Things get so complicated sometimes, don't they?"

The very next day Drake made up his mind to die.

I went into his room in the morning, with Dr. Hartford, to change the dressings on his face. It was a glorious spring day, and the sunlight was so strong that even through the drawn shades it filled the room with a warm yellow radiance.

Drake was propped up against the pillows, his head, swathed in bandages so that only his eyes were visible, resembling the round clumsy head of a snow man.

EVE GREENE

went into the moving-picture business, in the humble capacity of script clerk, directly after she left college. She struggled up to the writers' pay roll, and got a firm foothold by doing a couple of hits for the late Marie Dressler. She has been a movie writer for seven years.

As we entered the room, the telephone rang. A girl, asking for Drake. Girls called him all day long, and he used the identical soft caressing voice on each of them. Girls were all that interested Drake — girls and the sports page.

We waited until he'd hung up. He was very gay as I unwound the gauze from around his head.

The last strip fell away, and for the first time since the accident I saw Drake's face. It was a crinkled mass of flesh now, with a broad angry scar running from his ear to his nose.

Dr. Hartford turned Drake's head slowly this way and that, making little preoccupied sounds in his throat. Then he patted Drake's shoulder and told him with great heartiness that he was very pleased with the way he was getting along.

"At this rate," he assured Drake, "you'll be up and around within a week, and you—"

Drake interrupted, "Nurse, would you hand me that mirror?"

I glanced at Dr. Hartford. His face was absolutely impassive as he reached for the roll of fresh gauze in my hand, and he went on talking to Drake as you do to a child whose mind you're trying to distract from his freshly skinned knee.

"Now, then, let's get this dressing on right away. It doesn't do that face of yours any good to be exposed too long, you know."

Drake pushed the doctor's hands aside. In his eyes was a growing suspicion.

"I want a mirror!"

The tension in the air made my heart hammer.

Dr. Hartford, unperturbed, talked on, his words flowing like salve on a wound.

Suddenly Drake flung off the covers, swung his feet to the floor, and before either Dr. Hartford or I could get around to the other side of the bed, he had lurched to the dresser. He stood, leaning heavily on his hands, his face close to the glass.

In a few seconds I saw a man's whole life crash down around him.

Some one out in the hall carried a tray past the door, the dishes clacking rhythmically.

Dr. Hartford took Drake's arm. "Come back to bed," he said gently.

Drake looked at him for a long moment as though he'd never seen him before. Then his eyes began to blaze with hatred, and there was bitter fury in his voice as he burst out: "You knew I'd look like this! Why didn't you tell me?"

"Drake, you must come back to bed." Dr. Hartford was stern now.

Drake jerked away from him and staggered back against the dresser. "Don't cram any more of that medical pap down my throat! I've had enough!"

"Look here, Drake," said Dr. Hartford. "My business is to get you well."

"Sure!" he cried. "Get 'em well! That's it! Get 'em well, even if they come out looking like gargoyles!"

"Your face will improve right along. And later on, there's plastic surgery."

"Go on," Drake jeered—"feed me some more pap!" His hand jerked up to his face. "Plastic surgery—on *this!*"

"After all, Drake," Dr. Hartford said reasonably, "you're not an actor. You're a flyer. And your nerves and reflexes are perfectly all right. You can have a happy and productive life. Other men have, after worse accidents than yours."

"What do I care about other men?" His breath caught in something perilously like a sob. He turned away abruptly, his hands gripping the edge of the dresser as he fought for control.

SUDDENLY the telephone rang. I answered it.

"It's for you, Mr. Drake. A Miss Hollister."

Drake raised his eyes slowly until they met his reflection in the glass.

"I don't want to talk to her," he said. With great deliberation, "I don't want to talk to any one."

I knew then, just as plainly as if he'd said it in words, that he never intended to get well; that he'd made up his mind to die.

And die he did, ten days later.

Nora put off telling Kenny. He was still in pretty bad shape, and knowing how devoted he'd been to Drake, Nora feared the effect of the news.

A few days later Kenny's regular day nurse was laid up with a sprained ankle, and I was put on the case temporarily. I was playing backgammon with him when an aviator friend came in to call.

"You're looking swell, kid," the visitor said.

Nora walked in with Kenny's supper tray as the flyer went on: "For a while we were afraid they'd have to plant you—like they did poor Drake."

Nora's hands tightened on the tray and her glance flew to Kenny's face.

"Plant me — like they did—*Drake?*"

The flyer shifted uncomfortably. Frowning, he said, "Say, I — I thought you knew, Jim, or I would have kept my mouth shut."

Kenny turned his head toward Nora. "Nora," he said, "Drake's dead." It was as if he were hoping for a denial from her.

Nora nodded as she set the tray down. Kenny's eyes, fastened on her face, looked dazed and staring.

Nora swayed slightly toward Kenny, as if she wanted desperately to take him in her arms.

"I'm so sorry, Jim," she said.

THERE was a little silence.

"Yeah; Drake was a good guy," the flyer said, in that special tone reserved for the dead.

Kenny's voice was suddenly rough: "Would you clear out now, Dan?"

"Sure—sure." He was glad to. As he moved awkwardly to the door he said, "I'll be seein' you."

Kenny turned his face to the wall and pretended to go to sleep.

I switched off the top lights and we both glanced again at Kenny. Nora shook her head uneasily.

"The thing to do is to let him alone," I whispered. "He'll pull out of it. Drake was his pal. It's only natural that he should take it like this."

But there had been more than just grief in Kenny's eyes. There had been a queer fleeting flash of some other emotion that I couldn't define.

All the next day Kenny lay silent and unmoving. And late in the afternoon he began running a fever. I called Dr. Ellis.

He was there when Nora came on duty that evening. She glanced at the slender gray-haired man in surprise. She knew that this was not his customary visiting hour. She picked up Kenny's chart. Her head jerked up abruptly and her eyes widened.

"Temperature at this stage is odd, isn't it, doctor?" she asked.

"A little," Dr. Ellis responded.

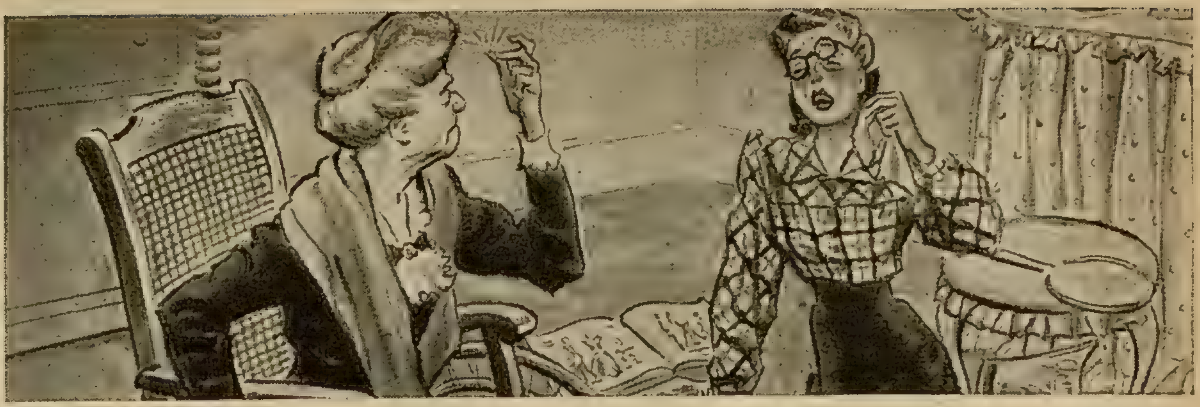
Nora clasped her hands together tightly. You could see the sudden panic that caught her. Then she took a long, deep breath and composed her face. She was calm and professional once more.

Dr. Ellis rose. "I'll stop by again the first thing in the morning," he said. He glanced at Kenny, rubbing a hand thoughtfully over his chin. "His fever should be down by then."

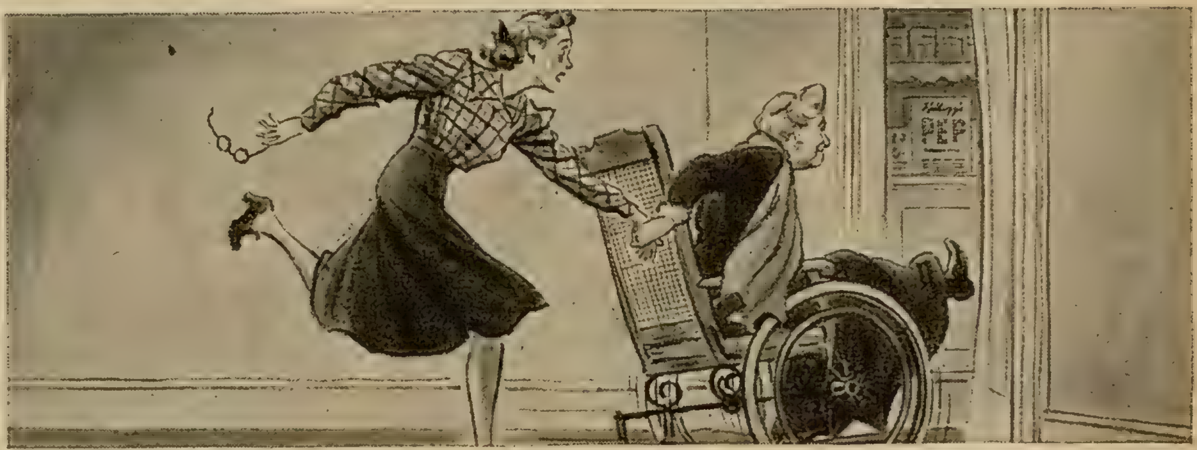
But by morning Kenny's fever had risen.

Dr. Ellis arrived just after I came into th[illegible]oom to relieve Nora. She

How's your "Pep Appeal"?



Gran'ma: Fiddlesticks to "glamor"! What you need is some pep appeal!



Cinderella: What the dickens is "pep appeal," Gran'ma?
Gran'ma: It's a feeling of well-being. It's "oomph" and zest and zip-zip! It's what you lack because you don't eat right. Don't get your vitamins. You come with me and we'll make a start right now.

Kellogg's
PEP
VITAMIN-ENRICHED

Gran'ma: Now remember! We can't have pep without vitamins. And one of the best ways to get *two* of the important vitamins (B_1 and D) is right in KELLOGG'S PEP.
Cinderella: Never mind your old vitamins, Gran'ma. Your PEP *tastes delicious!* So crisp and flaky and full of flavor! I'm going to have it every breakfast!

Cinderella: (*sometime later*) I'll see tonight if your idea works.
Gran'ma: Where there's pep there's hope!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the daily need of Vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of Vitamin D. Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek. Copyright, 1940, Kellogg Co.

was drawn and tired. Kenny had had a bad night, she said. Delirious. Once he had muttered, "Sure he's dead," and flung off the cover. He awakened with a start as Nora tucked it around him, and he didn't recognize her.

Dr. Ellis listened thoughtfully. "Too bad he had to find out about Drake's death."

Just then Kenny opened his eyes and said hoarsely: "*Let 'em* find out about Drake's death! Why the hell shouldn't they know I killed him? Everybody should know. Drake knows—" His voice trailed off. "But he's dead!" His eyes closed.

Ellis rubbed his chin in that familiar gesture of his. "So that's what it is." He looked down at Kenny gravely for what seemed like a long while. Then he said, "We've got to get that notion out of his mind."

He sat beside the patient and shook him gently. Kenny's eyes opened slowly.

"Kenny, there's something I think they forgot to tell you." Dr. Ellis spoke very slowly and distinctly. "Drake didn't die of his injuries. He could have gotten well. His face would have been badly marked"—Dr. Ellis shrugged—"that's all. But he died because he didn't have nerve enough to pull through."

"Drake didn't have nerve?" Kenny's voice was weak, but it elated Dr. Ellis. A lucid response was what the doctor had been after. It meant that Kenny had understood him.

"That's right," Dr. Ellis nodded.

YOU never saw him climb out on a wing three thousand feet in the air to fix a strut," Kenny said. "The way I did. Drake was the nerviest guy I knew." He closed his eyes again and muttered, "The poor kid—his face wrecked—"

Dr. Ellis went on urgently: "That's a pretty cheap reason for a man to die, isn't it, Kenny? Because of vanity?"

Kenny's lips moved faintly. "That's how Drake was, and I liked him—just that way."

"Jim!" Nora cried. "Jim, it was an accident. It wasn't your fault he was killed. You mustn't feel it was!"

He looked at her for a moment, then turned away, stirring restlessly. I put an arm across her shoulders, walked her to the door.

We couldn't get Kenny to eat at all during the day. He grew steadily weaker, and toward evening Ellis called two other doctors in for a consultation. Doc Lyons managed to attend too. Kenny's case was an odd one and therefore highly interesting.

They were all grouped at Kenny's bed when the door opened noiselessly and Nora slipped in. She shut the door very softly and stood with her back against it. You could see that she hadn't slept.

Doc Lyons and I glanced at her. The others paid no attention.

"I'd start feeding him intravenously," said one doctor.

"I don't know how much good it will do now." Dr. Ellis sounded dubious.

It was pathetic, the way Nora hung on every word.

"This guilt phobia is licking him," another doctor volunteered, looking down at Kenny.

"I've talked and argued and reasoned with him." Dr. Ellis gave a troubled little shrug. "It doesn't help."

"Unless something is done very soon," the other doctor said, "he hasn't much chance."

Nora shut her eyes and caught her underlip between her teeth. I put a hand over hers to steady her.

The doctors turned away and walked to the door, talking together in low, serious tones.

The group passed into the hall, Lyons lagging behind.

SUDDENLY Nora broke away from me and rushed toward him. She clutched at his arm, words tumbling out passionately: "Mark, Mark, you've got to do something to save him! Remember you said once, 'If there's anything you want—ever—count on me.' Remember, Mark?"

"Nora, there's nothing I can do," Lyons said quietly.

"There is! There must be! You can't just let him die!" Nora burst into hysterical weeping.

"Nora!" said Lyons sternly. He held her away from him, his big hands on her shoulders. "Nora, stop it! Stop it this minute!"

Pretty soon Nora quieted down.

"I didn't mean to carry on like that, Mark." Her breath caught childishly in a sob.

Lyons stood gazing into the small white face as if he would never see it again.

"I know," he said gently.

Then, "You're worn out, Nora. Better get some sleep."

Nora shook her head. "I couldn't sleep."

Lyons shrugged. "I'll have to see that you're taken off the case."

"No, no, Mark!" she pleaded.

"You'll be in no shape to take care of any one," he pointed out. "You'll need a nurse yourself."

Reluctantly Nora gave in. "But you'll call me if anything"—she hesitated—"if there's any change?"

Lyons nodded, and as Nora left the room her shoulders drooped and her hands hung listlessly at her sides.

Lyons watched her go, his eyes filled with pain and a yearning tenderness. He was bidding a last good-by to all he'd dreamed of and hoped for.

When he finally turned, it seemed to me that he had grown more gaunt and the skin was stretched more tightly across his cheekbones.

He strode to Kenny's bed and for a long moment stood there, gazing down at the fever-rouged face of the unconscious aviator. Then he picked up Kenny's wrist, leaned close to him, and started talking in a low, compelling monotone.

"You're a skunk, Kenny," he said. "You look like a man, but you're really a skunk."

I thought he must have lost his mind suddenly.

He waited, watching Kenny's face tensely; then he went on: "I wouldn't even waste my breath on you, but Nora was my girl. And it burns me to stand by and watch a cheap whining coward like you tear her heart out!"

Kenny frowned, his head moved restlessly on the pillow, and his eyelids fluttered open.

"That's right, look at me," Lyons taunted. "Take a good look, because I'm the one person in the place that's got your number. Every one else is *so sorry* for you! And you lie there wallowing in their sympathy!"

He dropped Kenny's wrist, and the hand that hung down over the side of the bed slowly clenched.

"Poor Kenny!" Lyons' tone was mocking. "He feels so terrible about his pal's death. Such devotion!"

Abruptly his voice changed, became bitter, contemptuous, and he bit off his words so that you felt he was lashing at Kenny with a whip:

"Such *rot!* You killed Drake and you can't face it. So you're ducking out and letting every one cheer you for it!"

A look of hate began to burn in Kenny's eyes—murderous hate. I was terrified. Doc Lyons would be thrown out of the hospital—thrown out of the profession—for talking to a patient like this!

"I have only one regret about this whole business," Lyons snapped, "and that is, you're not strong enough for me to do what I want. Because if I ever caught you on your feet, Kenny, I'd lick you from one end of the building to the other!"

Kenny struggled weakly to lift himself up. I rushed over and pressed him back. Then I whirled on Doc Lyons.

"I've been a nurse for a long time, and I've never seen such an exhibition of poor sportsmanship and bad medical ethics!"

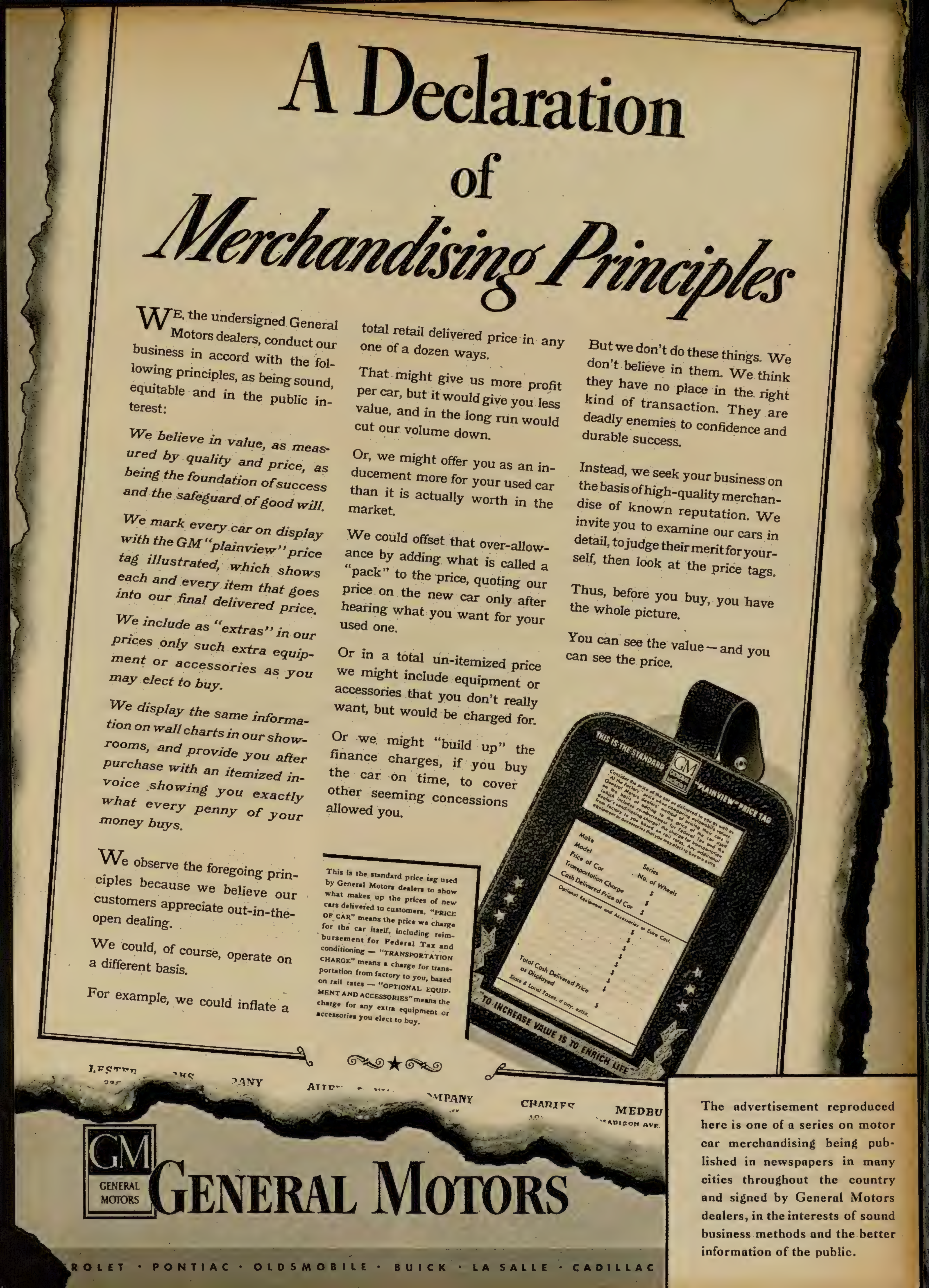
Lyons strode out of the room.

OF course I was the one that should have been kicked from one end of the building to the other. Because that was the beginning of Kenny's recovery. Every spoonful of food he swallowed, every drop of medicine, every tentative movement of his body was directed toward one end: getting strong as fast as possible so he could beat up Doc Lyons!

We had a difficult time keeping him in bed, and one day, the first day his pulse was normal, I made the mistake of telling him. I left the room for a moment, and when I returned I found him walking slowly, cautiously about, one hand against the wall for support.

"Get back in the feathers, Tarzan, before you lose me my job!" I snapped. He didn't want to, but he was still too shaky to give me a real argument. I jerked the sheet up over him just as Lyons came in on his evening rounds, followed by Nora.

(Continued on page



A Declaration of *Merchandising Principles*

WE, the undersigned General Motors dealers, conduct our business in accord with the following principles, as being sound, equitable and in the public interest:

We believe in value, as measured by quality and price, as being the foundation of success and the safeguard of good will.

We mark every car on display with the GM "plainview" price tag illustrated, which shows each and every item that goes into our final delivered price.

We include as "extras" in our prices only such extra equipment or accessories as you may elect to buy.

We display the same information on wall charts in our showrooms, and provide you after purchase with an itemized invoice showing you exactly what every penny of your money buys.

We observe the foregoing principles because we believe our customers appreciate out-in-the-open dealing.

We could, of course, operate on a different basis.

For example, we could inflate a total retail delivered price in any one of a dozen ways.

That might give us more profit per car, but it would give you less value, and in the long run would cut our volume down.

Or, we might offer you as an inducement more for your used car than it is actually worth in the market.

We could offset that over-allowance by adding what is called a "pack" to the price, quoting our price on the new car only after hearing what you want for your used one.

Or in a total un-itemized price we might include equipment or accessories that you don't really want, but would be charged for.

Or we might "build up" the finance charges, if you buy the car on time, to cover other seeming concessions allowed you.

But we don't do these things. We don't believe in them. We think they have no place in the right kind of transaction. They are deadly enemies to confidence and durable success.

Instead, we seek your business on the basis of high-quality merchandise of known reputation. We invite you to examine our cars in detail, to judge their merit for yourself, then look at the price tags.

Thus, before you buy, you have the whole picture.

You can see the value — and you can see the price.

This is the standard price tag used by General Motors dealers to show what makes up the prices of new cars delivered to customers. "PRICE OF CAR" means the price we charge for the car itself, including reimbursement for Federal Tax and conditioning — "TRANSPORTATION CHARGE" means a charge for transportation from factory to you, based on rail rates — "OPTIONAL EQUIPMENT AND ACCESSORIES" means the charge for any extra equipment or accessories you elect to buy.

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Consider the price of the car as delivered to you as well as "At the Factory" price when comparing automobile values. General Motors dealers' method of pricing their cars is on the basis of adding to the price of the car itself (which includes reimbursement for Federal Tax and the dealer's conditioning charge) the charge for transportation from factory to you based on rail rates. Any additional equipment or accessories that you may elect to buy are extra.
Make
Model
Price of Car
Series
No. of Wheels
Transportation Charge $
Cash Delivered Price of Car $
Optional Equipment and Accessories at Extra Cost.
Total Cash Delivered Price as Displayed $
State & Local Taxes, if any, extra.
TO INCREASE VALUE IS TO ENRICH LIFE

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The advertisement reproduced here is one of a series on motor car merchandising being published in newspapers in many cities throughout the country and signed by General Motors dealers, in the interests of sound business methods and the better information of the public.

(*Continued from page 40*)

"How's the big brave hero tonight?" Lyons asked me, picking up Kenny's chart.

Kenny's body stiffened, but he didn't speak.

Lyons studied the chart. "H'm—looks as though he's going to live!"

"You're damned right I'm going to live!" Kenny assured him.

Nora looked from one to the other, bewildered. This was an extraordinary scene to take place between doctor and patient. Something had gone awfully wrong here.

Lyons left shortly, winking broadly at me as he went to the door, and Kenny lay staring after him with such grimness that I had an impulse to explain the whole thing to him.

But I walked out and left him. The hospital policy of keeping patients in the dark regarding the mysteries of their treatment had been drummed into me too long. I'd washed too many bedpans, switched too many sheets, to change now. When Nora came up to me in the hall, however, and demanded to know what was going on, I poured out the whole story.

Nora listened intently. She realized what a desperate chance Lyons had taken in saving Kenny's life. And all because she had begged him to. He had risked his whole career. If he'd been found out, it would have meant ruin for him. And he knew how many things leaked out, one way or another, around the hospital. Yet he had gone ahead. He had been clever enough to size Kenny up and seize on the one way to drive him back into life.

When Lyons dropped into Kenny's room the next evening, Nora looked at him as if she'd never quite seen him before.

"How's my little soldier?" Lyons greeted Kenny mockingly.

"It won't be long now, Mr. Sadist!" Kenny flung back.

"That's what I like to hear!" Lyons was irritatingly bland. "You'll be able to lick every nurse on the floor before we're through with you!" He turned and strolled out.

Kenny was on his feet before Nora or I could reach him. His face was contorted with anger. Nora pushed him back into bed. "You're not going anywhere for a while yet!" she said. And there was a faint contempt in her voice.

For suddenly Kenny's rage seemed trivial—the rage of a man whose only concern is his wounded ego and who is carried away with a childish desire for revenge. And Kenny himself seemed small and petty, particularly alongside Lyons, who had been so big and fine and unselfish.

I thought surely Kenny must feel the change in Nora. But he was so wrapped up in his hatred for Lyons that he was oblivious of everything else. He was living only for the day when he could get out of bed and whip the doc. Finally the day arrived.

Nora didn't know Kenny had been discharged until she saw him there on the lawn. She ran up behind me just as Kenny swung his fist into Lyons' face. Lyons ducked, but the blow caught him on the side of the head with a jarring impact.

I heard Nora gasp. Then, "Stop it, stop it!" she cried, and raced across the grass.

She beat at Kenny with her fists. But it was impossible to stem the flood of his fury. He was landing hard punches to Lyons' body.

Nora snatched up a dead branch and banged it over Kenny's head. His knees buckled and he sat down.

Nora stood before him, shaking.

"You fool!" she cried. "You stupid fool! You should be down on your knees thanking him! He saved your life, and you haven't got brains enough to see it!"

"Saved my life?" Kenny's tone was scornful, incredulous.

"Yes, saved your life!" Nora repeated. "Because he thought I loved you! That's the kind of man *he* is!"

Doc Lyons' face bore a look of startled surprise. Nora turned to him.

"Oh, Mark, look at you!" she wailed. Blood trickled down his cheek from a cut in his forehead, and one eye was darkening up like an eclipse. "Give me your handkerchief."

Gently she wiped his cheek.

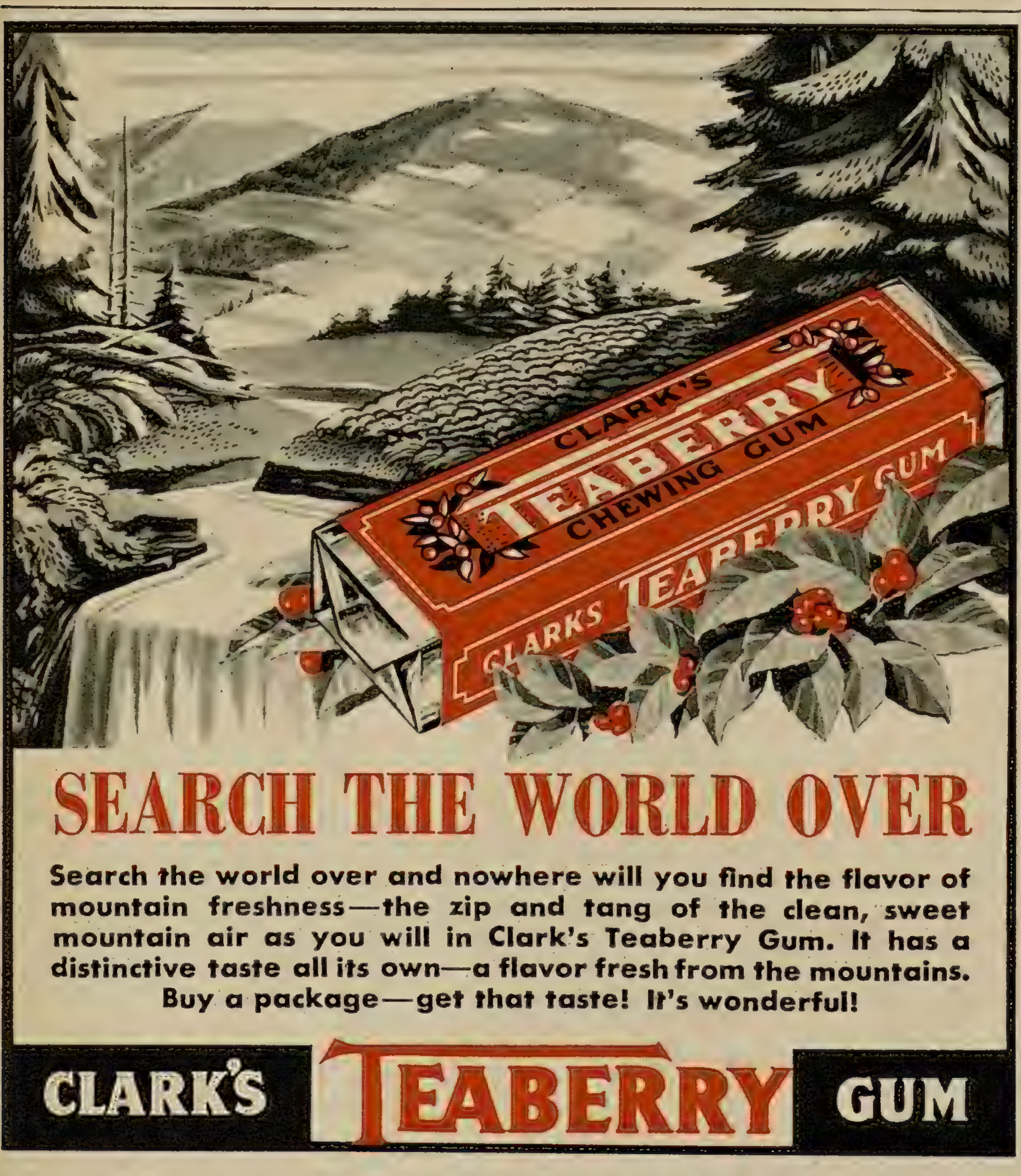
"I—I think you're nursing the wrong man," Lyons said uncertainly.

"Do you?" asked Nora, looking up into his eyes. "I think I'm nursing the *right* man—for a change."

"Nora," he breathed.

And from the expression on his face you'd think he'd just been made head of the hospital. I'll bet he will be, too, some day.

THE END



SEARCH THE WORLD OVER

Search the world over and nowhere will you find the flavor of mountain freshness—the zip and tang of the clean, sweet mountain air as you will in Clark's Teaberry Gum. It has a distinctive taste all its own—a flavor fresh from the mountains. Buy a package—get that taste! It's wonderful!

CLARK'S TEABERRY GUM

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 34

1—Senator Gerald P. Nye of North Dakota.

2—Calliope.

3—Rome; Lucerne, Switzerland; and Central Park, New York City.

4—The difference between 14 and 24, the standard for fineness, therefore 10/24.

5—Fred Allen's; Good News; and Paul Whiteman's.

6—Field Marshal Baron Carl Mannerheim of Finland.

7—Younger. Theodore Roosevelt, the youngest President, was forty-two when inaugurated; Thomas E. Dewey is thirty-seven.

8—Stanford White, shot by Harry K. Thaw; Colonel James Fiske, shot by Edward Stokes; David Graham Phillips, shot by Fitzhugh Goldsborough.

9—Iowa, Dr. Edward N. Anderson, coach, and Nile Kinnick, Jr., player.

10—Because it is cheap, due to the fact that the iron oxide which is its base is abundant.

11—Curiosity.

12—Because they were once members of the Hanseatic League, a trading association of the Middle Ages.

13—The Louisiana Purchase, made in Jefferson's administration; the Virgin Islands, in Wilson's administration.

14—From Portland, Oregon.

15—Two-four; three-four; and commonly four-four.

16—An organization, founded in 1919 as a call to Communists to support the Russian Revolution.

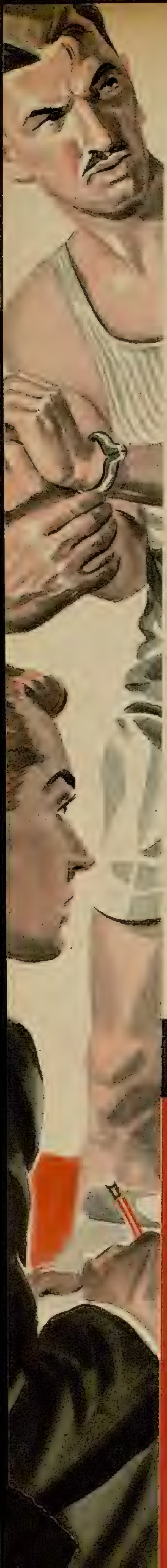
17—General Nathan Forrest.

18—Parker House, Boston; for the singer, Nellie Melba; for Count Nesselrode, Russian diplomat.

19—The Pirates of Penzance, by Gilbert and Sullivan.

20—

Wendell Phillips



BY DORA MACY

Author of Public Sweetheart Number One, Riding High, etc.

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

YOUNG Hester Dillon, daughter of a military attaché of an American Embassy in Europe, determines, upon his sudden death, to carry out his unfinished task of espionage. But she is bewildered by two associates in the deep game of international double-crossing. Both of them —Arthur Forsythe, formerly her father's secretary, and Henri Croillard, a man of mystery— are in love with her, but do not hesitate to steal any secret data that she obtains on her assignments!

Returning to the United States to help her government against enemy spies, she finds Arthur and Henri apparently on a similar trail. They give her orders, but at times seem to be working at cross-purposes. While on a case for Henri involving the stealing of American armament secrets, he proposes to her and they are married. Almost immediately they are separated by all-important duties. He directs his bride to go to work on Otto von Albrich, a morphine addict, and Eric Booth, an actor-playwright. The latter is suspected of being the head of a ring that is anti-American and both powerful and dangerous. Henri tells Hester to get Eric's information at any cost to herself, physical or moral! This horrifies her and kills her love for the strangest of husbands.

However, she goes through with it for her country's sake. Eric falls for her, invites her to take a trip abroad with him. But Otto insists on going too. This angers Hester. Coming to her suite aboard ship, Otto, in supplying himself with a shot of morphine, is instrumental in the girl giving herself an overdose of the drug. Her brain reels. She falls unconscious.

PART EIGHT—A RENDEZVOUS IN THE DARK

I GUESS it was Eric who found me. I was virtually unconscious for a good forty hours. The shipboard doctor who was called to treat me decided it was safer to let me sleep off as much as possible.

Otto, of course, didn't open his lips,

It was too funny. I laughed. It seemed to disturb everybody, Eric most of all.

I Spy!

The yellow hand! . . A new, grimly dismaying adventure brings a new crisis for the heroine of an exciting novel

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES BRYSON

but the doctor gathered that I was a regular addict and had mistakenly taken too much. I didn't dare tell him the real circumstances.

For days I was too sick to think clearly, but fortunately I was able to keep silent. I had dreadful spells of vomiting and faintness. There were times when I was sure I was going to die.

Otto evidently told no one. That made me smile grimly. Clearly he did not suspect me as an agent or a spy. He had merely pulled this trick to keep me from Eric! Fantastic joke!

No doubt Otto knew that Eric's sensibilities would be highly offended by my condition. After his first sympathy, Eric was increasingly irritable. I looked like the devil and I was no kind of companion. He sought distraction among his fellow passengers—and that was all right with me.

WE were out five days when I got a wireless telling me of various gifts to purchase for a friend of mine—it was a special code of ours. I roused myself, when I was alone, to translate it. It told me that an ex-Irish soldier who had been kicked out of his army before he settled in the States, was an active, paid spy. In recent months he had obtained blueprints of certain airplane motors made in the United States and, in addition, the blueprints of a machine gun which hadn't yet been put on the market. He was now headed for Paris. I was to get his plans and go to a city in the southern part of France, there to await further instructions.

That assignment brought me out of the fog of my illness. I pondered it dully. Wasn't I working on Eric? And wasn't that enough? And if it wasn't, what about the mission I had been given to carry out when I next met Arthur? Had we reached the place where I could be ordered to commit murder quite in the course of events, and calmly be given another assignment? Had Henri any idea what he was doing to me? Did he think it might be so long before I again met Arthur that I would have plenty of time to accomplish this? Or was he using his psychology by giving me a quick, exciting case as a sort of distraction—a way to make me feel important?

If so, it worked. From the moment I received that wire I made an effort to get up. I felt weak and weary, but obviously it was the medicine I needed. Fresh air, people, and talk. . . .

And the talk was highly exciting. There was radio news of British Prime Minister Chamberlain conferring with Adolf Hitler at Berchtesgaden. The feeling on shipboard, of course, was all pro-German, and bets were laid lavishly on how much Hitler would accomplish and how soon.

"Do you remember, little pale face," Eric teased me, "the man who was in my apartment the night that Germany marched into Vienna?"

I flushed. He meant Arthur, of course!

"I am not very apt to forget anything that happened that night," I chided him. "Yes, I remember him. And I remember that you didn't want me to hear what he had to say."

"You can hear now," Eric laughed, "and you will hear plenty. He is going to meet me. I have had a radiogram from him. He is going to meet me when I land and, from what I gather, you will hear plenty." His eyes were sparkling with secret triumph.

"I can hardly wait," I breathed. "I haven't been to Germany, Eric, since I was sixteen. I will be eager to see it as you can show it to me. And your friend—is he important there? What was his name, did you say?"

"I can't tell you," Eric said abruptly. "He will have some temporary name by which you will be introduced to him. That will be his name in Germany."

I smiled.

"No, I shouldn't say he is important," Eric continued. "Not in any way. He is far too smart to become important."

"Just like you," I murmured, and marked his satisfied smile. "Eric, I am sorry that this trip has been so spoiled and I have been such a towering disappointment, but I'll make it all up to you when we land."

"Southampton in the morning," he said with soft anticipation. "And I think, my dear, if you want to travel with me further, you must promise to swear off."

"Swear off?" I shuddered. "I am practically cured. I'll turn my whole outfit over to you and let you deal it out to me."

He smiled fondly.

"Do you think if you went up and rested that you could join a little party tonight? I would like to get up a special dinner."

"A special little party is just what I need," I told him.

IT was, too. I dressed with care that night, grateful for all the pitfalls I had side-stepped. I would meet Arthur when we landed in Germany. I wished there were enough poison for both of us; I wouldn't want to live after that job, I felt sure. Besides, I'd be in danger in an alien country unless I managed to do it in such a way that no suspicion would fall on me. It would be wonderful if I could work it so that suspicion pointed to Eric. It might be a way of eliminating him too!

My heart was weeping as I dressed for the party. All I cared about, really, was seeing Arthur once more. . . .

I was very gay at the party, driven by some unnatural energy. I found myself doing the rumba with Eric. It was a late party, and I was able to outstay them all. I had to help put Eric to bed, more drunk than I had ever seen him. But even when I went to my own suite and undressed, I had no desire to go to bed.

Docking at Southampton meant nothing to us. We didn't even bother to get up to see friends off, because we had said our good-bys at the party. So I was busy with preliminary packing, as if I couldn't wait to reach the final port and my ultimate job, when there was a knocking and a noisy to-do in Eric's stateroom. My curiosity, naturally enough, impelled me to walk through (I knocked once on Eric's door, but it was ignored in the excitement) to see what was going on.

The tableau was hard for me to understand. Eric, disheveled, still dazed with liquor, clad only in the underwear in which the steward and I had put him to bed, was angry. There were officials, and, strangely enough, harbor police, and, in addition, what were obviously plainclothes men.

ERIC was being arrested! I gathered he was being arrested on the plea of an American port consul who had received instructions from Washington. The charge had to do with espionage and mentioned Otto von Albrich as the chief informer.

I heard that last and leaned against the door with a great desire to laugh. Realizing how much I had feared Otto myself, I couldn't believe that he had turned on Eric. Was it possible that Otto was on *our side?* Ever since I had entered this work I had been puzzled, never knowing whom to trust or whom to suspect. But it seemed so ridiculous that a man I had put down as a gilt-edged out-and-out enemy might now, perhaps, be suspected as an ally.

All in one brief flash I wondered if Otto, too, had played a game. I wondered if his morphine trick on me hadn't been for a good purpose. I even wondered if perhaps he and Arthur hadn't worked together that night of assignation at Eric's apartment. . . .

It was too funny. I laughed aloud. It seemed to disturb everybody, Eric most of all. He turned to stare at me with a look I shall never forget—a look of complete understanding, recognizing me at last for what I was. I turned to smile at the people who were there to arrest him.

Then and only then I saw Arthur. Eric must have seen him from the start, unless he was too dazed with his hangover. Arthur, passive as a clerk-stenographer, was meekly taking down whatever was said. No wonder I hadn't seen him before. He was sitting by Eric's dressing table. There was no mustache nor beard. He was redheaded again as in the old days. I think that was what first attracted me to him years ago. Beautiful flaming red hair. But his face was different now, lined and marked.

He glanced up at me, not in any way shocked or surprised, expecting me, of course. . . .

What could he think? Once he had called me Mme. Croillard, letting me know that he knew of my marriage. Now he found me as Eric's companion, sharing adjoining suites and matter-of-factly entering Eric's room early in the morning in my nightgown and robe.

An officer took me aside, ushering me back to my own suite and subjecting me to long questioning. Even after Eric was removed from the ship, without a word of good-by to me, I was still held for questioning.

Evidently Arthur could put in no word for me. Or was it that he preferred not to? Did he want me to ride on my own? If so, he gave me a tough job.

I was held in Southampton for two days, brought to London and held for a week. And at last released with apologies—and no suspicions.

I could hardly believe, as I crossed to Paris, that my way would have been as smooth if Arthur hadn't had some influence. I longed with all my soul to see him, to tell him how I had misjudged him. But if I never saw him again, it didn't matter. My heart was young again to know that he had proven himself beyond doubt.

But it left me puzzled because of Henri. Why weren't the two of them working together? Why did Henri distrust Arthur, and why was Arthur trying to swing a job alone?

But what did all that matter now? Twice Arthur had placed himself in the most suspicious light with me, and each time, as far as I was concerned, he had come through one hundred per cent. And what did his association with Eric matter if, in the end, it was he who had engineered Eric's arrest?

The War Department could officially take credit for the arrest of Bobo and the case against Major Dort and his superior officer, but I knew in my heart that Arthur had broken that case and was really the *deus ex machina.*

SO, crossing to Paris, my heart sang. Over and over I would take out of my purse the pellet of poison with which I was supposed to "eliminate him." I would stare at it, marveling how close I had come to murder—and wonder how I could ever face myself if I had learned *afterward* what I now knew. I don't know what made me keep it; perhaps some inner voice told me I would have real use for it before long. I told myself I kept it as a warning against false judgment.

Arriving in Paris, I was exceedingly careful. Three times I sent out testing cables to Henri through our central office, just to convince myself that I wasn't being followed, watched, or trapped. And when I was sure, I finally sent Henri word of what Arthur had done.

I had no intention really of undertaking my new assignment in Paris. I was a little afraid of any activity after that close questioning in England. I felt I should lie low.

But I had not been in Paris a week when I met the Irish-American about whom I had been radioed. I met him on one of those feverish evenings in

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a boulevard café, when everybody—because of the Munich Conference—talked to everybody else, and there was a lowering of barriers and reserve in the fear of an impending war.

I shall call him O'Toole, because to my amazement he introduced himself to me under that name, somewhere around four o'clock in the morning. I had expected that he would have taken another name in Paris. But there he was—introducing himself to me when I should have been seeking him out. It was fate, I told myself, that he should be sitting beside me, more than half a dozen drinks under his belt, telling me that he was Mark O'Toole. I studied him covertly—this man who was engaged in selling out both his native and his adopted lands. He was thoroughly ribald, utterly charming, and at the moment completely at ease.

When our little group went, on sudden impulse, to the home of a well known Chicago correspondent, I went along too. We had a ham-and-egg breakfast, which we all made, and beer before coffee. I think about five of us slept, between radio announcements, in that Chicago correspondent's apartment that day, and the party resumed automatically at dusk.

MY job with O'Toole was consequently easy, though it took more drinking than I was used to, for the Irish-American was something of a carouser. Within two weeks I had the papers I had been told to get, and O'Toole didn't even know he had been robbed. That very night I wired for further instructions, and left, as I had been told, for a city in the southern part of France. But I was unable to sleep, partially from excitement and partially from the feeling that I was severing all connections with Arthur. While I was in Paris, I had lived on the hope that he might get in touch with me. I hadn't the slightest idea what was his name or position, so it was impossible for me to send him any message. But I had prayed that he would make some effort to reach me—or give me some word. Now I was leaving, and he would no longer know where he could contact me. Not that it would do any good to stay in Paris. Over and over, in the past, I had waited to hear from him, and each time I had been disappointed. There was no reason to expect him to come to me now, when more than ever he had the right and reason to believe the worst of me.

I had wretched accommodations on the train south, and because of my restlessness, I went out to the platform to stand in the bright moonlight looking at the autumn stars and smoke one cigarette after another.

Several men, passing from one car to another, made attempts to stop and talk. But once a man spoke to me in a voice that I knew—a tired voice with a British accent—a voice that had always given me courage and comfort when I needed it. I turned to peer up at his face.

"Alec!" I said, and put my hand on his arm.

His laugh was apologetic. He thought he had been flirting with a stranger, but he stood beside me and lit a cigarette companionably.

"You sound as tired as I feel," he said.

"I am too tired to sleep," I told him. "How long have you been aboard, Alec?"

"Not long." His voice sounded dull—empty. I waited for him to speak further, but he had nothing to say. I remembered the last time I had seen him he was discouraged. I realized that now he was probably burdened with defeat. Most of us were. Czechoslovakia had been sold down the river, and the world, strangely enough, didn't seem to care.

We smoked quite a while in silence, and then I said:

"Are you on an assignment, Alec?"

He laughed abruptly.

"I should be, but why bother?"

I lit a fresh cigarette from the tip of another while I considered him. He wasn't tight . . . he was just in a mood. But I had an awful feeling that it was a permanent mood.

"Oh, come, Alec," I said lightly, and shook his shoulder playfully. "You're just discouraged. I ought to be able to snap you out of it as you did for me so often."

"Discouraged?" he echoed bleakly. "No, I don't get discouraged, Hester. I am merely a dead man walking around. I am dead, I tell you. I died just a little while ago."

I caught my breath, shivering.

"The whole world is on the verge of war. It doesn't matter when it happens, Hester. It's coming. None of us can stop it, so why try? What have I sacrificed everything for? My wife, my home . . ."

HIS voice broke. I started to speak, but he turned with a vigorous movement, beating one hand futilely against the other.

"I have a little friend now," he broke out suddenly. "I have a little friend now that I talk to about it, and ask questions. No doubt you have one, too."

"No doubt," I managed with a hollow tone.

"You must have," he said patiently. "Didn't they give you a gas mask in Paris?"

"Oh, yes," I nodded. "Of course they did. They give everybody a gas mask. They are wonderfully merciful and thoughtful that way."

He reached around, and I realized that he was carrying his in a case, hung by a strap from his shoulder. He opened it now, laughing shortly, and took out the fantastic mask that seemed a weird nightmare in the moonlight.

"My ventriloquist dummy," he said, and held it up. "Wonderfully wise because he knows everything I know. He can say all the things I don't dare to say, and we can talk to each other."

I stepped back, repulsed. But Alec lifted the nightmare mask with one hand.

"Tell the little lady why Hitler is so extravagant. . . ."

And the dummy answered in a falsetto tone:

"Because he can pay with Czechs."

Alec laughed inordinately.

But I didn't laugh. I stared at him stonily, my heart weeping. The man had cracked. I could remember the icy shock I had felt the last time I had seen Henri, when he had seemed distraught, and I had noticed a new gesture when he had passed his hand over his eyes. It had frightened me at the time because it seemed the gesture of a man defeated. I had feared that the strain was proving too great for Henri. Was this the inevitable reward of all of us? Was this where our road led? When we knew too much and cared too deeply?

I THINK I prayed for the right thing to say to Alec. The words came like some miracle, without my even thinking of them. Even when he stopped laughing and looked at me suspiciously, peering at me with a childish resentment.

"Don't you think he is funny?" he snapped.

"Yes, Alec, awfully funny."

"Funny as the devil, and just as smart," Alec mumbled.

"Is he really smart? Let me ask him a question, Alec."

I turned to the gas mask, marveling that I could remember the name of Alec's martyred wife.

"Mr. Bones, tell me, where are Marguerite's people?"

The white gas mask moved slightly forward as Alec's uplifted hand drooped. But because I stepped up to peer at it, Alec murmured automatically:

"In London."

"Don't you think they ought to get out of it?" I asked quietly. "Don't you think that would be a rather fine personal assignment? Don't you think Marguerite would like it if they saw America?"

The gas mask went down slowly, like a flag lowering, until, upside down, it was beside Alec's knee.

"You could do it, you know, Alec," I said softly. "I think she would be grateful."

He nodded thoughtfully.

"She had a little sister," he remarked.

We stood in silence quite a while, and then I said:

"I think I can sleep now. If you get back to the States before I do, do me a favor."

"Anything," said Alec eagerly.

"Turn on the radio," I said, "and get Lum and Abner, get Jack Benny, and Charlie McCarthy, and laugh. . . ."

I didn't see Alec again before arriving at my destination, but he haunted me. I felt as he did—that there was no longer any use in any of us fighting against the inevitable. I was quite determined that, once fin-

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ished with the mission I was now on, it would be the end for me. I was going back to the States too—and quit.

I waited three days in the large busy port town before I received my instructions. I was to go, the following night, to a little shop owned by a co-worker, and situated in a somewhat lesser part of town. This shop I could open with my master key. I was to be there by nine o'clock, when that wholesale section was fairly deserted, and wait. A man would come who could identify himself, and I was to turn the blueprints over to him.

I went immediately for a drive to spot the shop and study the surroundings. It was a mean quarter of town, a considerable distance from my hotel—a conglomeration of third-rate hand factories, a workingman's café on the corner, the usual pottery shop, a wretched little print shop, a stable converted into a sort of bottling works. There was a school on one of the side streets, which was closed because of the Christmas holidays. I filed that carefully in my mind as I thought out my plans for the coming evening. In our schooling we had been trained to observe the layouts of all public buildings. I had no one to advise me at the moment, but I had been warned to surround myself and my work with every possible precaution, because one never knew what might happen.

At the address given me they seemed to make babies' bath toys—celluloid animals, gaudily painted. As far as I could tell, there was a high-fenced back yard to each of these places—each with a w. c., and most of them haunted by alley cats. There was a streetcar line about six blocks away which my driver told me didn't run all night.

AT seven o'clock that night, as I had carefully planned ahead of time, I went to the railroad station when I knew an express was coming through. I went to the ladies' room with a newspaper-wrapped package under my arm, and changed swiftly to a peasant's costume — complete with an old shawl over my head, uncomfortable secondhand shoes, and a basket stuffed with onions, cabbages, and bread. Under my other arm I hid my newspaper-wrapped package which now contained my own clothes. I went out, mingling with the crowds, and so out into the street.

I walked. It seemed the only inconspicuous way, though it was nearly three miles to my appointed place. The street was deserted and dark, but I went far beyond it, circling it widely to make sure of the neighborhood. The nearest tenement flats were a good twelve squares away.

Reassured, I went directly to the shop, used the master key, and entered. It was, I figured, shortly after eight thirty. The place smelled rankly of paint, of oil, ink, and excelsior. I used no light at all, but as I became accustomed to the darkness, I could make out row upon row of the little toys. They began to make me slightly nervous. They were like memories one would like to blot out. Little swans and ducks. I picked one up gently. It was light as a bubble, and I put it down with an almost angry gesture.

In the bottom of my basket, underneath the vegetables and bread, I took out my purse, got a cigarette and my briquette. Under the shawl I lit the cigarette, comforted by the smoke. The wait seemed interminable. I leaned against something hard. I could make out a can, rather large. I smelled of it and knew it was turpentine, and moved with my cigarette to the other side of the shop. I think I smoked three cigarettes, putting them out very carefully because the airlessness of the place prevented my enjoying them any further.

I VERY quietly went into the back room, opened the back door, and looked around. The little rear area was a mess of old cans, bottles, refuse of all sorts, piled up from the workshop. I doubt if it had been cleaned in years. On the floor between the two rooms I almost tripped over a large iron ring. It was the handle of a trap door. I opened it gingerly and, for the first time, used my purse flashlight to peer below. It was a large earthen cavern filled with open barrels of liquids that almost asphyxiated me. But, try as I might, I couldn't get the trap door closed again. It had bent or jammed, and I couldn't move it. I went back to the front room, somewhat shaken, and closed the door between to cut off the smell.

Something ran across my foot as I stepped inside, and it was all I could do to stifle a scream. The place was overrun with rats and mice. As my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness I could see dark little shadows running over the boxes and across the floor. Rodents—and toys!

There was absolutely no other sign of life in the neighborhood, except the unearthly howls of alley cats, which somehow seemed to make my flesh creep far more than the mice. I was positively grateful, as I sat squeezed against a shelf loaded with the toys, to hear a clock in the distance striking nine times.

Soon after, I saw a figure approaching—a man, unusually short, with rather a peculiar gait that puzzled me briefly. I stepped back in the shadows as he let himself in. Evidently he, too, had a master key.

I didn't move as he closed the door. I could see him looking around. He spoke in a thin mechanical tone—very softly:

"Croillard?"

My married name!

"Yes," I said. I was wondering why I didn't like that voice.

"I have identification," he said briskly.

"Let me see it," I demanded authoritatively.

He pulled something out of his pocket, opened his coat, and turned a flashlight under the cover of his jacket.

"I didn't get a real look," I said.

"We can't risk lights here."

"I must see," I insisted.

Once more he held open his coat and flashed a pocket light on something in his hand. I peered at it, shocked. It was Arthur's ring! I could hardly believe it. Only one person could have given this emissary that ring. Henri himself. I had taken off Arthur's ring in Henri's apartment and left it there, the last night I had seen him.

I heard myself gasp, because I had seen something else! What kind of hand was holding that ring? Was I imagining things? Was the light too dim? That was no white man's hand. The light went out almost instantly. I could hear the man breathing. I said very softly:

"You are Japanese!"

"Does that make any difference?" he answered.

And when I didn't answer, he added: "Haven't I proved I am the person you are instructed to deliver the blueprints to?"

I STILL couldn't answer. I was trying to think fast. I took my small flashlight and trained it full on his face—briefly—but that was enough. I had recognized him. He was Koto—the Japanese servant who had been in Eric's employ.

"There's no doubt of my proof, is there?" he said uneasily.

"No doubt," I answered.

"Well, then, I assure you, madame, it would be the worst mistake of your life to refuse me."

"There is no need to threaten me," I said. "I have faced death before—and worse."

He realized there was no fear in my voice.

"So have we all," he said gently. "Remember, madame, we are working for the same cause."

I turned away from him and picked up my purse. In a zipper lining were the blueprints. But the first thing my hand came across was the briquette that I had used earlier to light a cigarette. I took it out now. It came to me clearly, precisely, what to do—the big packing case filled with excelsior and celluloid toys—the can of turpentine I had moved away from. Celluloid burns quickly. Very quickly. . . .

I could work internationally just so far and just so long. But whether for world peace or civilization, I could not bring myself to hand over blueprints of my country's secret inventions to a man with a yellow hand!

Is Koto the emissary of Eric, or is he in a "Yellow Peril" game of his own? Are we to witness a new factor in this puzzling plot of nations and men? Can Hester outwit this surprising Japanese servant? Next week's Liberty will astonish you still further in this inside story of secret service.

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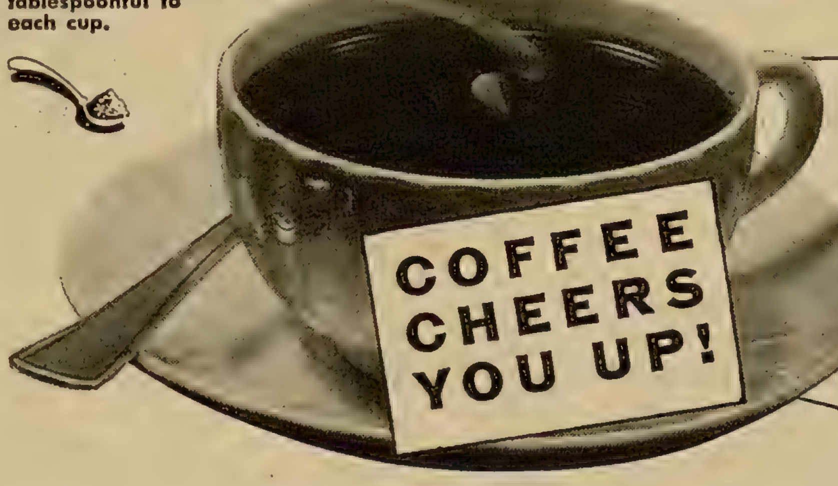
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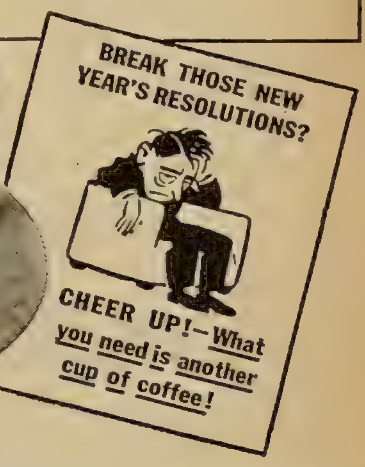
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STARGAZING CONTEST

Your Chance Is Still Excellent!

YOU still have time to get into the Stargazing Contest and win a substantial cash award! Even though four weeks have elapsed since the game got under way, it is still possible for you to start an entry and capture one of the major awards—if you do not let further delay cancel this opportunity. Why not get into the game right now, before you turn this page? The Rules tell you just how to do it. Everything required is right here before you. The prize money is waiting. Which prize will you win?

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

If you need any or all of the first eight drawings in order to bring your entry even with the field, Liberty has prepared reprints for your convenience. Mail your request to the address in Rule 6 and enclose five cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing and handling. You can make up lost ground by solving these puzzles at your leisure.

THE RULES

1. This contest will cover ten weeks, ending in the issue of Liberty dated March 2, 1940.

2. Each week of the contest the names of two prominent stars of radio or pictures will be presented in jumbled form, a total of twenty names to solve.

3. To compete, simply unscramble the jumbled letters of the two names presented each week into their correct order. For instance, the various letters in a puzzle might be B-R-O-C-S-I-N-G-B-Y and could be rearranged to spell BING CROSBY. The scattered letters S-A-M-H-A-N-J-O-R would rearrange into JOAN MARSH. Write your solutions in the space provided under each puzzle. Save all solutions until your set is complete at the end of the game.

4. Then write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining "The feature, story, article, or department in Liberty I have liked best during the ten weeks of this contest, and why." This statement is required with every set of solutions.

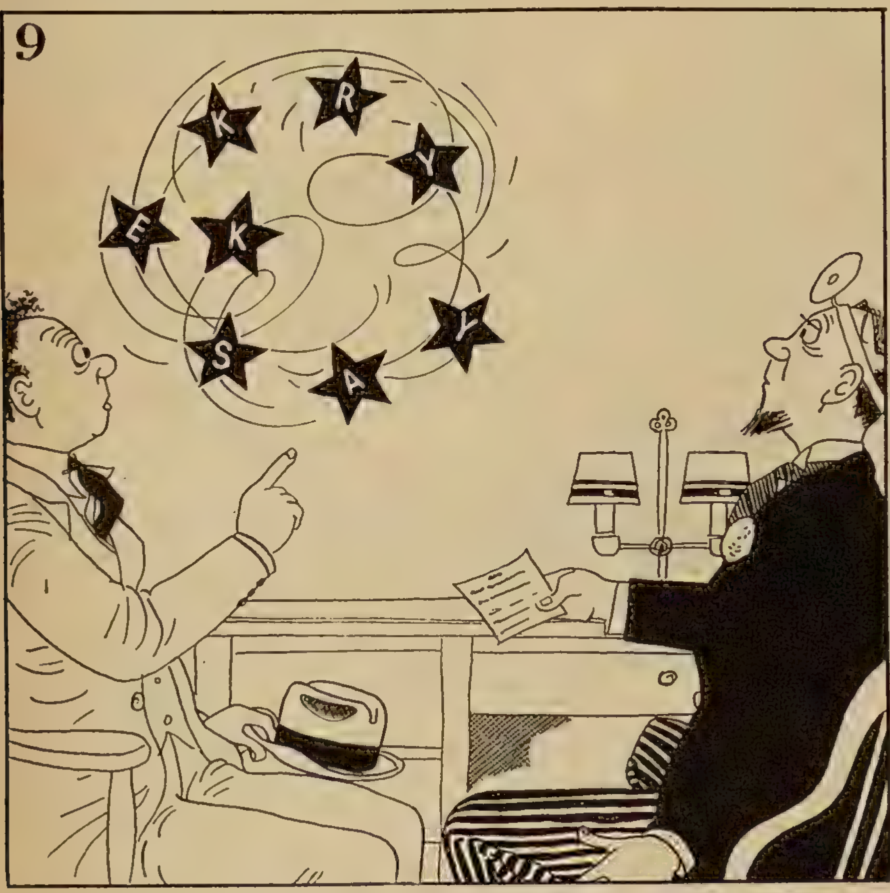
5. The entry with the greatest number of correctly solved jumbles, accompanied by the most logical and convincing statement, will be considered the best and will receive the $500 cash First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will be awarded the following prizes: $200 Second Prize; $100 Third Prize; twenty prizes, each $10; 200 prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

6. Submit entries by first-class mail to Stargazing Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, March 6, the closing date of this contest.

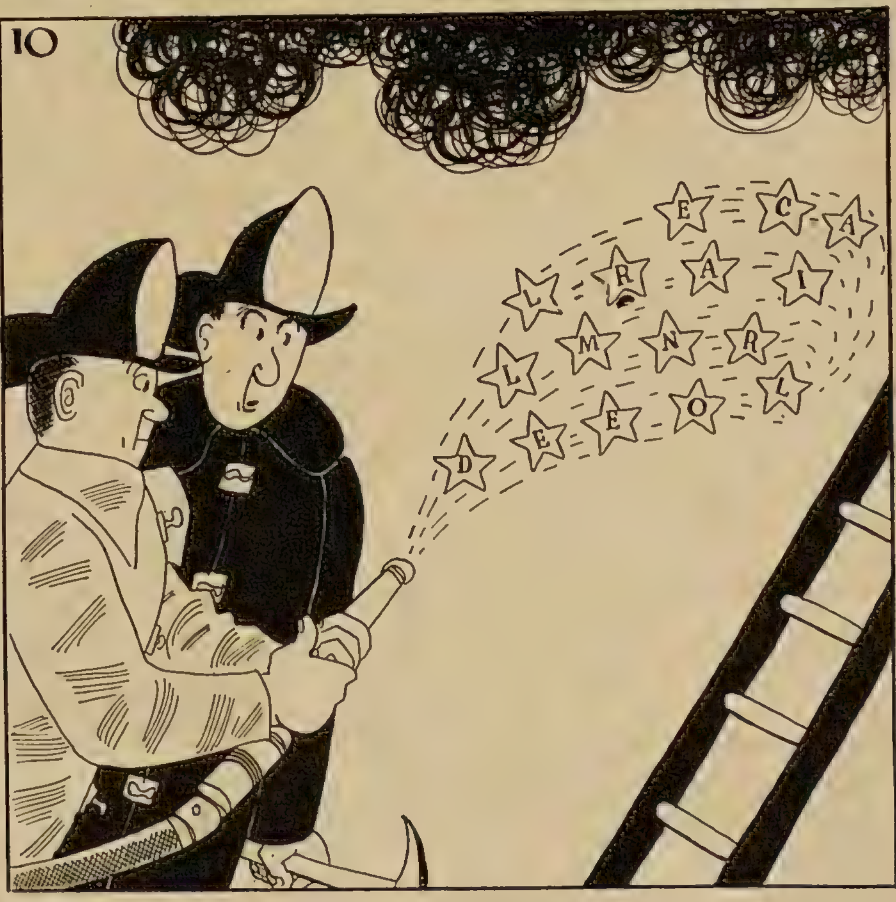
7. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families. We cannot enter into correspondence concerning any entry and no entries will be returned. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best.

SUGGESTION TO CONTESTANTS

If you care to consult an authority for assistance, we suggest Photoplay, Movie Mirror, and Radio Mirror magazines.



NAME ....



NAME ....

AMERICA'S SCARLETT FEVER

Liberty's critic contributes a mildly dissenting opinion to the lore of a celluloid landmark, Gone with the Wind

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ★ GONE WITH THE WIND

THE PLAYERS: Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh, Leslie Howard, Olivia de Havilland, Thomas Mitchell, Ona Munson, George Reeves, Fred Crane, Hattie McDaniel, Victor Jory, Evelyn Keyes, Ann Rutherford, Howard Hickman, Alicia Rhett, Rand Brooks, Carroll Nye, Marcella Martin, Laura Hope Crews, Harry Davenport, Barbara O'Neil, Butterfly McQueen, Leona Roberts, Jane Darwell, Albert Morin, Mary Anderson, Terry Shero, Eddie Anderson, Jackie Moran. Screen play by Sidney Howard, based on Margaret Mitchell's novel. Directed by Victor Fleming. Produced by Selznick International-Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 228 minutes.

WE sat ready to give the Rebel yell. No picture in the history of the screen has aroused so much expectation. Here was to be the double feature to end double features. We sat breathless. We waited . . . and waited.

Not that this filming of Margaret Mitchell's novel isn't stupendous, that it isn't done with tremendous attention to detail. But it never moves you deeply.

Our memories traveled back twenty-five years to the 1915 première of Griffith's Birth of a Nation. There is a certain parallel in the stories. Like Thomas Dixon's sensational and maybe shoddy Klan novel, this is a tale of the South staggering through the Civil War into the bitter reconstruction period. It is the death of an era and the birth of another. Mostly it is the story of Scarlett O'Hara, born of a gently bred mother of feudal Georgia aristocracy and an Irish peasant father. Spoiled, selfish, utterly ruthless, she uses every wile and every weapon at her command to save her family's estate. In Rhett Butler, blockade runner and charming scoundrel, a hard-drinking fellow of unbridled emotions, she meets her only match.

It is a rambling story, told before a background of picturesque Southern drawing rooms, of dusty, grimy Confederate soldiers hurrying to do battle and reeling homeward defeated, of a whole section of America staggering under starvation and carpetbaggers. It hits the top in spectacle when it presents the 1864 siege, capture, and burning of Atlanta by Sherman as he started his march to the sea. There is one sweep of hundreds of wounded lying in a railroad yard that will make any audience gasp.

Vivien Leigh's performance of the headstrong Scarlett is pictorially effective but it is superficial. Where it should be alive and vibrant, it is skin-deep. It doesn't get into the emotions. Clark Gable's Rhett Butler is better. It has gusto and force. The two outstanding performances are Olivia de Havilland's gentle aristocrat, Melanie, and Hattie McDaniel's old colored mammy.

Rhett Butler and Scarlett O'Hara in the technicolor M-G-M masterpiece.

The top shock moments are curiously odd ones. The first comes when Scarlett shoots a renegade deserter dead as he forces his way into Tara Hall. The other comes when Scarlett collapses at Rhett's feet and rolls down a long flight of steps.

Many of the faults of Gone with the Wind lie in its length and its loose story. To hold an audience for four hours, if it can be done, a film must possess devastating grip, it must be arrestingly moving. Actually this is done with amazing and studied care but it never breathes or bleeds. It is, in fact, the saga of a Dixie Becky Sharp done at a cost of nearly four millions, done tastefully, carefully, and conscientiously. Still Scarlett remains a superficial study in lovely technicolor.

But Gone with the Wind, for all that, is a celluloid landmark—and tomorrow's screen tradition of today.

VITAL STATISTICS: Check down a cost of $17,355.26 for each and every minute you watch. Negative cost, $3,957,000. This cost will keep climbing with other items, such as advertising. To break even, it must gross something like $5,500,000. Margaret Mitchell's novel began astonishing the literary world back in July, 1936. But before the best seller really was born David O. Selznick had purchased the movie rights for $50,000. Had he delayed, the price would have skyrocketed. . . . Sidney Howard began on the first script in '36; later Oliver H. P. Garrett, Jo Swerling, Ben Hecht, and others labored on it. Howard gets the screen credit. Dead in an accident on his Connecticut farm, Howard never lived to see any of the film. . . . Came the search for a Scarlett. Even before Vivien Leigh was signed Selznick was burning Atlanta (cost $31,000) for the picture. In fact, Miss Leigh happened to visit the lot that very night (December 10, 1938) to see the spectacle, took a test next day, got the job three days later. There were 1,399 Scarletts considered and discarded, 90 tested. Norma Shearer could have had the part if she had wanted it, but decided it was too risky a role. . . . George Cukor started as director, Sam Wood did some megaphoning, Victor Fleming did the main job. Altogether 449,512 feet of film shot. . . . First Scarlett scene filmed (on January 26, 1939) showed the belle, clutching a bedpost, being yanked into her corsets by her mammy. . . . Miss Leigh looks like Scarlett. Has Scarlett's pale green eyes, slightly tilted at the ends, her dark hair, narrow waist, and other physical attributes. Says Scarlett annoyed her a lot of times. Needed spanking—or something. . . . The Mitchell novel has topped 2,000,000 in American and English editions to date; 350,000 in foreign languages. Took ten years to write the 1,037-page novel.

★ ★ ★ EVERYTHING HAPPENS AT NIGHT

THE PLAYERS: Sonja Henie, Ray Milland, Robert Cummings, Maurice Moscovich, Leonid Kinskey, Alan Dinehart, Fritz Feld, Judy Gilbert, Victor Varconi, Paul Porcasi, Christian Rub. Screen play by Art Arthur and Robert Harari. Directed by Irving Cummings. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 77 minutes.

MORE melodrama than the usual Sonja Henie ice extravaganza. The blonde Norwegian skate siren plays the daughter of a political refugee hiding in Switzerland. The doctor has been marked for assassination by the Gestapo. Along come two reporters, one American and the other British, on the trail of the long missing Dr. Hugo Norden. They're after a news beat—until they see Sonja. There's romance on skates and skis, topped by a pursuit in sleighs through the Swiss snows.

Ray Milland and Robert Cummings play the musical-comedy journalists and both are personable enough. So is Sonja. In fact, she's lyric when she does variations of The Blue Danube on skates.

VITAL STATISTICS: When Sonja was on her last visit to Norway she achieved a childhood dream. She always had longed to see the Land of the Midnight Sun, otherwise the northernmost tip of arctic Norway, where the sun shines twenty-four hours a day. So she chartered a plane, took her mother and brother Leif along, spent five unforgettable days at North Cape. . . . It's a job keeping the ice from appearing cut and marred after the various skating shots. Crews of men used to spend hours sweeping and scraping the ice. That delayed production. Now it's done by a huge automatic scraper operated by a motor on the side lines. Same principle as an electric shaver. . . . Ray Milland, just a playboy then, had spent all but fifty dollars of a $17,000 inheritance when he took a British film star, Estelle Brody, to Ciro's for luncheon. She invited him to the studio. There he was offered three-weeks film work in Scotland at six dollars a day. That transformed him into an actor. . . . Once Robert Cummings motorcycled through England. Purpose: to pick up a quick English accent. P. S.: He didn't find it.

★ ★ ½ BALALAIKA

THE PLAYERS: Nelson Eddy, Ilona Massey, Charles Ruggles, Frank Morgan, Lionel Atwill, C. Aubrey Smith, Joyce Compton, Walter Woolf King, Phillip Terry, Frederic Worlock, Abner Biberman, Arthur Cernitz, Roland Varno, George Tobias, Paul Sutton, Willy Costello, Paul Irving. Screen play by Leon Gordon, Charles Bennett, and Jacques Deval, based on a musical play by Eric Maschwitz. Directed by Reinhold Schuenzel. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 102 minutes.

NELSON EDDY as a dashing Cossack officer of the Czar, Ilona Massey as a lovely singer of the gay café, the Balalaika. Eddy is a stalwart of the old regime, Ilona the daughter of a scholarly revolutionist. The opus sings its way into the trenches of the World War, through the revolution, ends up in another café, again called the Balalaika, but this time in Paris. Here the exnobility bravely minister to the tourist trade.

Credit a personal hit to the lovely Hungarian, Miss Massey. She sings charmingly, is altogether delightful, has plenty of Hungarian oomph. Mr. Eddy is vocally pleasant but more than a bit stolid as a roystering romantic Tatar. Long, with dull spots, but with La Massey.

VITAL STATISTICS: Ilona Massey (born Ilona Hajmassy) weighed 135 pounds when she arrived in Hollywood. Now she's down to 123. Remember the song she did with Eddy and Eleanor Powell in Rosalie two seasons ago? She's been undergoing training ever since with this schedule: 7 to 9 A. M., singing; 9 to 11, English; 11 to 1, more singing; 1 to 3, lunch and an hour to rest; 3 to 5, dramatic lessons. At night she saw all the current films. That's zeal—or something. . . . Nelson Eddy sang his first screen song in Dancing Lady, starring Joan Crawford. Date, 1933. Then musicals went out and Nelson had a tough time. It wasn't until he appeared opposite Jeannette MacDonald in Naughty Marietta four years ago that any one really noticed him. And *did* they notice him! On his last concert tour Eddy watched audience requests. Most came for Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life from Naughty Marietta. . . . Technical director was Count Andrey Tolstoy, grandnephew of Count Leo Tolstoy the author. He watched details, particularly the Russian trench scenes. . . . Feodor Chaliapin, Jr., son of the famous Russian singer, plays a Cossack. But, Feodor, Jr., isn't a singer. Like his Italian mother, he prefers acting in drama.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Gulliver's Travels, That They May Live, Ninotchka, Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, Babes in Arms, Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex, Rulers of the Sea, The Real Glory, The Women, The Rains Came, The Wizard of Oz, Stanley and Livingstone.

★★★½—The Great Victor Herbert, The Light that Failed, We Are Not Alone, First Love, Eternally Yours, Intermezzo: A Love Story, Disputed Passage, Golden Boy.

★★★—Remember the Night, Four Wives, Geronimo, Destry Rides Again, That's Right, You're Wrong, Tower of London, Drums Along the Mohawk, The Roaring Twenties, Hollywood Cavalcade, Thunder Afloat, Espionage Agent, Honeymoon in Bali, The Cat and the Canary, Nurse Edith Cavell, Dust Be My Destiny, The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, The Under-Pup, The Star Maker, Fifth Avenue Girl, Lady of the Tropics, When Tomorrow Comes, The Old Maid, In Name Only, What a Life, Each Dawn I Die, Winter Carnival, Beau Geste, They Shall Have Music, On Borrowed Time, Bachelor Mother, Five Came Back.

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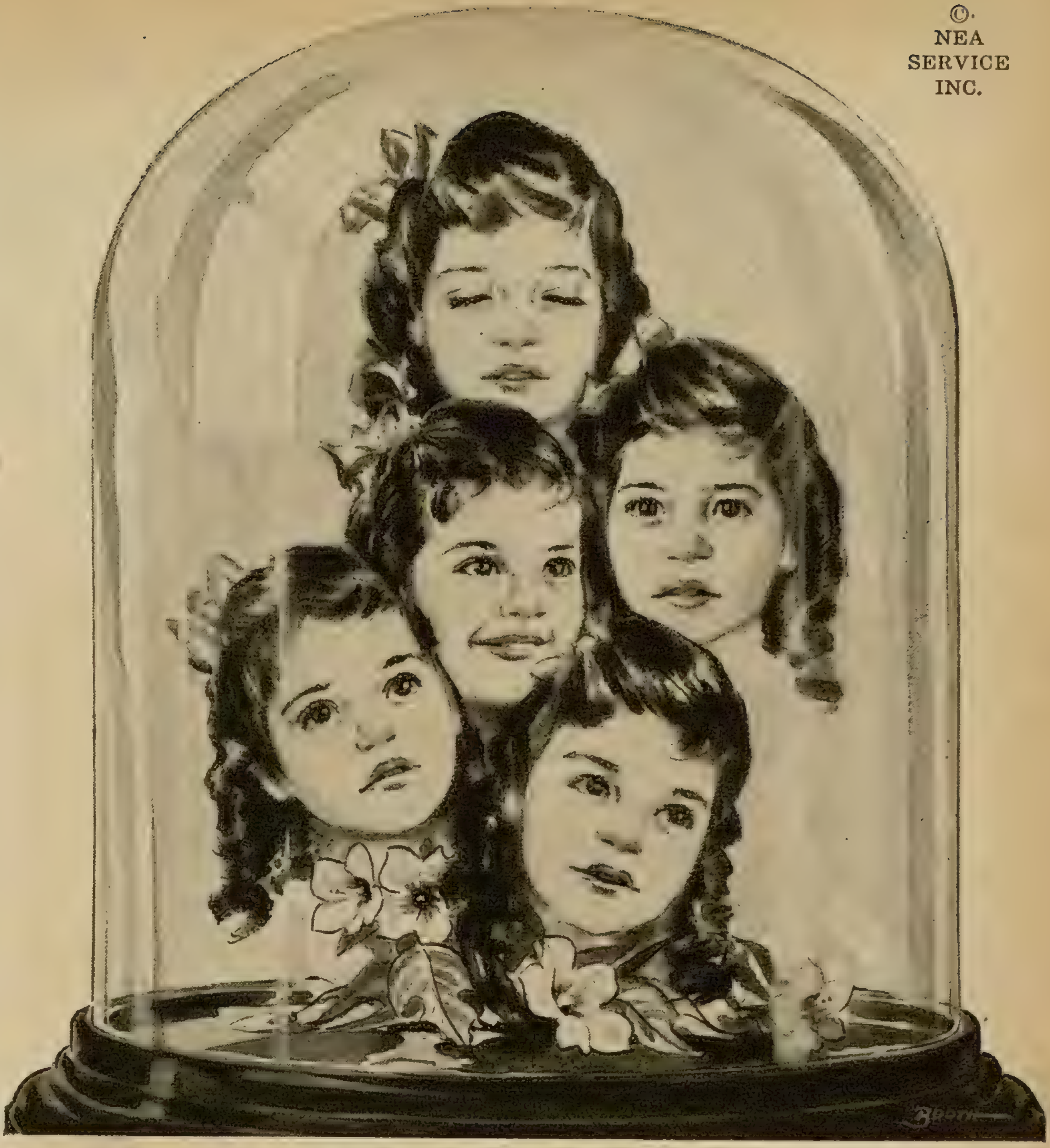
READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 5 SECONDS



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THE FIVE UNLUCKIEST CHILDREN IN THE WORLD

From behind the scenes . . A searching look at the case of the growing Dionnes

BY MARGUERITE MOOERS MARSHALL

DECORATION BY SEWELL BOOTH

IF only my child could have something like that!" Thousands of you American mothers must have expressed the longing when you read of the fame and wealth won by the Dionne quintuplets and of the child paradise in which Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie, and Marie have spent their first five years.

Their nursery, a bright new sun-flooded house nestling in a lovely countryside, is equipped with every safeguard, convenience, delight. The quins learned to creep on a specially laid splinterproof floor. They could—and did—throw their toys at nursery windows made of shatterproof glass. Their playground has its wading pool in summer, its toboggan slide in winter. In selecting their food, frocks, playthings, one simple rule has been followed—only the best is good enough.

Mothers struggling with limited resources wouldn't be human not to wish their boys and girls might share in the quins' good fortune. But, if you knew them as well as I do, you would know that not they but your own children are the fortunate ones. You would be sorry for the quintuplets—and deeply thankful that none of your babies was multiplied by five!

For with all their wealth, these lovely lovable five-year-olds are also poor. With all their advantages, they are at a lifelong disadvantage. With all their good luck, they are in some ways the five unluckiest children in the world.

It's nobody's fault. Everybody concerned must be credited with the best intentions. Almost certainly the quins would not be alive today if, as infinitesimal premature "blue babies," they had not been taken from the farmhouse and the family into which they were born.

But now they are magnificent physical specimens going on six years old. And they are still without a home, using the word in the ordinary sense of a dwelling shared with father, mother, brothers, sisters. Would you like to think of such a fate for your own children?

These preschool years, psychologists say, determine the course of a whole life. I think most mothers will agree that in any little girl's development there are other important factors besides saving her from snuffles and stomach-aches.

She wants a mother and father who are firm fixtures in her universe instead of on a visiting basis. She is entitled to a warm, cheerfully bustling, twenty-four-hour-a-day presence. A little girl is happier with a father always at hand to fix her broken toys, or rumple her curls, or let her rummage through his pockets. It seemed a little pathetic to read how eagerly the babies clamored for their parents to kiss them good night when all were traveling to Toronto to meet the King and Queen.

Especially if you were one of a large family, aren't you sorry that the quintuplets are missing the experience of living under the same roof with the seven older and younger Dionne children?

If all of them had spent more time together during the last two or three years, the quins would have learned to talk more quickly and fluently. Child psychologists from the University of Toronto admitted in their studies the speech retardation of the little girls.

No wonder! It is children—not adults—who are the best speech teachers for other children. By keeping the quintuplets from free association with brothers and sisters, their dependence on sign language and on their own private code of wordless sounds was prolonged. They could only teach one another to talk volubly in quin language, and they did.

Apparently the barriers to association with other children set around the Dionne quintuplets are already having one unfortunate psychological effect. They are becoming a secret society of five, ominously interdependent. Watch them at play, and you see how often one, about to trundle a wheelbarrow or dig in a sand pile, first glances at her sisters for encouragement. Interimitativeness is strongly developed among them. Individual initiative is not.

If they grow up to be an introverted quintet, looking inward to one another for every idea or decision or activity, such development would seem traceable to early artificial restriction of "mixing" with brothers and sisters or other playmates.

Protection, necessary for all small children, is doubly necessary in the Dionnes' case, both against possible kidnapers and against a too enthusiastic public. But there can be such a thing as overprotection. I wouldn't want children of my own kept permanently in cotton wool or in velvet-lined cases as a sort of museum piece.

If life continues on its present lines for the five little princesses in their superbly equipped and guarded nursery-palace, they will be so unfree compared to other children! Think of a country youngster whose play is always supervised, who is deprived of puppies and kittens and other pets because they carry germs, who cannot even ramble off alone into the woods to pick wild flowers!

Another bit of bad luck for them has been frequently mentioned by Dr. Dafoe—the fact that they are and probably will remain the center of world attention. To quote his own words: "Whatever privacy they enjoy they will have to buy."

THERE could be a worse contingency. Suppose, by the time they are grown, the quintuplets do not want privacy? Suppose their supreme ambition is to attract public attention and remain in the center of the stage?

My own eyes have had proof that this supposition is not necessarily farfetched. In the last year or two the quins were watched by admiring thousands from a screened gallery so arranged that they were not generally aware of the observation. On cloudy days, nevertheless, the lighting arrangement made the audience sometimes visible to the performers.

Once, when the youngsters were hurried into the playground arbor for shelter against sudden rain, Yvonne waved her hand at the people she saw behind the glass. "Do go home, ladies and gentlemen!" she called in French. "Don't you see it's raining?"

It has been hinted that public exhibitions will end if the young exhibits grow too conscious of their role. I can tell any one they doted on it at the age of one year! That was the time when they were carried out to the balcony in the nurses' arms, while crowds swarmed just below.

Not only did those babies "play up" like born prima donnas, with coos and kicks, with laughter and waving hands—they also displayed all of a prima donna's jealousy. Everybody wanted to be leading lady. No matter which was picked up first the other children's faces drooped in grief. It was amusing—but, if early impressions are as powerful as modern psychology asserts, the quintuplets already have been conditioned for showmanship.

SUPPOSE, during the later years of childhood, general public appearances *are* omitted. Still there is a special public which can hardly be barred. Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association, has declared that all their lives the quintuplets will be objects of scientific observation.

Would you consider it a piece of good fortune for your little daughters to have the role of scientific guinea pig thrust upon them?

How can Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie, and Marie be constantly examined and investigated and still remain free from self-consciousness? How can they help acquiring the idea that they are different and more important than other little girls? Is this conviction desirable for any child?

Nor do I think it a fortunate circumstance for children to be perpetually fought over. I have never known children more sensitive than the quintuplets to the moods of others. With this acute psychological awareness, those poor youngsters are bound, as they grow older, to know what a bone of contention they are—if they do not sense it already.

Dr. Dafoe summed up in a single sentence all the reasons for being sorry for them when he said:

"The unfortunate thing about these children is that they can never lead normal lives."

You might remember this the next time you wish your children had the quins' luck. Plain Jane Smith and Johnny Jones are really ever so much luckier!

THE END

"Silk Stockings in the Morning!"

SILK stockings a luxury? Not today, but they were 25 years ago. So was an automobile, and a telephone. An incandescent lamp, not half so good as the one you now get for 15 cents, then cost more than twice as much. And you couldn't buy a radio or an electric refrigerator for love or money.

These are only a few of the things we accept today as commonplace. We expect wide, smooth, well-lighted streets. We want automatic heat in our homes; we clean our rugs with vacuum cleaners. When we go to the dentist we expect him to use an electric drill; we accept without comment an X-ray examination as part of a medical check-up. Luxuries? Not at all; they're part of the American standard of living.

How did they become common in so short a time? Not by some sudden change in our wealth and habits. It was through years of steady work by American industry—scientists, engineers, and skilled workmen developing new products, improving them, learning to make them less expensive so that more millions of people could enjoy them. And so, imperceptibly, luxuries have changed to necessities.

More than any other thing, the increasing use of electricity in industry has helped in this progress. For more than 60 years, General Electric men and women have pioneered in making electricity more useful to the American people—have led in creating More Goods for More People at Less Cost.

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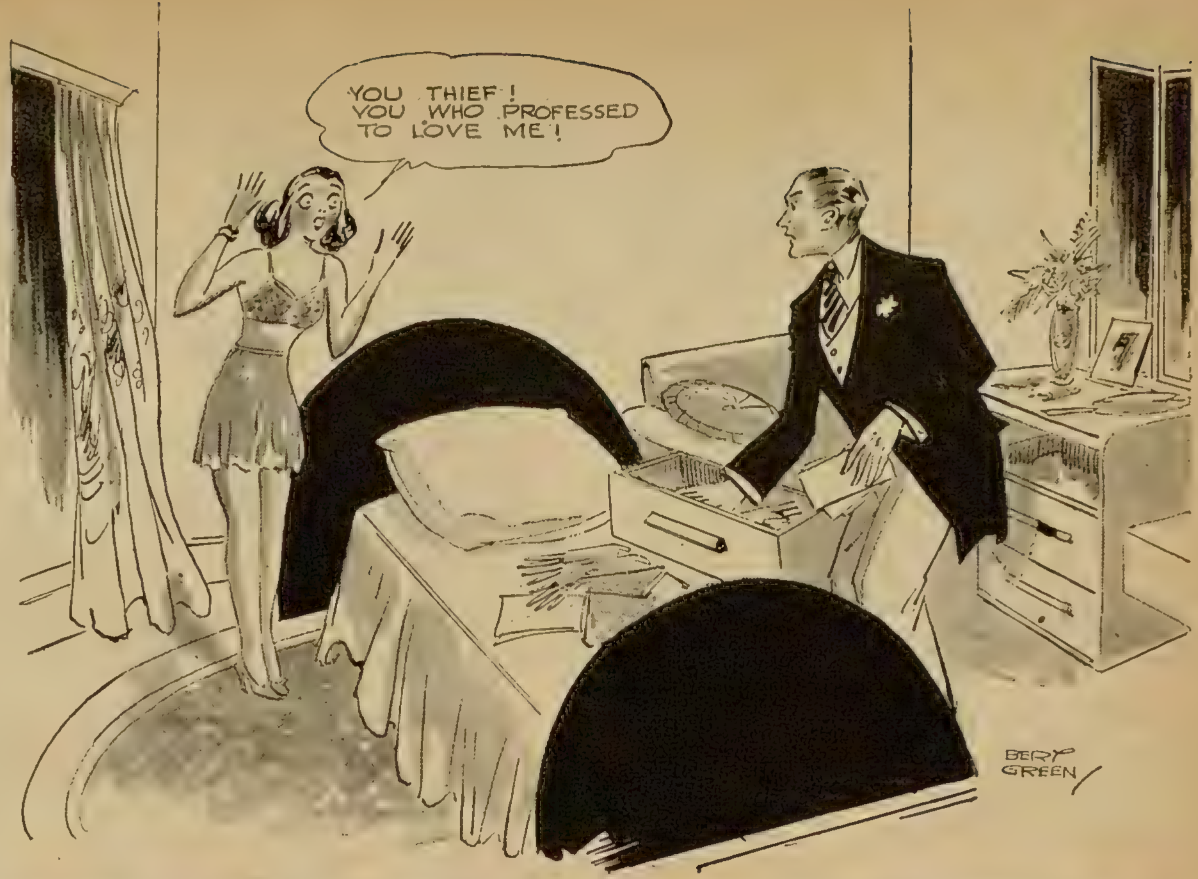

YOU THIEF! YOU WHO PROFESSED TO LOVE ME!
BERT GREEN

THE GOLD RUSHERS

Damsels in distress! Old Man Trouble overtakes two wisecracking whirlwinds

WORDS AND PICTURE BY **BERT GREEN**

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

WELL, boys and girls, you can imagine how I felt when I opened the door of my bedroom and a man's voice said, "Stick 'em up!"

Did I reach? And how! With hands up like five minutes to one I turned and came face to face with Grosvenor rifling my room.

"You crook!" I screamed.

"Even a crook hates to be embarrassed," said Mr. Grosvenor. "Will you please put some clothes on?"

Grabbing a dress and zipping it on, I demanded, "What are you doing in my room?"

"After you retired last night," he answered, without batting an eyelash, "you asked me to get the papers you stole from the Count."

Honestly, my legs started to curl up like wet spaghetti. Now I knew whose room I had slept in.

To cover my embarrassment, I shouted, "If you were worth breaking my fingernails on, I'd slap your ears down." I raised my hand and watched him like a hawk to see how he'd take it. He was stymied for a second, then a smile broke over his face. The next thing I knew he was juggling me in the air like he was Mr. Jujitsu.

When I came out of the whirl we were both on the floor, one on each side of the bed.

As I glanced up I was horrified to see Count Félix de Theigh's face at the open port. Grosvenor jumped to his feet. Something, feeling like a steam shovel, scooped me off the floor and whispered, "Kid, looks like you're in a jam."

Opening my eyes quickly and seeing Robert's long lashes close to mine I mumbled, "In a jam? Huh! I'm in heaven."

As he loosened his grasp I hit the bed and bounced like a ping-pong ball.

"The Count has been listening," stated Mr. Grosvenor. "He'll notify the police, and if they find those papers, they'll brand you as a spy and maybe execute you."

Feeling he had the drop on me, I decided to be diplomatic and play him close to the cushion.

"Well, suppose I do have the papers?" I said sweetly. "What would you do about it?"

"Pose as a fed.—have you under arrest when we arrive at Cherbourg, and save you being searched."

"Impersonate a federal officer?" I gasped. "Do you realize what would happen if you were caught?"

With a shrug of his shoulders he purred, "I've been doing it for years and haven't been caught yet."

Right then and there I realized he was Big Time, and for some fool reason I felt I'd be far safer in his hands than I would in the hands of the French police.

"All right, Mr. Grosvenor," I said carelessly. "I'll play your way, win, lose, or draw."

We shook hands on it and started for the sun deck.

As we rounded the deckhouse we surprised a tall suspicious-looking character in a long black overcoat and a slouch hat who had his ear glued to the radio-room door. As we hove in sight he slithered into a crew's companionway and disappeared below. When we reached the radio room we overheard the Count talking excitedly over the transatlantic phone. "Seence my last message," he was saying, "we have definite information as to zee identity of zee crooks."

"Do you hear that, Beverly?" whispered the Grosvenor person as he hustled me along the deck. "We're both accused now, so we'll *have* to stick together."

Late that afternoon we sighted Brest, and in the evening a cold drizzle set in as the pilot came aboard. With him were the port doctor and four men in military uniforms. As I stood at the rail, watching, I was as worried as a fly in a spider web.

"Let's sit in our steamer chairs and relax," said Mr. Grosvenor, sensing my apprehension.

As he handed me a cigarette, who should come trucking along but One-Round Regan.

"Hiya, kid?" he cracks, fitting his form in the chair beside me. "They's been ample excitement aboard this paddle-wheeler. Heard the news?"

"No. What news?"

"They's been a robbery on board and they've radioed for the French coppers. Some slick dame fanned the Count of some papers an' he's beefin' his head off."

"Gosh, that's terrible!" I gulped.

"Sure, an' that ain't all what's happened," he continued, lighting a banded telephone pole from Havana. "While me an' the crowd was standin' at the rail watchin' the pilot boat come alongside, a guy in a black coat and slouch hat elbowed his way in. The yell is, his face was covered with terrible *red spots.* Somebody asked him what was wrong an' he said he had the German measles. When the ship's doc got hep, he tossed him in a private coop."

"Of all things!" I said.

"Well," continued Regan, "when the port doc came aboard, the two medicos went down to give the patient the double-O. After the exam, the port doc sent the other doc outa the room for some medicine, and while he was gone the patient *rubbed the phony spots off his face,* konked the port doc over the noggin, an' laid him colder than a bride's feet."

"Good grief, did he kill him?" I asked anxiously.

"No. But while he was flattened, the guy what was supposed to have the measles grabbed the victim's bag and clothes and disguised himself as the port doc. After pullin' his hat down over his lamps, he called the ship's doc and took him ashore, sayin' he had to report the case to the quarantine officers! As soon as he got ashore, he took it on the lam."

"Do they know who the man is?" I asked.

"Sure," said Regan. "When they gunned the passenger list, they found he was a Sir Arthur Hindson, a thin upstage gent you'd take for a hallelujah peddler."

"I don't suppose you knew him, did you, Mr. Regan?" I asked pointedly.

"Who, *me?*" he gasped, turning a rosy red. "How would *I* know him?"

After that remark he left.

While the ship was being berthed I went below to get my landing card. I had hardly gotten into my suite when there came a knock at the door and in barged Mr. Grosvenor, four French coppers, Count Félix de Theigh and Lenora, my ex-roommate.

"Miss West," tees off Mr. Grosvenor, "Count Félix de Theigh here claims you stole his valuable papers."

"It's a lie!" I fired back.

"I am varry soree, Mees West," says the Count, "but you took zees—how you say?—documents. Therefore I must inseest you be placed in the hands of zee gendarmes."

"Do as you like," I said, calmly sitting on the arm of a chair and giving them a close-up of my beautiful gams. "You may search my baggage."

"Listen," cut in Lenora hysterically, with a sudden change of heart. "She didn't cop your papers! I don't care if I'm supposed to be engaged to you or not, she's innocent!"

"But you cannot proove zees?"

"Sure I can!" yelled Lenora. "Miss West and I lived together in New York for months. She was a manicurist and I worked in the five-and-dime. What would she want with your silly papers?"

Honestly, I was dumfounded. Here she and I were on the outs and now she tries to protect me, of all things!

"I thought you told me you were a varry reech society girl," wails the Count.

Is Grosvenor planning to double-cross Beverly? Follow the crowd ashore next week—watch the start of a hilarious game of hide-and-seek!

"Well, suppose I did? You can't blame a couple of working gals for putting on the big flash when they get a chance, can you? We were trying to snag a couple of choo-choo presidents and put them in the matrimonial department."

"What, you are only a working girl?" exclaimed the Count. "You keed me, eh?"

"Nuts and carry six!" roared Lenora. "Why, you big stiff, you just wanted to marry me for my money! I'm beginning to think *you're* a phony too!"

"*Mon Dieu!*" he gasped.

That seemed to be the tip-off for the gendarmes to go into a huddle. They fell into a four-way conversation with all four gabbing at once. When this outburst was at its height, Mr. Grosvenor butted in.

"If you gentlemen will allow me," he said, "I shall place Miss West under arrest myself."

"What official right have you, monsieur, to place zees mademoiselle under arrest?" asked a gendarme.

"Every right," said my nervy boy friend, reaching in his inside pocket. "Here are my credentials."

"The big faker!" cried Lenora. "He told me he was a wealthy tourist, and now he turns out to be a federal dick. Phooey! Ain't men the liars!"

Grosvenor never even looked embarrassed but parlez-voused with the gendarmes in French like a native. The gendarmes must have put the O. K. on his credentials, because the head man kissed Mr. Grosvenor on the ear and then they all left. I deflated, and out of the corner of my mouth whispered to Grosvenor, "You smart so-and-so—you put it over!"

"Well, now that we're better acquainted," sneered Lenora sarcastically, "I intend to stick with my girl friend here and see her through this trouble."

"O. K.," said Grosvenor decisively. "Get your hats and coats, ladies. We're going ashore."

"Where to?" Lenora asked.

"To the bastille," he replied curtly.

THE END

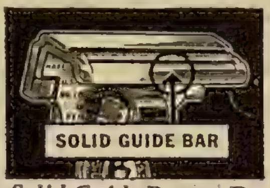
THANK YOU AGAIN!

THIS ADVERTISEMENT appeared just a year ago in appreciation of more than 2,000,000 users' quick acceptance of the Schick Injector Razor.

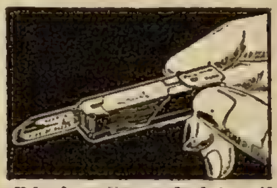
Today—not 2,000,000—but *more than* 5,000,000 men have switched to the Schick Injector Razor. Its unique advantages, its unusual shaving results have taken another long step toward making this razor America's most popular shaving instrument.

To these new users who have helped make this record possible, our sincere thanks. And to the men who will follow their lead in 1940—a rousing welcome . . . *plus a promise of the best shaves you have ever enjoyed!*

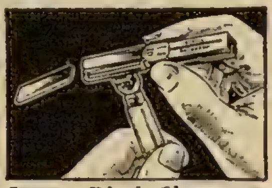
FEATURES FOUND IN NO OTHER RAZOR!



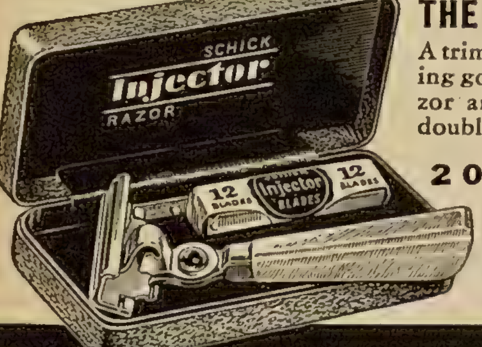
Solid Guide Bar . . . Designed to flatten and s-t-r-e-t-c-h the skin taut ahead of the blade. Sharp blade corners shielded by metal guards at ends of guide bar.



Blades are sealed in oil ...Blade edges are actually suspended in space . . . sealed in a bath of oil in metal Injector cartridge. Twice as thick as most other blades.



Instant Blade Change . . . A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one *automatically!* Nothing to take apart. Nothing to reassemble.



THE "POPULARITY" KIT $1.00

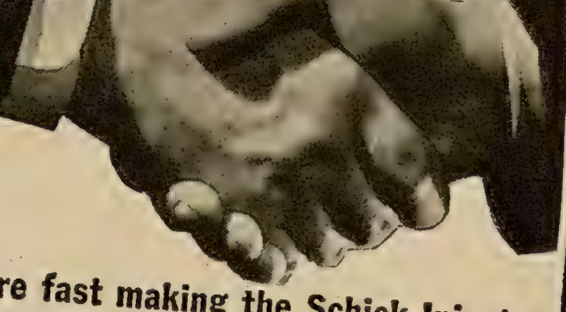
A trim, pigskin-grain case containing gold-plated Schick Injector Razor and Injector cartridge of 12 double-thick Schick Blades.

20-YEAR GUARANTEE!

The Schick Injector Razor is guaranteed for 20 years of good shaving service. This guarantee is stamped into the bottom of every "Popularity" Kit.

THANK YOU

Mr. America



You're fast making the Schick Injector the most popular razor in the country

America is fast swinging over to the Schick Injector Razor. *Already,* more than 2,000,000 men have switched to its quicker, closer, more *comfortable* shave—every day *new thousands* are joining the Schick Injector parade!

Why this growing popularity? Simply that men have discovered an *easier* way to shave than they ever knew before. A razor with a new and properly designed guide bar that controls the "flow" of the skin ahead of the blade, for a close, yet *comfortable* shave. A razor that saves minutes every morning because it changes blades *automatically.* Features that can't be found in *any other* razor at *any price!*

These Features have sold this razor to more than 2,000,000 men

Inject a new thrill into shaving today

WHY I SHALL RAISE MY BOY TO BE a Prizefighter

A rueful ring veteran offers his son a frank, surprising legacy of wisdom

Featherweight title contender Blitman, and as he looks today.

BY HARRY BLITMAN

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

THEY paid me off for that fight with five twenty-dollar bills. The guy who got me the match got two of the twenties. I was in hock to the gym where I'd trained. The doctor who touched me up after the fight had to be paid.

When I walked out of the dressing room—it was a tenth-rate club—I had carfare home. The rest of the hundred dollars had gone to the doctor and the gym owner, and I still owed the gym guy six dollars.

I didn't have to use the carfare. I got a ride home with a newspaper sports writer. I talked a lot on the way. I felt pretty low, ending up six bucks in the red, and having to fight hundred-buck jobs when I used to get thousands.

The next day that sports writer's piece began: "Harry Blitman, once a featherweight title contender, retired from the ring last night after coming out six dollars loser in a $100 match." But he didn't put it strong enough.

The way I figure it, I was a quarter of a million dollars behind the eight ball. All I had to show for eight years in the fight game was a plastically beautified broken nose, two busted hands, and a sense of humor.

HOW would you like to have your kid ask you, "Daddy, what did you do with that $250,000 you earned as a prizefighter?" How would you like to have to admit to him: "Son, I'll tell you what I did with it. I blew it—every nickel."

He's going to like that, isn't he? And how do you think I'm going to feel? And what do you think I'm going to do?

"Son," I'm going to say to him, "your father was a good prizefighter. You can check with your mother and the newspaper morgues on that. But your daddy's trouble was that he got into the game when he was too young, and was rushed up to the top too soon, and didn't begin thinking about his bank account until he was slipping to the bottom.

"Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll find out if you've got it in you to get that $250,000 back for us. You can keep every bit you earn; I don't want a cent of it. But I do want you to have the same chance at the big money that I had—and I want to see that you don't do what I did with my money. Are you game?"

I think I know what he'll answer. And when he says it, I'll tell him: "All right. Here's what we do. First off, I want you to promise me that you'll never get into a street fight. If you're ever tempted to forget yourself, just say to yourself, 'This is going to cost me $250,000,' and you'll come out of it.

"Next, we'll hook up a punching bag for you and I'll show you how to make it dance the waltz, one-step, fox trot, rumba, and shag with as few hands as you want to use. Fifteen minutes of punching bag and fifteen minutes of skipping rope every day while you're in high school. Once every two weeks we'll go to a gym and I'll work out two or three rounds with you with the big gloves that don't hurt. You won't be boxing anybody else.

"Then, having taken a commercial course in high school, you go to college. Instead of going out for the boxing team or for football, you compete for the business manager's job on the college paper while you take a law course. You may not get to be the business manager of the paper, but you do get your law degree. And in the meantime you're still doing your half hour a day with the rope and the bag and the weights.

"After you're out of college you get a job with a law firm, and you keep at it until you pass your state bar examination. Then you get down to the business at hand, which is earning $250,000 and putting as much as possible into the bank. By this time you're not only a lawyer but you're also a pretty good boxer and you should have a splendid physique and a well trained brain."

By the time I've outlined our strategy to the kid he'll be in the right mood to hear me tell him how I blew that quarter of a million. He won't be ashamed of me. And this is the way I'll tell him.

WHOEVER coined that crack about all race-horse players dying broke should have included prizefighters in the interests of accuracy.

Of course, not all of us end up in the poorhouse. Some of us get as far as the nuthouse. Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom even got as far as Hollywood.

But for every Tunney, Sharkey, Schmeling, and Louis there are hundreds of fighters who wind up broke.

I'll tell you how it happened with me, and then you'll know why I'm satisfied being the $25-a-week custodian of the press room in City Hall.

I'll begin at what might as well be the beginning. I was sixteen years old when I got into the professional fight racket. After I had won the National Amateur Junior 112-pound title in 1926, Max (Boo-Boo) Hoff got me under contract. My father signed for me because I was a minor.

I fought a lot of fights for Boo-Boo. For a while I was fighting just for the pure joy of it. I liked to get into the ring, trade punches, talk myself out of tight spots, and feel myself get better as I went along. It was sheer fun.

Boo-Boo kept telling me he was spending a lot of dough to build me up, and so I fought a lot of bouts for him before I ever collected anything but spending money. Then he did begin paying out at fifty or a hundred dollars. It came so easily that it was gone before I could get it to the bank.

FINALLY I got to be good wind-up material, and my manager started shelling out bigger dough. I didn't know what to do with it. I thought it would keep coming at me that way forever.

I did manage, over a period of years, to get several thousand into the hands of bankers. I put $15,000 into a home for my folks. That was the wisest thing I ever did, and I'm proud of it. A baseball player who was one of the greatest heroes of the game gave me a stock-market tip, and I put $40,000 into it. It was good stock, too.

I bought a brand-new car every six months, and a couple of high-class speedboats.

Winter trips to Miami gave me another means of getting rid of C notes. I thought I could pick winners at the track, and that was an expensive pastime. I thought I was a biggie, and I paid the bills for parties at which nothing except champagne was permitted.

Clothing for me and the wife ran into more money than I dropped on the gee-gees. My manager kept slicing into my purses for his percentage, for expenses, for "publicity" pay-offs I later learned were phony. He paid all the bills—and how he piled them up when he listed deductions from my purses!

It all happened joyously and painlessly. I didn't even know it was all over when my forty Gs slid out of sight with the '29 market. I thought I could earn another 200 Gs in a year, and keep the world alive with my parties, my cars, and my name outside the fistic emporiums.

What I didn't realize until years later was that I had already collected on my "one big one," and that I was slipping so fast that the bottom was in sight and I was about to get my fanny into contact with it.

My big one happened like this, in 1928. I had just defeated the then featherweight champ, Tony Canzoneri, in an overweight nontitle match.

PATRIOTIC CARTOON CONTEST—$1,800 IN CASH AWARDS

Sponsored by Liberty Magazine and Town Hall, New York

RULES

1. Any one, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Macfadden Publications, the Town Hall, New York, and members of their families.

2. Cartoons must depict the ideal of "How the Town Meeting Idea Can Best Preserve American Liberty and Democracy."

3. Cartoons must be approximately 14 x 16 inches and should not exceed this size. They should be drawn on white Bristol board, in India ink, pencil, or charcoal, suitable for published reproduction and exhibition.

4. Signatures must be placed on back of cartoons, not on face. Prize winners will be given an opportunity to sign on face before reproduction.

5. Cartoons will be judged for aptness, originality, power, simplicity, and draftsmanship. Judged on this basis, the best entry will be awarded a cash first prize of $1,000. The second best entry will receive a cash second prize of $300. The five entries next in order of excellence will receive cash prizes of $100 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. A competitor may submit as many cartoons as he desires, but only one prize will be awarded to any competitor.

6. Prize-winning cartoons will become the property of Liberty Magazine and the Town Hall, New York, for reproduction wherever desired. All entries may be exhibited at a special showing in New York after the contest closes. The right is reserved to purchase for publication, at usual rates, any entries in addition to the prize winners.

7. Entries should be addressed to Patriotic Cartoon Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., and should be postmarked on or before February 21, 1940, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned unless accompanied by return postage when submitted.

8. Winners will be announced in the first available issue of Liberty Magazine and announced by broadcast over America's Town Meeting of the Air.

9. The judges will be Bernarr Macfadden and Fulton Oursler for Liberty, George V. Denny, Jr., and Arthur E. Bestor for the Town Hall, and a nationally recognized personality to be announced later. By entering the contest you agree to accept their decisions as final.

Watch Liberty for further developments

My manager was offered a bout for me with Benny Bass, known to the trade as "the little fish."

As you can see, but as I couldn't see then, I had been brought along too quickly. I should still have been fighting set-ups after only two years in the money racket. But I was the victim of overmatching, and I didn't know enough to hold out against it until I was ready for the big time. I was subsequently blasted into twitterland in the sixth frame by Bass, but that's important not to the story but only to my pride.

Two days later I collected my purse in five $5,000 bills. My publicity guy, a Philadelphia sports editor, thought it would be a swell idea to have me—a mere kid—photographed for the gazettes with the five $5,000 bills in my paws.

The pix were published. And out of that idea came a battle with government agents—which just goes to show what the wrong kind of publicity will do.

Well, my manager and I went over the expenses incurred before the Bass fight. (Incidentally, he had given me two months previously the power to contract for my own matches and collect for them. I found out some time afterward that the motive behind his generosity was a suit involving him for about $15,000.)

You may rest assured that although I collected the money I was not getting it all. My manager charged me $4,000 for "newspaper publicity." I was a trusting youngster then, and I paid out the four Gs like a lamb because my boss said he had bought the scribes that much worth of drinks and dinners.

I also paid out $2,000 for training-camp "expenses" at a place I had used for only six weeks. Some fun—especially when every cigar and pair of socks my handlers and trainers bought went on my expense account!

BUT the masterpiece was my manager's assertion that promoting the Canzoneri fight the previous June, which I had won, had cost him $4,000 "out of his own pocket." The champ got $10,000 out of that fight. I began to think that I hadn't got all that was coming to me. But now that I had some money in my own hands, my manager was asking me to kick in $4,000 more that he hadn't even mentioned up to that time!

Well, there were his two gorillas—so I paid.

Then the Internal Revenue Bureau's agents became interested in that newspaper picture of me holding five $5,000 bills. They had their minds made up that even though I said I had had to shell out $10,000 to my manager, I had to pay the income tax on the whole $25,000. There is no arguing with the boys who collect Mister Whiskers' taxes. I paid. The result was that out of that $25,000 I got a shade over $11,000.

By that time, or shortly thereafter, I was beginning to see the light. But for a while I could do nothing about it. It was hard to break myself of expensive habits. I changed managers, but I was still duck soup for the smart boys. In fact, listen to this one. . . .

My ex-manager had a lot of "ideas." Some time later he propositioned me into a match with his best boy, whom I'm not going to name. It had been a hell of a winter, my ex-manager told me, and wouldn't I please help him collect a good gate?

"I'll have the kid take a dive for you," he said. "Then you become the number one lightweight around these parts. Simple, see?"

I liked the idea. There was my pride, you know—and the money. I figured the dive would be an easy touch.

What I didn't figure was the risk. There's always a catch in a dive. This one almost ruined my career before I had a chance to ruin it myself. I have no one but myself to blame.

My opponent was to do a job of make-believe for eight rounds, and then roll under one of my jabs and fall down for the count in the ninth. He did his job. He clowned for eight chukkers. And in the eighth, the round before he was to do the tank, the referee stepped in and stopped the fight. There was the catch. The boy was disqualified for not trying, and the Boxing Commission impounded his purse—something like $1,000. I barely escaped a nice suspension, which would have made me a marked man. (I went into the tank later myself, and I hated to do it. But I needed the money, and, if I do say it, I put on a good act!)

And from there on I wasn't good enough. I'd fought out of my class, burned myself out, and I was a second-rater.

What have I to show for eight years in my "profession"? What have I to show for the 200 Gs and more that I earned with my fist and my legs and my body? A hat, coat, various other articles of clothing, a fine wife, a son, the ability to laugh, a steady job, and a desire to forget what the fight business cost me but to help my son get it back if he wants to take the chance and do it the right way.

THAT'S the answer, all of it, that I'm going to give my son when he asks me what happened to the $250,000. I'll give it to him that way—and show him, if he has the stuff, how he can lick the ring racket for a quarter of a million or more.

I'll train him, if he wants to make the pull my way. I'll see that he gets the education he should have. I'll see that he knows something besides boxing, and that his moral values are sound. I'll show him how to guard his dollars like I didn't guard mine. I'll help him develop his hands, arms, body, legs and feet, and show him how to keep his head and think in the ring. I'll see that he gets an honest manager and that he knows a contract from a tort. And when he's through he'll still have that law degree to keep him going.

"Son," I'll say to him, "there's gold in that canvas square, but the LL. B. comes first. That makes your future certain, and there may be no WPA when you come out of the racket. If you go at the racket my way, you can be sure that when you climb into a ring your purse will not start dwindling with the gong."

THE END

Children AT PLAY OFTEN GET LITTLE CUTS AND SCRATCHES. WHEN THEY DO AND CUTS NEED BANDAGING...

USE A READY-MADE **BAND-AID** INSTEAD OF FUSSING AROUND WITH AWKWARD, HOME-MADE BANDAGES

BAND-AID IS NEAT AND CONVENIENT. JUST STICK ONE ON... AND IT STAYS...EVEN ON HARD-TO-BANDAGE PLACES. BUY A BOX TODAY AND HAVE IT READY.

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TELL US YOUR STORY
$25,000.00 IN PRIZES!

During recent years Macfadden Publications, Inc. have paid over $600,000 in prizes for stories published in their many magazines. A large portion of this money has gone to men and women who never before had written for publication.

It is entirely possible that you have lived or have observed a life story for which we would pay handsomely should you write it and send it in. Twenty-five thousand dollars is now available under the present appropriation. Why not look into this opportunity to add materially to your income? Stories submitted should not contain less than 2,500 nor more than 50,000 words. In fact we recommend that before sending any material you write for full particulars regarding this offer.—Address: Macfadden Publications, Inc. Dept. L 1-27, P. O. Box 477, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

SANDPAPER THROAT

Has a cold made it hurt even to talk? Throat rough and scratchy? Get a box of Luden's. You'll find Luden's special ingredients, with cooling menthol, a great aid in helping soothe that "sandpaper throat!"

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EXTRA
ALKALINE FACTOR

BUILDING AUTHORITY ON MR. KARIG'S HEELS

MEMPHIS, TENN.—November 11 Liberty has a feature by Walter Karig, under the caption Graft—The New Landlord, in which the broad statement is made that as much as 40 per cent of the purchase price of a home is graft.

Mr. Karig has this graft split between all who have anything to do with building, including labor, even to the hod carrier. He disapproves of the manufacturers' alleged policy of setting a resale price on his products.

Where was Mr. Karig when a certain association had a bill introduced in Congress making it an offense for a druggist or other retailer to sell these products below the maker's set retail price?

He cites an experience of a friend of his who had some trouble getting union mechanics to install nonunion-made materials. He says he thinks that's "silly." It is no more silly than to see doctors affiliated with one medical association refuse to work on a patient with a doctor of another school of thought.

Neither action appears silly to me. Both policies are the result of years of experience, habits of thought, and a thorough knowledge of what is right and proper and necessary to maintain and increase the usefulness of those so associated to the end that the public will be satisfactorily served with the least confusion.

Mr. Karig avers eight billion dollars of construction goes up per year. Assuming these racketeers control six billion dollars of this, then his figure of 40 per cent graft amounts to no less than two billion four hundred thousand dollars. Can Mr. Karig be serious in this?

Mr. Karig, in his second paragraph, says: "This racket infests the building trades from top to bottom, from manufacturer to hod carrier." Later he concedes he is not trying to indict all in the industry. Which statement is correct? If one is correct, why did he make the other?

He protests differences in building costs on either side of a river. Why have Southern contractors all through the years, when buying steel in Birmingham, Alabama, had to pay the same freight rate as though it were shipped from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania? I wonder if he contends union labor had anything to do with that situation.

He says he is generally pro-labor and does not blame union members for what happened—thinks they are suckers for knuckling, etc. Does he mean union labor infested itself with a system of graft or accepted—knuckled, as he terms it—something established by others?

If a $3,000 home is not subject to graft, why does not some one build 100,000 such houses, which he says are needed right now?

It is indeed strange to read this article just forty-eight hours after Mr. Rockefeller publicly commended union labor for its "full and complete co-operation" in the building of Radio City.

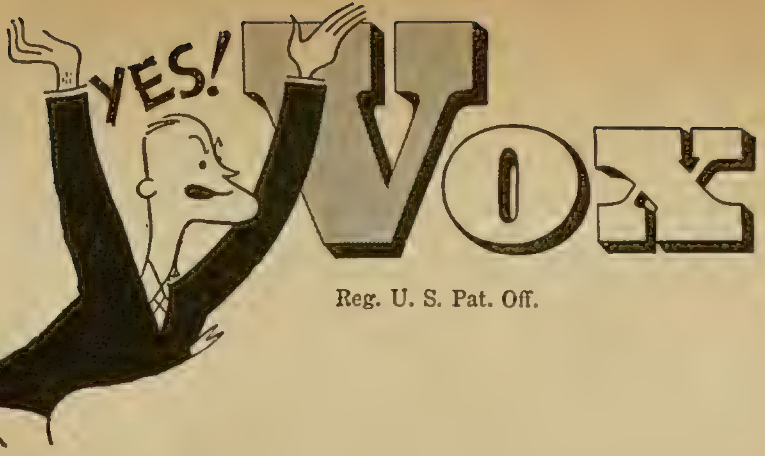
It is hardly consistent with the public's idea of what Liberty stands for, to see such a fine publication lend itself as a sounding board for such an article, which is a series of rash statements, half-truths, and contradictions.

This writer was for several years the secretary of the Memphis Building Trades Council and had close contacts with members of the various unions as well as every contractor belonging to the A. G. C., and if conditions are such as Mr. Karig would have the public believe they are, I should raise a plaintive cry of "Why did not some one tell me these things?"

Union labor for 75 years has never lacked men of vision, willing to suffer for what is right.—*Jim H. Lyle.*

HIGHER EDUCATION?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Princeton should close its doors if all it can teach the students is that Hitler is the greatest man in the world and our President the last on the list. (I'm citing a recent poll.) If this is the best higher education can do, then give me the little red schoolhouse, or the man whose signature is "X."—*Dogberry.*



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

TAKE PORTLAND'S LID OFF!

PORTLAND, ORE.—Your item about Los Angeles gambling is nothing to what you could find in Portland, Oregon, if you sent a writer here.

There is a state law, put through by the people of Oregon, prohibiting pin-ball machines; but the authorities let them run wild. High-school students spend their lunch money on them. Recently a market wanted to give turkeys, baskets of groceries, etc., to their customers by drawing for them—no charge to them whatever; but they were arrested for gambling—running a game of chance, when no one had to take any chance!

Guess they didn't come across as the pin-ball men do. It seems that our officials don't care for any one except the crooked gamblers, anyhow. You can get a better story here than your Los Angeles one.—*Indignant Citizen.*

HOW FAR A HOBO WALKS

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Who walks farthest to work or not to work? A typical hobo walks an average of thirty miles a day for his bed and board.—*Alfred C. Rhodes.*

BRIDGE TROPHY DONOR COMMENDS SIDNEY LENZ

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I am the donor of the Julian Goldman Trophy, which is annually given to the winners of the Eastern Pair Championship of Contract Bridge. This trophy has been in play for thirteen years.

My personal association with bridge was prompted by my interest in the romantic side of bridge as well as the competitive phase of it.

So I commend you for the splendid stories that have been appearing in Liberty by Sidney Lenz, which weaves the playing of bridge into tales of great interest.

I particularly enjoyed It Beats the Devil and A Lion by the Tail. I hope I shall have the pleasure of reading more of these stories.—*Julian Goldman.*

HIS CHOICE: MACFADDEN AND DEWEY

GARY, IND.—Since the day I subscribed to Liberty I have never missed one of Mr. Macfadden's editorials, and they have been along a line of sane reasoning and appeal with which I have agreed 100 per cent.

Politicians and their cohorts have laughed at the idea of Mr. Macfadden being President. Given my own choice of nominees for the coming convention, my own ticket would be Macfadden and Dewey. Good Lord, isn't that man a worker and fearless? Thanks for publishing his life.

Frankly, if I had a million to devote to the betterment of humanity, I would plant gift subscriptions of Liberty in thousands of homes to the extent of at least $500,000 of the million. I personally regard Mr. Macfadden as one of the truly great men in America today.—*Henry E. Smith.*

MAIL
VOX POP EDITOR

OH, SAY, CAN YOU SING—

BOWLING GREEN, KY.—Disagree with Mr. Lambert Fairchild of December 16 Vox Pop. He stated that The Star-Spangled Banner should be sung in the key of A. He further stated that since the key of A is a "sharp" key, it is far more brilliant than the key of B-flat.

In the first place, the key a song is written in has nothing to do with its brilliance. Theoretically, a song written in any major key would produce the same effects.

Secondly, since nobody knows the words of The Star-Spangled Banner anyway, I don't see what difference it makes what key we sing it in. —*Robert H. Schafer.*

KENTUCKY INTELLECT?

Wilmington, Calif.—When I encountered the sarcasm of Mr. Roland Rogers (November 25 Vox Pop) directed toward the phraseology of Achmed Abdullah and Anthony Abbot's The Shadow of the Master, I was positively astounded. To prove to myself that all was not as it should be, I called in a boy of fifteen who is in his ninth year of grade school. Without explaining myself, I asked for his definitions of the words "ferine," "prurient," "stridulant," and "cacophony."

Of the first, third, and fourth, he gave perfect answers. Of "prurient" he said: "I'm not positive, but it somehow pertains to sex or passion. I'll go home and dust off Webster." (I gave him 60 per cent on the last one.)

This lad is no particularly outstanding student. He is just one of thousands of California schoolboys. I couldn't help but wonder if Mr. Rogers is a fair example of Kentucky intellect, whether they don't go in for "book l'arnin' down thar en ole Kaintuk," or whether possibly he was just one of those "backward boys" in school.—*S. William Hartwell.*

WASHINGTON'S POTATO

Asbury Park, N. J.—A correspondent writing from Whitefield, New Hampshire (December 9 Vox Pop), does not like Rupert Hughes on account of his Life of Washington.

I heartily endorse this correspondent's stand.

George Washington is without peer in this country. For example, at Valley Forge he had, for Christmas dinner, a baked potato—no more. Shared the fare of his men. And contemplating the potato he said, "Well, this is not so bad when you think what we are fighting for."

Spiritual courage on a physical emptiness. Well, you try it, and with patient waiting, unrelieved by action, at the same time. Let Rupert Hughes try it!—*Converse Cleveland.*

MEOW, MEOW, MEOW!

Lawrence, Mass.—Just who is this Eddie Doherty who likes himself so very much? I've just finished his I Was with the Mine Sweepers (December 16 Liberty), where "the rain angles down out of a filthy sky." Well, I've been in England too, but I've never seen rain that turned, bent, or moved at an angle or in angles, nor have I ever seen a filthy sky. Have you?

Then his five elderly spinsters turn or angle into "the five ugly ducklings" in another paragraph. Ducky old ladies, what? Ducking mines! Now how is that for a nice nasty pun?

Meow, meow, meow!—*Sarah Ann Saunders.*

EXCITING AS FICTION

Harbor Springs, Mich.—The Lid Off Los Angeles is as exciting as fiction. Written in a bold straight-from-the-shoulder style, it makes an appeal to the average American. Too bad other cities lack such robust writers, but thank the good Lord for the freedom of the press.—*Edith B. Heath.*

RISES TO DEFEND BURNS

Cincinnati, Ohio—Under title "Nine Years After the Chain Gang," R. L. Simmons of Albany, Georgia (December 9 Vox Pop) questions Mr. Burns' statement, "I had an agreement with that state. I was . . . to be given a pardon in ninety days."

He goes on to ask, "Could Liberty possibly believe that this state . . . could or did make any such agreement? So easy to ask Burns the name of the man he traded with."

In defense of Burns and Liberty, the following should answer Mr. Simmons' question:

At the time of his Chicago arrest I was a salesman for the Metropolitan Realty Company in Chicago and well acquainted with Mr. Burns. As editor of the Greater Chicago Magazine, he was a regular and popular speaker at our sales meetings.

Our president was one of a covey of wealthy realtors who flocked to court with $5,000 checks as soon as bail was set.

He was one of the group who called the G Illinois and received ances that Burns would be extradited.

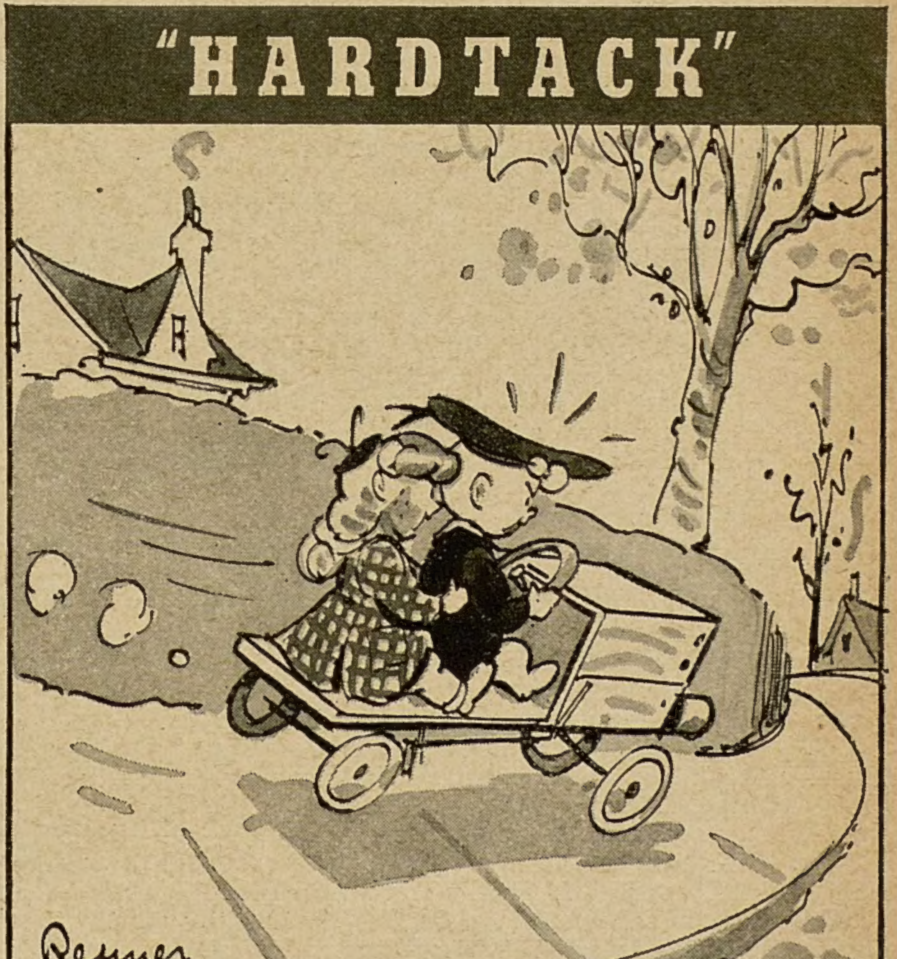
He was present when Burns subsequently phoned Georgia and after a half hour's conversation announced, all smiles, "I'm going to clean my slate. They have promised me the best of treatment if I come back, and a full pardon in ninety days."

I know that he then waived extradition and paid his own way back to Georgia, most apparently on the strength of a promise which was never kept.—*K. A. Browning.*

DARWIN REVISED

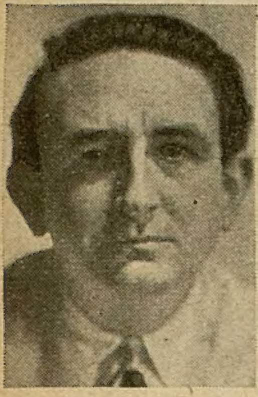
Royal Center, Ind.—Every man is a mixture of several animals. A little dog, a little donkey, a little skunk, and—a *lot* of bull.

And every woman is a mixture of several birds. A little crow, a little dove, a little vulture, and—*palenty* of cuckoo! —*Eddie Porter.*



"Be careful of the curbing! Stop going so fast and watch out for the corner!"

Berlin Should Be Bombed— Are the British Too Merciful?



FULTON OURSLER

ONE NIGHT recently I went to see a new Broadway play, The World We Make, by Sidney Kingsley. It was all about a girl who had been put into a sanitarium because her mind had become unsettled. She ran away and was regaining her hold on life in the refuge of a tenement. Then came a dreadful night when the girl's personal interests collided with an international catastrophe. Trying to meet her own problems, she found herself in a room filled with foreign-born neighbors listening to broadcasts about the invasion of Poland. For the first time since her escape from the asylum, she cracked; her relapse caused by the strain of the broadcast. . . . In the lobby, I talked with an old friend, Albert Edward Wiggam, writer and student of psychological problems. "Perhaps," Mr. Wiggam said, "all civilization will presently go mad. This war of nerves is hitting every one. The question is, how long can human beings stand the strain?"

THAT THOUGHT CAME BACK to me when I read the latest typescript, just in, from H. G. Wells. Here in his latest Liberty article is a new declaration of how the peoples of the world could work together peacefully. Familiar enough! Suddenly I came upon a paragraph in which Mr. Wells casually argued that Berlin should promptly be bombed. That thesis is not what his piece is primarily about. It is incidental to his main theme, yet, in a deeper sense, it points the whole burden of his lay. That incidental argument will appear as the title of Mr. Wells' latest article in the hope of the editor that it will arrest attention and lead millions of Americans to consider a constructive plan—a constructive plan in which the pacifist Wells advocates the method of destruction! As I read that, I thought of Mr. Wiggam and of Mr. Kingsley's play and of the world we make.

FORTUNATELY, THERE ARE HAPPY things to think about too, such as the bright short stories in Liberty next week, including Sanctuary, by Alice Maxwell, and Thank You for a Lovely Time, by Oscar Graeve. Then there is a debate that we are certain will interest you—a disputation between Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and Senator James J. Davis, formerly Secretary of Labor. The senator believes that all aliens should be registered; Mrs. Roosevelt disagrees. As usual, Liberty gives both sides of the problem, so that you liberals with common sense may consider the facts and make up your minds for yourselves. That is the American way of life. . . . From overseas Edward Doherty sends us an inside glimpse of what is going on in Finland today, with Russians knocking at the door with rifle butts. At this moment of writing, the Russians have knocked and then run away. What will be happening by the time you read this, no one can tell; not even the Gallup poll is altogether sure. . . . Jack Dempsey is not altogether sure, either, about the future of Arturo Godoy, the South American puncher, but Jack does tell an amazing story about him in next week's Liberty. . . . Then our old friend, Judge Ben Lindsey, he who wrote of the revolt of modern youth and who proposed companionate marriage, now tells of the new court he has established for children in the city of Los Angeles. Another old friend, the lovely and gracious Virginia Terhune Van de Water, writes I Am Growing Old, and tells what that experience is like. A younger friend, the lovely and gracious Ruth Waterbury, tells of a still younger friend, Jane Withers, and the tragical problems that the child actress has had to face so early in life. . . . Of course you will want to follow the further adventures of the Gold Rushers. There are generous installments of all the serials. We believe this table of contents will hold interest for all liberals with common sense.

SALMAGUNDI: A booklet has come to us recently, Propaganda for Democracy, by Paul Garrett, Director of Public Relations of General Motors. Quoting Mr. Garrett: "The thing missing in Europe is not culture. Man's will, as an individual on his own, is gone. No amount of culture or learning will prevent a civilization from becoming decadent; only man's free spirit, the spark of man's individual enterprise, will do that. The essence of democracy at work is man at work, to satisfy his varied wants. Here, where the sources of our liberties and of our opportunities are identical, we have the finest expression of such a democracy. It is no accident that in the United States, where men enjoy the greatest freedom, we have in a bare one hundred and fifty years passed civilizations centuries older. America is not rich in yachts or palaces. It is rich, not in old family names or traditions. It is rich in opportunity—opportunity for man, any man, to enjoy the life of a king in his use of everyday comforts. More than this, America is rich in another kind of opportunity—opportunity for a man to make—to create his own opportunity. . . . Perhaps we have not put enough confidence in the wise, patient, sensibly determined judgments of the Americans. People who know the facts will never be subjugated to any system. They do not always follow the intricacies of an economic proposal, but inherently they are conservatives. You can put your trust in people's good sense, once they understand the facts."

WITH THAT, MR. GARRETT, we agree one hundred per cent. The whole policy of Liberty is predicated on a confidence in the intelligence of the American people. That is why we give them both sides of every question important to their welfare. We think the quotation rates three cheers and four stars. . . . We hear so many people prophesying the doom of our American way of life that to read what Mr. Garrett has to say is refreshing. These prophets are stewing in their own juice now, are they not? Take Lindbergh, for example: he predicted absolute air mastery for Germany. He really seems to have overestimated both the Germans' prowess and their resources. And what of those Jeremiahs of despair who told us that inside of a few weeks London and Paris would be razed? At this writing, London and Paris still flourish; the Eiffel Tower and the dome of St. Paul's still point their mighty fingers to the stars. Then we had naval experts telling us that the German pocket battleships would master the cruisers of the Allies. Something must have been wrong about that. Other prophets foretold how Spain would stab France in the back; it didn't happen. The Balearic Islands were soon to be Italian colonies! Not yet! In fact, most of the prophets these days go around with a chapfallen and dejected air. Wouldn't it be strange if peace came soon and the world found a way to go back to work?

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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COVER BY VICTOR TCHETCHET

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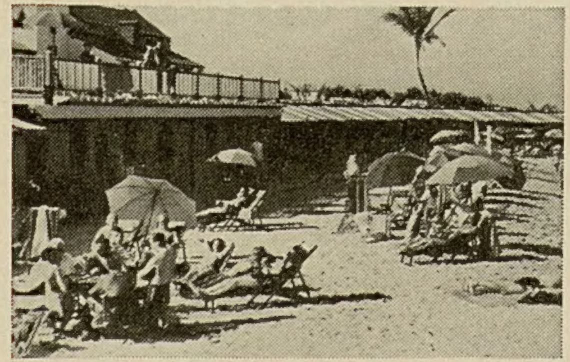
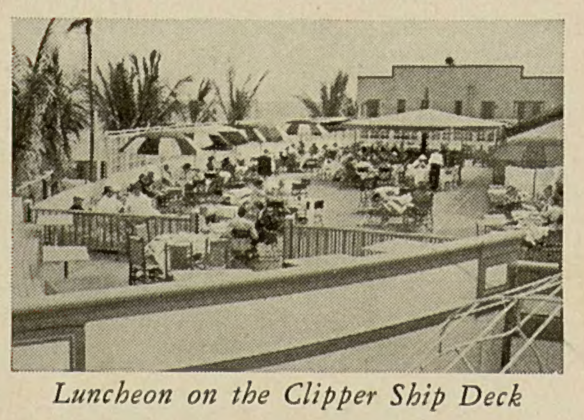


The Finest Cabanas in Florida



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